THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded Aº Dº 1728 by Benj. Franklin

SEPTEMBER 28, 1912 — 5c. THE COPY

In This Number

The Belled Buzzard—By Irvin S. Cobb

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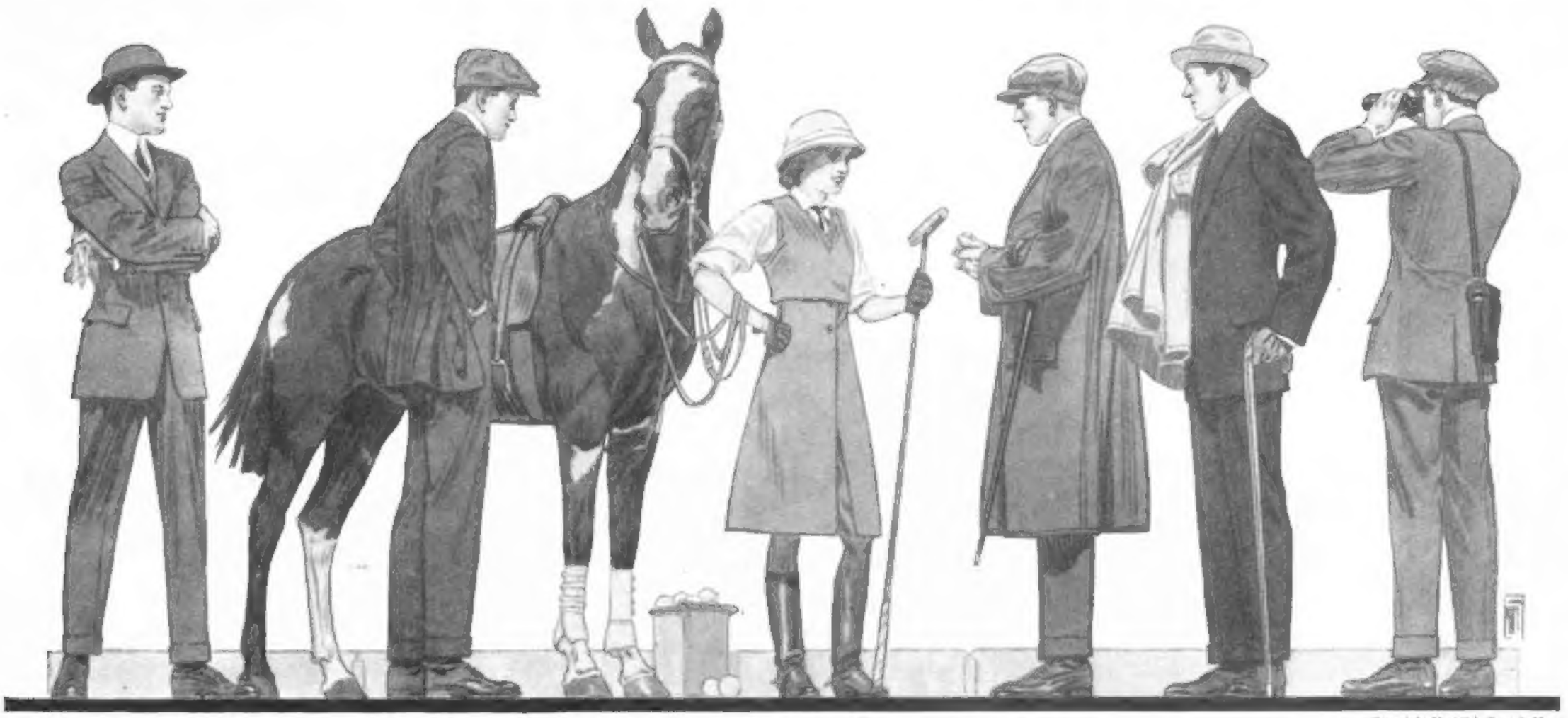

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THE BELLED BUZZARD

They Had Settled to Earth Somewhere

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLASS DUER

THERE was a swamp known as Little Niggerwool, to distinguish it from Big Niggerwool, which lay nearer the river. It was traversable only by those who knew it well—an oblong stretch of yellow mud and yellower water, measuring maybe four miles its longest way and two miles roughly at its widest; and it was full of cypress and stunted swamp oak, with edgings of canebrake and rank weeds; and in one place, where a ridge crossed it from side to side, it was snaggled like an old jaw with dead tree-trunks, rising close-ranked and thick as teeth. It was untenanted of living things—except, down below, there were snakes and mosquitoes, and a few wading and swimming fowl; and up above, those big woodpeckers that the country people called logcocks—larger than pigeons, with flaming crests and spiky tails—swooping in their long, loping flight from snag to snag, always just out of gunshot of the chance invader, and uttering a strident cry which matched those surroundings so fitly that it might well have been the voice of the swamp itself.

On one side Little Niggerwool drained its saffron waters off into a sluggish creek, where summer ducks bred, and on the other it ended abruptly at a natural bank of high ground, along which the county turnpike ran. The swamp came right up to the road, and thrust its fringe of reedy, weedy undergrowth forward as though in challenge to the good farm lands that were spread beyond the barrier. At the time I am speaking of it was midsummer, and from these canes and weeds and waterplants there came a smell so rank as almost to be overpowering. They grew thick as a curtain, making a blank green wall taller than a man's head.

Along the dusty stretch of road fronting the swamp nothing living had stirred for half an hour or more. And so at length the weedstems rustled and parted, and out from among them a man came forth silently and cautiously. He was an old man—an old man who had once been fat, but with age had grown lean again, so that now his skin was by odds too large for him. It lay on the back of his neck in folds. Under the chin he was pouched like a pelican and about the jowls was wattled like a turkey-gobbler.

He came out upon the road slowly and stopped there, switching his legs absently with the stalk of a horseweed. He was in his shirtsleeves—a respectable, snuffy old figure; evidently a man deliberate in words and thoughts and actions. There was something about him suggestive of an old staid sheep that had been engaged in a clandestine transaction and was afraid of being found out.

He had made amply sure no one was in sight before he came out of the swamp, but now, to be doubly certain, he watched the empty road—first up, then down—for a long half minute, and fetched a sighing breath of satisfaction. His eyes fell upon his feet and, taken with an idea, he stepped back to the edge of the road and with a wisp of crabgrass wiped his shoes clean of the swamp mud, which was of a different color and texture from the soil of the upland. All his life Squire H. B. Gathers had been a careful, canny man, and he had need to be doubly careful on this summer morning. Having disposed of the mud on his feet, he settled his white straw hat down firmly upon his head, and, crossing the road, he climbed a stake-and-rider fence laboriously and went plodding sedately across a weedfield and up a slight slope toward his house, half a mile away, upon the crest of the little hill.

He felt perfectly natural—not like a man who had just taken a fellowman's life—but natural and safe, and well satisfied with himself and with his morning's work. And he was safe; that was the main thing—absolutely safe. Without hitch or hindrance he had done the thing for which he had been planning and waiting and longing all these months. There had been no slip or mischance; the whole thing had worked out as plainly and simply as two and two make four. No living creature except himself knew of the meeting in the early morning at the head of Little Niggerwool, exactly where the squire had figured they should meet; none knew of the device by which the other man had been lured deeper and deeper in the swamp to the exact spot where the gun was hidden. No one had seen the two of them enter the swamp; no one had seen the squire emerge, three hours later, alone. The gun, having served its purpose, was hidden again, in a place no mortal eye would ever discover. Face downward, with a hole between his shoulderblades, the dead man was lying where he might lie undiscovered for months or for years, or forever. His pedler's pack was buried in the mud so deep that not even the probing crawfishes could find it. He would never be missed probably. There was but the slightest likelihood that inquiry would ever be made for him—let alone a search. He was a stranger and a foreigner, the dead man was, whose comings and goings made no great stir in the neighborhood, and whose failure to come again would be taken as a matter of course—just one of those shiftless, wandering dagoes, here today and gone tomorrow. That was one of the best things about it—these dagoes never had any people in this country to worry about them or look for them when they disappeared. And so it was all over and done with, and nobody the wiser. The squire clapped his hands together briskly with the air of a man dismissing a subject from his mind for good, and mended his gait.

"Right There He Run Across It"

He felt no stabbings of conscience. On the contrary, a glow of gratification filled him. His house was saved from scandal; his present wife would philander no more—before his very eyes—with these young dagoes, who came from nobody knew where, with packs on their backs and persuasive, wheedling tongues in their heads. At this thought the squire raised his head and considered his homestead. It looked pretty good to him—the small white cottage among the honey locusts, with beehives and flower-beds about it; the tidy whitewashed fence; the sound outbuildings at the back, and the well-tilled acres roundabout.

At the fence he halted and turned about, carelessly and casually, and looked back along the way he had come. Everything was as it should be—the weedfield steaming in the heat; the empty road stretching along the crooked ridge like a long gray snake sunning itself; and beyond it, massing up, the dark, cloaking stretch of swamp. Everything was all right, but ——. The squire's eyes, in their loose sacs of skin, narrowed and squinted. Out of the blue arch away over yonder a small black dot had resolved itself and was swinging to and fro, like a mote. A buzzard—hey? Well, there were always buzzards about on a clear day like this. Buzzards were nothing to worry about—almost any time you could see one buzzard, or a dozen buzzards if you were a mind to look for them.

But this particular buzzard now—wasn't he making for Little Niggerwool? The squire did not like the idea of that. He had not thought of the buzzards until this minute. Sometimes when cattle strayed the owners had been known to follow the buzzards, knowing mighty well that if the buzzards led the way to where the stray was, the stray would be past the small salvage of hide and hoofs—but the owner's doubts would be set at rest for good and all.

There was a grain of disquiet in this. The squire shook his head to drive the thought away—yet it persisted, coming back like a midge dancing before his face. Once at home, however, Squire Gathers deported himself in a perfectly normal manner. With the satisfied proprietorial eye of an elderly husband who has no rivals, he considered his young wife, busied about her household duties. He sat in an easy-chair upon his front gallery and read his yesterday's Courier-Journal which the rural carrier had brought him; but he kept stepping out into the yard to peer up into the sky and all about him. To the second Mrs. Gathers he explained that he was looking for weather signs. A day as hot and still as this one was a regular weather-breeder; there ought to be rain before night.

"Maybe so," she said; "but looking's not going to bring rain."

Nevertheless the squire continued to look. There was really nothing to worry about; still at midday he did not eat much dinner, and before his wife was half through with hers he was back on the gallery. His paper was cast aside and he was watching. The original buzzard—or, anyhow, he judged it was the first one he had seen—was swinging back and forth in great pendulum swings, but closer down toward the swamp—closer and closer—until it looked from that distance as though the buzzard flew almost at the level of the tallest snags there. And on beyond this first buzzard, coursing above him, were other buzzards. Were there four of them? No; there were five—five in all.

Such is the way of the buzzard—that shifting black question-mark which punctuates a Southern sky. In the woods a shoat or a sheep or a horse lies down to die. At once, coming seemingly out of nowhere, appears a black spot, up five hundred feet or a thousand in the air. In broad loops and swirls this dot swings round and round and round, coming a little closer to earth at every turn and always with one particular spot upon the earth for the axis of its wheel. Out of space also other moving spots emerge and grow larger as they tack and jibe and drop nearer, coming in their leisurely buzzard way to the feast. There is no haste—the feast will wait. If it is a dumb creature that has fallen stricken the grim coursers will sooner or later be assembled about it and alongside it, scrouging ever closer and closer to the dying thing, with awkward outthrustings of their naked necks and great dust-raising flaps of the huge, unkempt wings; lifting their feathered shanks high and stiffly like old crippled gravediggers in overalls too tight—but silent and patient all, offering no attack until the last tremor runs through the stiffening carcass and the eyes glaze over. To humans the buzzard pays a deeper meed of respect—he hangs aloft longer; but in the end he comes. No scavenger shark, no carrion crab, has chambered more grisly secrets in his digestive processes than this big charnel bird. Such is the way of the buzzard.

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The squire missed his afternoon nap, a thing that had not happened in years. He stayed on the front gallery and kept count. Those moving distant black specks typified uneasiness for the squire—not fear exactly, or panic or anything akin to it, but a nibbling, nagging kind of uneasiness. Time and again he said to himself that he would not think about them any more; but he did—unceasingly.

By supper-time there were seven of them.

. . . . . .

He slept light and slept badly. It was not the thought of that dead man lying yonder in Little Niggerwool that made him toss and fume while his wife snored gently alongside him. It was something else altogether. Finally his stirrings roused her and she asked him drowsily what ailed him. Was he sick? Or bothered about anything?

Irritated, he answered her snappishly. Certainly nothing was bothering him, he told her. It was a hot-enough night—wasn't it? And when a man got a little along in life he was apt to be a light sleeper—wasn't that so? Well, then? She turned upon her side and slept again with her light, purring snore. The squire lay awake, thinking hard and waiting for day to come.

At the first faint pink-and-gray glow he was up and out upon the gallery. He cut a comic figure standing there in his shirt in the half light, with the dewlap at his throat dangling grotesquely in the neck-opening of the unbuttoned garment, and his bare bowed legs showing, splotched and varicose. He kept his eyes fixed on the skyline below, to the south. Buzzards are early risers too. Presently, as the heavens shimmered with the miracle of sunrise, he could make them out—six or seven, or maybe eight.

An hour after breakfast the squire was on his way down through the weedfield to the county road. He went half eagerly, half unwillingly. He wanted to make sure about those buzzards. It might be that they were aiming for the old pasture at the head of the swamp. There were sheep grazing there—and it might be that a sheep had died. Buzzards were notoriously fond of sheep, when dead. Or, if they were pointed for the swamp he must satisfy himself exactly what part of the swamp it was. He was at the stake-and-rider fence when a mare came jogging down the road, drawing a rig with a man in it. At sight of the squire in the field the man pulled up.

"Hi, squire!" he began. "Goin' somewheres?"

"No; jest knockin' about," the squire said—"jest sorter lookin' the place over."

"Hot agin—ain't it?" said the other.

The squire allowed that it was, for a fact, mighty hot. Commonplaces of gossip followed this—county politics, and a neighbor's wife sick of breakbone fever down the road a piece. The subject of crops succeeded inevitably. The squire spoke of the need of rain. Instantly he regretted it, for the other man, who was by way of being a weather wiseacre, cocked his head aloft to study the sky for any signs of clouds.

"Wonder whut all them buzzards are doin' yonder, squire," he said, pointing upward with his whipstock.

"Whut buzzards—where?" asked the squire with an elaborate note of carelessness in his voice.

"Right yonder, over Little Niggerwool—see 'em there?"

"Oh, yes," the squire made answer. "Now I see 'em. They ain't doin' nothin', I reckin—jest flyin' round same as they always do in clear weather."

"Must be somethin' dead over there!" speculated the man in the buggy.

"A hawg probably," said the squire promptly—almost too promptly. "There's likely to be hawgs usin' in Niggerwool. Bristow, over on the other side from here—he's got a big drove of hawgs."

"Well, mebbe so," said the man; "but hawgs is a heap more apt to be feedin' on high ground, seems like to me. Well, I'll be gittin' along towards town. G'day, squire." And he slapped the lines down on the mare's flank and jogged off through the dust.

He could not have suspected anything—that man couldn't. As the squire turned away from the road and headed for his house he congratulated himself upon that stroke of his in bringing in Bristow's hogs; and yet there remained this disquieting note in the situation, that buzzards flying, and especially buzzards flying over Little Niggerwool, made people curious—made them ask questions.

He was halfway across the weedfield when, above the hum of insect life, above the inward clamor of his own busy speculations, there came to his ear dimly and distantly a sound that made him halt and cant his head to one side the better to hear it. Somewhere, a good way off, there was a thin, thready, broken strain of metallic clinking and clanking—an eery ghost-chime ringing. It came nearer and became plainer—tonk-tonk-tonk; then the tonks all running together briskly.

A cowbell—that was it; but why did it seem to come from overhead, from up in the sky, like? And why did it shift so abruptly from one quarter to another—from left to right and back again to left? And how was it that the clapper seemed to strike so fast? Not even the breachiest of breachy young heifers could be expected to tinkle a cowbell with such briskness. The squire's eye searched the earth and the sky, his troubled mind giving to his eye a quick and flashing scrutiny. He had it. It was not a cow at all. It was not anything that went on four legs.

One of the loathly flock had left the others. The orbit of his swing had carried him across the road and over Squire Gathers' land. He was sailing right toward and over the squire now. Craning his flabby neck the squire could make out the unwholesome contour of the huge bird. He could see the ragged black wings—a buzzard's wings are so often ragged and uneven—and the naked throat; the slim, naked head; the big feet folded up against the dingy belly. And he could see a bell too—an ordinary cowbell—that dangled at the creature's breast and jangled incessantly. All his life nearly Squire Gathers had been hearing about the Belled Buzzard. Now with his own eye he was seeing him.

Once, years and years and years ago, some one trapped a buzzard, and before freeing it clamped about its skinny neck a copper band with a cowbell pendent from it. Since then the bird so ornamented has been seen a hundred times—and heard oftener—over an area as wide as half the continent. It has been reported, now in Kentucky, now in Florida, now in North Carolina—now anywhere between the Ohio River and the Gulf. Crossroads correspondents take their pens in hand to write to the country papers that on such and such a date, at such a place, So-and-So saw the Belled Buzzard. Always it is the Belled Buzzard, never a belled buzzard. The Belled Buzzard is an institution.

There must be more than one of them. It seems hard to believe that one bird, even a buzzard in his prime, and protected by law in every Southern state and known to be a bird of great age, could live so long and range so far, and wear a clinking cowbell all the time! Probably other jokers have emulated the original joker; probably if the truth were known there have been a dozen such; but the country people will have it that there is only one Belled Buzzard—a bird that bears a charmed life and on his neck a never-silent bell.

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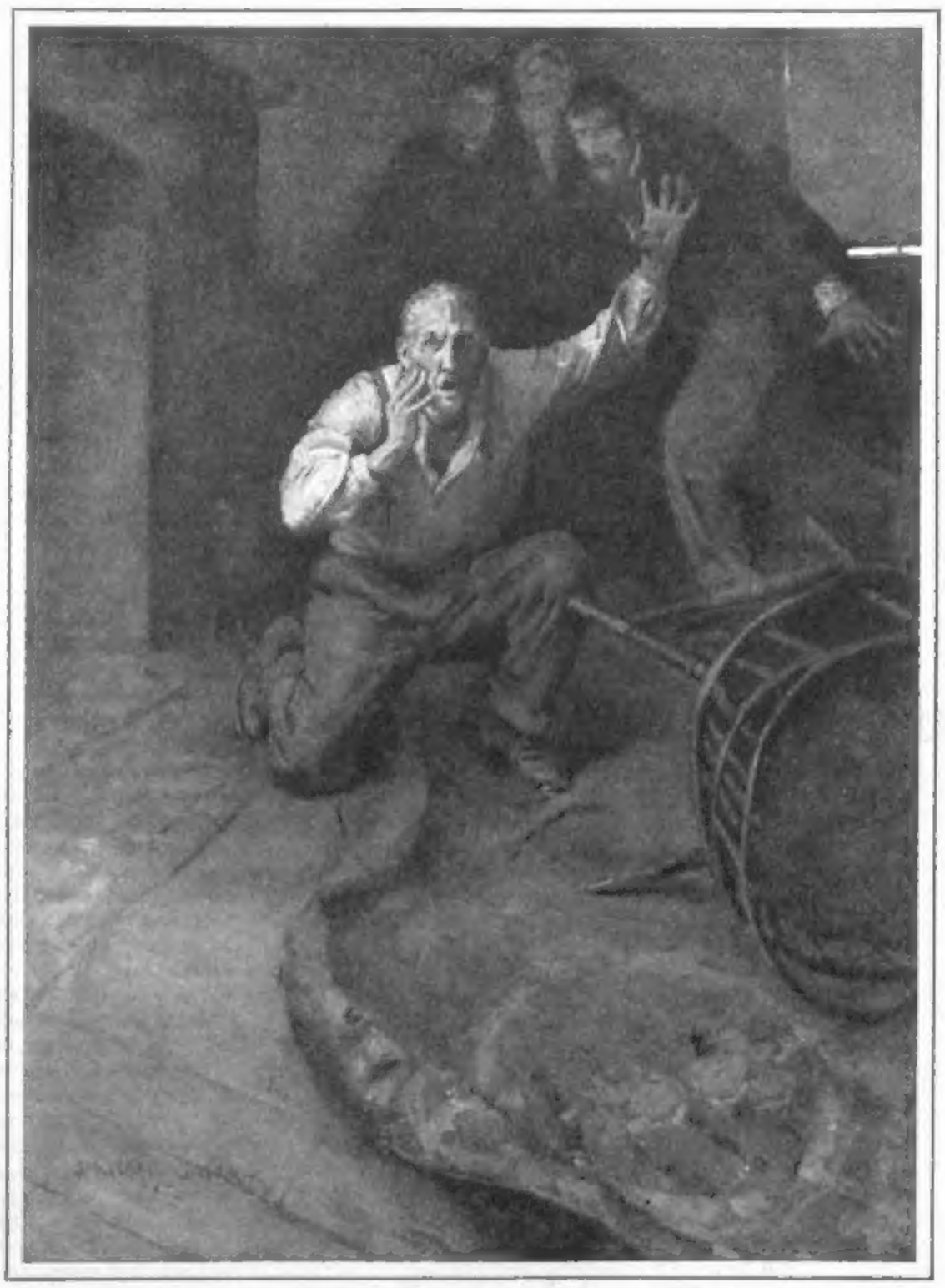
Squire Gathers regarded it a most untoward thing that the Belled Buzzard should have come just at this time. The movements of ordinary, unmarked buzzards mainly concerned only those whose stock had strayed; but almost anybody with time to spare might follow this rare and famous visitor, this belled and feathered junkman of the sky. Supposing now that some one followed it today—maybe followed it even to a certain thick clump of cypress in the middle of Little Niggerwool!

But at this particular moment the Belled Buzzard was heading directly away from that quarter. Could it be following him? Of course not! It was just by chance that it flew along the course the squire was taking. But, to make sure, he veered off sharply, away from the footpath into the high weeds. He was right; it was only a chance. The Belled Buzzard swung off, too, but in the opposite direction, with a sharp tonking of its bell, and, flapping hard, was in a minute or two out of hearing and sight, past the trees to the westward.

Again the squire skimped his dinner, and again he spent the long, drowsy afternoon upon his front gallery. In all the sky there were now no buzzards visible, belled or unbelled—they had settled to earth somewhere; and it served somewhat to soothe the squire's pestered mind. This does not mean, though, that he was by any means easy in his thoughts. Outwardly he was calm enough, with the ruminative judicial air befitting the oldest justice of the peace in the county; but, within him, a little something gnawed unceasingly at his nerves like one of those small white worms that are to be found in seemingly sound nuts. About once in so long a tiny spasm of the muscles would contract the dewlap under his chin. The squire had never heard of that play, made famous by a famous player, wherein the murdered victim was a pedler, too, and a clamoring bell the voice of unappeasable remorse in the murderer's ear. As a strict churchgoer the squire had no use for players or for play-actors, and so was spared that added canker to his conscience. It was bad enough as it was.

That night, as on the night before, the old man's sleep was broken and fitful, and disturbed by dreaming, in which he heard a metal clapper striking against a brazen surface. This was one dream



"It's A-comin' Clos'ter and Clos'ter—It's A-comin' After Me! Keep it Away——"

that came true. Just after daybreak he heaved himself out of bed, with a flop of his broad bare feet upon the floor, and stepped to the window and peered out. Half seen in the pinkish light, the Belled Buzzard flapped directly over his roof and flew due south, right toward the swamp—drawing a direct line through the air between the slayer and the victim—or, anyway, so it seemed to the watcher, grown suddenly tremulous.

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Kneedeep in yellow swamp water the squire squatted, with his shotgun cocked and loaded and ready, waiting to kill the bird that now typified for him guilt and danger and an abiding great fear. Gnats plagued him and about him frogs croaked. Almost overhead a logcock clung lengthwise to a snag, watching him. Snake-doctors, insects with bronze bodies and filmy wings, went back and forth like small living shuttles. Other buzzards passed and repassed, but the squire waited, forgetting the cramps in his elderly limbs and the discomfort of the water in his shoes.

At length he heard the bell. It came nearer and nearer, and the Belled Buzzard swung overhead not sixty feet up, its black bulk a fair target against the blue. He aimed and fired, both barrels bellowing at once and a fog of thick powder smoke enveloping him. Through the smoke he saw the bird careen, and its bell jangled furiously; then the buzzard righted itself and was gone, fleeing so fast that the sound of its bell was hushed almost instantly. Two long wing feathers drifted slowly down; torn disks of gunwadding and shredded green scraps of leaves descended about the squire in a little shower.

He cast his empty gun from him, so that it fell in the water and disappeared; and he hurried out of the swamp as fast as his shaky legs would take him, splashing himself with mire and water to his eyebrows. Mucked with mud, breathing in great gulps, trembling, a suspicious figure to any eye, he burst through the weed curtain and staggered into the open, his caution all gone and a vast desperation fairly choking him—but the gray road was empty and the field beyond the road was empty; and, except for him, the whole world seemed empty and silent.

As he crossed the field Squire Gathers composed himself. With plucked handfuls of grass he cleaned himself of much of the swamp mire that coated him over; but the little white worm that gnawed at his nerves had become a cold snake that was coiled about his heart, squeezing it tighter and tighter!

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This episode of the attempt to kill the Belled Buzzard occurred in the afternoon of the third day. In the forenoon of the fourth, the weather being still hot, with cloudless skies and no air stirring, there was a rattle of warped wheels in the squire's lane and a hail at his yard fence. Coming out upon his gallery from the innermost darkened room of his house, where he had been stretched upon a bed, the squire shaded his eyes from the glare and saw the constable of his own magisterial district sitting in a buggy at the gate waiting for some one.

Waiting to Kill the Bird That Now Typified for Him Guilt and Danger

The old man came down the dirtpath slowly, almost reluctantly, with his head twisted up sidewise, listening, watching; but the constable sensed nothing strange about the other's gait and posture; the constable was full of the news he brought. He began to unload the burden of it without preamble.

"Mornin', Squire Gathers. There's been a dead man found in Little Niggerwool—and you're wanted."

He did not notice that the squire was holding on with both hands to the gate; but he did notice that the squire had a sick look out of his eyes and a dead, pasty color in his face; and he noticed—but attached no meaning to it—that when the squire spoke his voice seemed flat and hollow.

"Wanted—fur—whut?" The squire forced the words out of his throat.

"Why, to hold the inquest," explained the constable. "The coroner's sick abed, and he said you bein' the nearest jestice of the peace should serve."

"Oh," said the squire with more ease. "Well, where is it—the body?"

"They taken it to Bristow's place and put it in his stable for the present. They brought it out over on that side and his place was the nearest. If you'll hop in here with me, squire, I'll ride you right over there now. There's enough men already gathered to make up a jury, I reckin."

"I—I ain't well," demurred the squire. "I've been sleepin' porely these last few nights. It's the heat," he added quickly.

"Well, suh, you don't look very brash, and that's a fact," said the constable; "but this here job ain't goin' to keep you long. You see it's in such shape—the body is—that there ain't no way of makin' out who the feller was, nor whut killed him. There ain't nobody reported missin' in this county as we know of, either; so I jedge a verdict of a unknown person dead from unknown causes would be about the correct thing. And we kin git it all over mighty quick and put him underground right away, suh—if you'll go along now."

"I'll go," agreed the squire, almost quivering in his newborn eagerness. "I'll go right now." He did not wait to get his coat or to notify his wife of the errand that was taking him. In his shirtsleeves he climbed into the buggy, and the constable turned his horse and clucked him into a trot. And now the squire asked the question that knocked at his lips demanding to be asked—the question the answer to which he yearned for and yet dreaded.

"How did they come to find—it?"

(Concluded on Page 37)

SOME EFFICIENCY SECRETS

An Apprentice Who Found a New Way

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

THE big industrial concern of today that has not felt the probing finger of the efficiency expert is considered by many to be as far behind the procession as the woman of fashion who is unable to refer to the time "when I had my operation." Production engineers and efficiency experts are multiplying with the rapidity of medical specialists—and their services are equally expensive.

As the keynote of the efficiency expert's argument is "Standardize your production," it is in order for the manufacturer to turn the tables and inquire: "What are the makings of a real production engineer? What is the standard by which the modern efficiency expert shall be judged? Who are these experts and how are they made?"

A vital and illuminating answer to these questions—a mighty important one to every manufacturer—is the actual life story of a certain young man less than thirty years old, who became a production engineer without knowing it, and who is today the executive head of an organization operating sixteen manufacturing plants, with several million dollars of output.

Clothed in a new suit of blue jumpers and the depressing realization that the family fortunes had taken a sudden slump, a big-eyed, lanky boy made his way to a certain New Bedford machine shop not many years ago to begin his experience as a shophand and a regular wage-earner. He was a few months more than fourteen years old and had expected to finish high school, go to college and have a good time doing it too; but now his father had found him a job and told him he had his own way to make.

The boy was sobered to the point of solemnity. He hadn't any burning ambitions to become the junior partner in the business, but—he told himself—he was going to make good on that job. He had to—that was all! As to becoming a production engineer or an efficiency expert, he had never heard the terms. Back of this boy, however, were three generations of English mechanics, and his mother and grandmother were weavers.

There were two post-drills on the assembling floor of the shop and Billy was assigned to one of these. The other was manned by Pierre, a French boy, who was told to show Billy how to run the drill. Pierre's final bit of instruction to the newcomer was:

"Take your time; make the job last as long as you can!"

This injunction Billy accepted as pure fooling; but the boy who had preceded him on the drill certainly had worked on this plan, for he had left about four days' work stacked about the machine. And, for good measure, Pierre had slid over a generous share of his own work to the new boy.

Because he was bound to make good on the job and had it in him, Billy began his work by doing a little thinking. The pieces in which he was required to drill holes were of some three or four sorts—all the pieces of one sort being uniform in their size and requirements. Billy decided that by doing the same thing over and over again he could get on to the motions of handling it more rapidly than if he changed from one kind of piece to another; so he sorted his pieces into their various classes and stacked only one kind for immediate work.

He had drilled only a few pieces, however, before he saw that by building them into blockhouse form close by his drill he could pick up each piece in about half the time before required. So he rearranged his whole pile on the blockhouse plan. Then his hand reached automatically for each piece, without the aid of his eye. Next it occurred to him that he might be able to make further gains if he only studied hard enough. Anyhow he would try—he must make good on that job!

Perhaps he could cut down the number of motions in drilling a piece or shorten their length! This would save time. He drilled a piece precisely as Pierre had shown him. It took eight motions! Before night he had cut out three of these! His bones ached, but what of that? He had turned the trick! Later, as the result of close analysis, he eliminated two more motions.

When he had begun to feel that he had saved about all the time possible on the operation it flashed upon him that he had studied only his materials and had given no thought to the tools. It was necessary occasionally to change drills; therefore he arranged his whole set of points in the order in which they were wanted. He was surprised to find how much this shortened the operation. Then he noticed that one particular drillpoint in the set did its work much quicker than the others. He compared this point with the others and saw that it had been recently sharpened. With some timidity he took the dull points to the foreman and asked to have them sharpened. The foreman shot him a quick glance—then gave him the order to have them repointed.

Now Billy settled down to getting facility and speed in his new system of motions. Occasionally the foreman stopped beside his drill—a queer smile twitching at his lips. Time and again, in the course of the day, the hustler had to go below for more castings to keep Billy going.

"He just eats 'em up!" the foreman told the superintendent. "He's doing three times the work of the other boy. Teaches me a new trick every day! Why, he's even

figured out the shortest possible movement of the drill for every hole. That boy hates waste motion more than Pierre hates work."

Finally the superintendent took to watching him closely. Then he told the foreman to have Billy operate both drills.

Apparently the green apprentice handled his double team as easily as he had the one drill; but the lust of the game had got into his blood, and when his task became merely mechanical he tired of it. One day he geared up his courage to the point of asking the foreman to be put on a new job.

"All right," answered the foreman; "but first you must teach the boy that follows you exactly how you do it. Just beat it into him that he's got to do it your way."

Soon Billy was transferred to a multispindle, sensitive drill, requiring more accuracy in its work. Here he applied the same tactics—studying the arrangement of materials, tools and fixtures, and the reduction and shortening of motions—proving that the boy who had preceded him on the "multi" had wasted a full half of his time by a failure to arrange his work in sequels, so that he could be putting in one piece while drilling another. At length it dawned upon him that if he could contrive some way of making the drill withdraw itself automatically, after it had passed through the piece, the time of the whole operation would be greatly shortened. He therefore rigged a simple device that threw the release lever and left his own hands free for other work. This device saved drills as well as time—breaking fewer points.

Benefits of the Bonus System

NO SOONER had Billy reduced the operation of the multispindle to a routine, with all waste motions eliminated, than he was given the upright drill in addition. To standardize its operations was easy, and he shortly found his task automatic, unexciting.

One day, however, the gang boss was ill and failed to report—the first time he had laid off in thirty years. The superintendent told Billy he would have to look after the gang. Here was a chance to attack new problems and Billy made a jump for it. He began rearranging the work for the other boys as he had for himself. Already he had watched the other drills enough to see where he could cut out certain motions. The favorite indoor sport of other boys was "fooling the Old Man"; but they soon learned that the young substitute was a job boss of the sort that would stand for no fooling.

After a day or two Billy was running his two drills at full capacity and bossing the others in the bargain—and, somehow, the output of the room had increased perceptibly. When the Old Man returned to work he watched things for a few moments and then muttered:

"Th' fool boy has killed th' job!"

That summer a young college man entered the shop. He wore a forty-dollar suit and an expensive shirt at his drill. Billy looked up to him because he was a college man, wealthy and older than himself. They brought their lunches and talked as they ate. Before the summer was over Billy decided he was going to college; but he realized that he had a long way to travel before he could enter a college or even a technical institution. However, he could get action at once by entering night school and taking up studies that related directly to his shopwork. For one thing, he wanted to understand mechanical drawing—that would come in handy right away. So that fall he entered night school and began the most effective kind of education a worker can have—practical wagework as a steady diet, with technical theory on the side.

Billy was put on every machine in the shop and on every job on the assembling floor—staying in one position just long enough to master it, reduce its operations to a system, and to instruct a follower in that system. He did not realize that he was also teaching the various foremen and the superintendent.

The superintendent was a live wire and was tackling the shop problems in the modern scientific spirit. In spite of the fact that he had been an apprentice, a machinist, a job boss and a foreman, he regarded scientific management above shop precedent and tradition. The way Billy took hold gave him more cheer and comfort than he would have confessed. His first radical step along the new lines was to post notices throughout the factory that, for every machine turned out by the concern in excess of thirty a month, two per cent would be added to the wage of each workman and minor executive on the payroll. The heaviest output under old conditions had been eighteen to twenty machines a month.

Billy Settled Down to Getting Facility and Speed in His New System of Motions

Some sneered; but Billy felt that the bonus system was bound to win; he talked its merits so convincingly that every man and boy in his room was converted to the spirit of this new gospel. Meantime the superintendent was making tests with highspeed machines calculated to help the men earn the bonus. No whirlwind political campaign ever stirred the ardor of a youth to greater heat than this new movement for increased production stirred Billy. The highspeed machines fascinated him—the bonus inspired him.

"Can't you see," he would argue at the lunch hour, "that these machines are playing right into our hands? Get a bonus? Why, you can't stop it!"

Nevertheless the first month under the offer something did stop it—and gave the young apprentice a lesson in factory management that he never forgot. Instead of giving the expensive highspeed machines a welcome, both foremen and workmen hung back, criticised and sulked. This nearly made a failure of the demonstration of the machines; but the superintendent finally enlisted enough men who shared the boy's enthusiasm to hold the machines and get them a square deal.

Billy's eyes were also opened to another element that checked the progressive modern crusade. Two foremen were Irish, another was a Yankee, and another an Englishman. The Englishman in charge of the fifth floor never pulled with the Irishman in the basement; the Yankee on the second floor could not hitch with the Irishman on the third—instead of teamwork there were obstruction tactics, touchiness, friction. And the men under these foremen reflected their spirit. To "put one over on the other floor" was apparently a stronger incentive than to increase production. As the end of the first month under the bonus plan approached, Billy was as full of excitement as if waiting for the returns from a red-hot election; and his heart dropped halfway to his shoes when it was plain that the output was only twenty-five machines. Still that was an increase of about twenty per cent!

"We haven't fairly got our hand in yet," he insisted, "and we've gone halfway to the mark. We'll make it—sure—next month."

And they did—turning out thirty-two machines. After that the climb was steady. In two years the average monthly output was about forty-two machines. In other words, the unpopular bonus system had added twenty-four per cent to the wages of every workman and foreman in the shop.

Nothing that related to the movement for more effective management escaped the eye of the boy. He was a warm baseball fan—but here was a game that had the plays of the diamond beaten to a finish. He noticed that, about two months after the offer had been posted, the foremen fell naturally into the habit of getting together the first thing in the morning and laying plans for the day. After these morning meetings started, things began to move with a new order and briskness; castings came in at the downstairs door when they were needed; a promise of delivery from one floor to another became a matter of personal honor between foremen, and must not be broken. As the final week of the month approached the assembling room took on the spirit of a football field; and when the last two or three machines were being assembled the work was done by picked men, who were relied upon by their fellows to make a touchdown and beat the record.

In looking back upon this experience the production engineer, then the apprentice boy, declares:

"In the three years in this shop I saw the output more than doubled, with a decrease of seventy-five to one hundred hands; saw wages greatly increased; saw thousands of dollars' worth of machinery junked to make way for more effective equipment; saw careful and intensive studies made of every operation; and saw the most liberal testing of new highspeed devices. When I began there the firm was slow, old-fashioned, conservative. It had a certain grip on the market because of its patents and its name; its officers received fair salaries, but its dividends were small. Under the impulse of this superintendent, the bonus system and scientific management, the dividends grew so great that they would have made envious a holder of stock in a big corporation.

"Finally, in order to hold down the surplus to decent proportions, they bought another factory four times the size of the one in which this revolution took place. Naturally all this made a powerful impression upon me. I couldn't get away from it. Somehow it seemed almost like a personal vindication—though I had little to do with it, save as a sympathetic unit in a large organization. After that no one on earth could have convinced me that a new order of things had not started in the industrial world. I knew, too, that I belonged to this new order—heart and soul—and that I was going to understand and keep pace with it if I had to get all my theory at night school, without a day in college or a 'tech.'"

He Finally Found One That Engaged Him as a Waiter in Exchange for His Meals

The fight to get the bonus system on its feet focused Billy's attention upon the fact that the handling of men—more than the operating of machines—was the big problem in manufacturing and that here was where the superintendent was a master. The boy watched the weeding-out process that followed the new movement. Those who stood out longest were certain workmen who had brought to this country their traditions of Sunday holiday celebrations. They were men from the milltowns of England and seemed impervious to the new spirit that was remaking the shop. They were given their chance—and a long one too; but, about five months after the change had set in, the superintendent "called" them. Some took their pay and left; others returned to their work for a time only, and a small residue threw over the habits of a lifetime and fell in line. Filling the places of those who were dropped was a process Billy had no difficulty in observing. It was the policy of the superintendent to let as many men as possible see the line-up of applicants for positions, to the end of impressing each man that there was competition from the outside.

Applicants lined up in front of the office, and always the superintendent followed the same tactics: As he approached his door he glanced from face to face. Then he entered his office, but soon reappeared. Facing the first man, he paused for a moment—his sharp eyes rested first on the man's shoes, then his knees, his waist-line, collar, chin, mouth, eyes and hat.

"A man," he explained in later years, "who has runover heels seldom does good work; he is generally slipshod, slovenly. The position of a man's knees tells whether he stands up to his work. The waistline is an index to a man's eating and drinking habits, and to his voltage of energy. The set of his collar betrays his sense of neatness—a fine workman is rarely a sloppy dresser. The chin tells more of a man's character than any other physical feature. The mouth and eyes are considered for the same reason. The hat is almost as good an indicator of inherent neatness as a collar, and the angle at which it is worn reveals more of the wearer's character than he would suppose. These signs are not unfailing, but for a quick sorting of men I've found the system efficient and satisfactory."

A Master Hand With Men

FOLLOWING this scrutiny, the superintendent would step forward and shake hands with the men who scored well under this system. This was to get the feel of their hands. If the palms were dry he felt reasonably sure that the man was of temperate habits and in good physical condition. Again this gave him a chance to judge of the shape and the hang of the hand. A thorough and experienced machinist generally has a hand of the square, blocky type and carries it hook fashion.

After the picked men were invited into the office the superintendent busied himself momentarily with papers. If one of the waiting men crooked his arm over the back of his chair or leaned on the desk he was dismissed; the man who is used to standing up squarely to his work will not lop or lean—especially when he is applying for a job.

Billy never neglected an opportunity to watch this superintendent; he realized that here was a chance to study the science of handling factory help under a master. A dozen times a day the superintendent would ride up in the elevator between floors and hold it there. On one of the occasions he suddenly descended to the floor he had just passed and walked quickly to a new man who was filing at a bench, nearly three-fourths of a city block from the elevator.

"You'll have to get your time," he said to the man. "Can't use you any more! A man who files flat work with a rounding motion may pass as a machinist in some shops, but not here."

The swing of the workman's elbow had told the story to the eye of the superintendent at a distance of three

"Get a Bonus? Why, You Can't Stop It!"

hundred feet away. Billy had his own experience with this system of oversight. He had studied the swinging of a chipping hammer as he had the use of every tool that came into his hand, and found that it did the best and surest work when grasped near the end of the handle and swung with an easy wrist motion. Suddenly he felt that the superintendent was watching him. He didn't miss a stroke of his hammer; his elbow hardly moved. A little later the foreman confided:

"Your chipping stroke has made a great hit with the superintendent. Any time you want to move up, just say the word."

Two boys working in the shop gave Billy a sharp contrast study which made a deep impression upon him. One was a French boy who could speak little English and could not read or write either French or English. In spite of his handicaps he caught the new spirit of the shop. From that moment he began to expand. Shortly the foreman promoted him to one of the largest lathes then in New Bedford. Billy observed that the boy seemed suddenly to be waking up all over; he picked up proficiency in the use of English almost as fast as he acquired it in the use of his powerful and complicated machine; he began to study written English and arithmetic outside the shop; and his personal appearance and habits showed that they were sharing in the benefits of his awakening.

Billy Discovers That Work is Play

IN A FEW months this French boy was making production records beyond the claims made by the inventors of the machines. Later the manufacturers of lathes began to send their demonstrators and salesmen to work under his coaching. When he began, six years ago, the French boy received eighty cents a day. Today he gets close to two hundred dollars a month, knows both French and English, has taken a thorough course in mechanical drawing, and is the expert in a shop of two thousand hands. This boy caught the modern-shop spirit—it made a man of him.

Working alongside this boy was another lad, mentally much keener. He had been to grammar school before entering the shop. It seemed to Billy that here was a lad who might go to the top and become an executive—that is, if he would only "take a turn." This lad, however, started in with the idea that to dodge the boss was the brightest possible display of wit; so he dodged and loafed. When the new shop spirit entered the place he refused to receive it. The duller, slower French boy, with his handicap of illiteracy, walked away from him. They started with the same pay; today the other lad is getting a dollar and sixty-five cents a day. He will probably never receive more than two dollars a day. This taught Billy that whenever the idea of modern scientific management took hold in a shop it meant shoving into the discard the workers who could not rise above the time-serving spirit, and the development and elevation of those who could catch the new spirit of progressive scientific workmanship. Handicaps did not count.

"Those of us," he now declares, "who caught on to the new order of things and welcomed the new high-speed machines and put them into their best paces moved on to better places and better wages; those who would not or could not do this fell back and dropped out. The change in the personnel of the workmen was startling."

When he lacked about a year of completing his apprenticeship—three years in one shop—Billy came to a turning-point in his career. He had gone the rounds of all the jobs in the shop. By sticking about a year longer he would become a full-fledged machinist and that would mean a big jump in wages. Besides, he had reason to feel that the superintendent and all the foremen were ready to push him along; but he wanted to learn all there was to know about machine work, regardless of wages. It was a hard struggle to decide; but finally the desire to master every phase of machine work won the day, and he went across the street into a factory employing two thousand hands and became a toolmaker's apprentice.

After a few months the toolmaker left and Billy was given his position—at apprentice wages. This discrepancy failed to trouble him, however, for every day brought him fresh problems; and he thrived on them. The tougher they were, the more he enjoyed them.

In commenting upon this experience he says:

"This job was a joy to me. There wasn't a dull moment in any day. Before beginning upon the physical work of making any tool I considered it a part of my job to study its actual use, with a view to making the work easier and quicker—thus cutting labor costs and increasing output. This bumped me up against a new angle of the game. I found that the designers of jigs and fixtures did not have sufficient practical knowledge of the manufacturing processes to provide for the quick placing of the work in the jig or fixture. I woke to a realization that the first and most important place to plant the modern efficiency

Always the Superintendent Followed the Same Tactics

idea is in the drafting room—if it isn't working there the rest of the works are pulling against the tide.

"The designers would turn out a drawing for a fine-looking jig or fixture that would do the work accurately—but it took four or five times as long to put the piece in the jig as it did to do the actual work. I knew that the foreman over me was keen on cutting costs; so I put the trouble up to him and he had it out with the educated gentlemen of the drafting room. He won—and as a result we built up a complete line of jigs and fixtures that were designed from the machine-room and efficiency viewpoint. They were evolved from daily tests. That experience drilled into me the fact that tools, jigs and fixtures should not be created by a theorist, a machinery artist up under the skylight of the office building, but should be experimentally evolved by the toolmaker and the men who use the tools on the machines. And in evolving them two things should never be lost sight of—they must be so made as to do accurate work under the hands of unskilled workmen; they should require the fewest and simplest motions possible in placing the piece in the jig and removing it, and should require the fewest possible number of wrenches and nuts in tightening the piece in place. Many machine shops and factories are losing thousands of dollars a year because the management has not learned this lesson."

Meantime Billy had been drilling steadily along in night school and suddenly found himself in the grip of an impulse to have a thorough technical education; so he took an examination for entrance into a school of technology—and scored a flat failure. Instead of making him content with his job, this bump only fired him on. It was evidently time that he went back to high school and did some digging. He did so, and took double courses in languages and mathematics. As he still had to help a little with certain family expenses, he needed an income above mere spending money. The town had a good club and reading room for boys and girls. He secured the position of caretaker. Later he added a newspaper route eleven miles long. This required him to rise at three-thirty in the morning. Sometimes he was able to shanghai a bicycle, but generally he walked. He worked at his studies as hard as he had worked at the shop problems and found that things came easier. This time he passed his entrance examinations for the technology school without trouble.

Under an Old-Fashioned Foreman

ALL HE lacked now was money for the first term's tuition. He went back into the shop under a foreman who was a wonder in getting out work—a driver of the old military type. When Mike wanted anything of a man he bellowed. The first time he tried this on the new boy he met with a surprise.

"You don't have to bellow at me," was Billy's quiet answer. "Just tell me what you want. I'm not used to being yelled at."

The big foreman walked away without a word, but he kept a closer eye upon the new boy. A lad who had the nerve to tell him that he would not be bellowed at was out of the ordinary! A little later he saw that Billy had doubled the production of the machine on which he was working.

"Boy," he exclaimed, "if you can do that same trick for every machine in the shop you'll boost dividends! Now go from machine to machine and establish production records. What you can do on a machine another good workman can do if he is taught; but the others can't find out how to do it."

At that time Billy had barely heard the term "efficiency engineer"—and it came to him with a thrill that this task would be a sort of apprenticeship to this new profession. This new view of the matter gave him a little sense of stage fright. Would it be sheer presumption to undertake to increase the output of the old, skilled workmen? Without touching their machines he saw that they were making needless motions, working to a disadvantage.

"I'll try," he told the foreman, "if you'll back me up with the men by trying to get them interested in the thing we're after."

To this end the foreman assented, and Billy took up the task with a fresh fascination.

"In the following months," declares Billy, "I worked out for myself the first two principles of efficient factory management: Standardize—Instruct. With every machine that I tackled, I not only got all the information I could from the man operating it, but I consulted with any other men who had special knowledge of any operation. The things that I studied were: the quality of work desired; the shape and condition of the piece as it came to the machine; the fixtures, tools or jigs used in connection with each operation—both as to their ability to do the work and to the feeds and speeds for good results; and finally the motions employed in putting the piece in and

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He Needed an Income Above Mere Spending Money

MANAGING RAIMUND

By Kennett Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

Raimund Pivoted in the Most Approved Manner and Caught the Third on the Swing

THE BOY SOPRANO, Raimund Lanchester, leaned his rich brown ringlets against the plush of his seat in the day coach and half closed his beautiful, long-lashed eyes in an expression of utter boredom. Then, an idea evidently occurring to him, he removed his daintily shod feet from the cushion opposite and, feeling in the pocket of his knickerbockers, produced a pocketknife and proceeded to carve the initials W. M. on the window-sill. W. M. stood for William Murphy. As William Murphy, Raimund had, in happy days gone by, sported in the vacant lots contiguous to Halsted and the river, and sung in the choir of St. Ignatius Loyola. He was a loss to the choir and that the gang missed him he knew well.

Suddenly from the seat behind him a finger and thumb closed upon his ear with a painfully firm compression. They belonged to a stout, middle-aged man with a glossy black mustache, who wore a golden elkhead on the lapel of his coat—Mr. James Van Dorn, acting manager of the Raimund Lanchester Concert Company.

"Cut it out, you imp!" hissed the stout man in unconscious paradox. "Do you want to get pinched? Honest, I've got a notion to take you out to the rear platform and drop you off. Rub some dirt over that before the conductor comes round. Holy smoke!"

Raimund sulkily put up his knife and, spitting on the window-sill, smeared an appearance of antiquity over his recent work.

"You won't let me do anything," he complained. "I wish you would drop me off. I give you leave."

"Don't talk foolishness, kid," said the stout man with some anxiety. "You be good until we get to Cleveland and I'll let you set a house afire or something. Now go and sit with Mrs. Despenser a while. She looks lonesome."

"She says I make her nervous," objected Raimund. "She gives me a pain! Say! Le' me go in the smoker with you? It won't hurt my throat." He looked pleadingly at his manager.

"Raimund," said Mr. Van Dorn earnestly, "if I ever catch you in a smoking car while you're with me I'll skin you alive! You stay where you are and keep out of drafts. I'm just going into the baggage car to see about the trunks and some other things and I'll be back in a minute or two."

With that the manager frowned impressively and made his way into the smoking compartment of the next car, where he dropped into a seat opposite Signor Zapatoff, the noted basso.

"Phew!" he ejaculated. "This is telling on me. I'm getting about worn out."

Zapatoff nodded understandingly.

"I'd chloroform him if I had him," he said. "Just enough to keep him quiet between towns. What's he been up to now?"

"He's put the lights on the fritz, I guess," replied Van Dorn. "Good thing this is a daylight run. Well, I've managed about everything but trained dogs; but give me the dogs next time. You can kill a dog without any howl being made—except by the animal. He's expecting me back any minute now or I suppose he'd be trying to uncouple the diner. I'll be mighty glad when we get back to Chicago. He's there with the melodious accents all right, but anybody can have him then that wants him. Never again! Not for muh!"

"Well, I don't want to be accused of professional jealousy, so I won't say anything," observed Zapatoff; "but I can't account for the attraction of these child wonders. They sing, yes; but where's the interpretation? Where's the finish?"

"I can see Raimund's finish," said Van Dorn gloomily. "But it's that sweet, innocent expression of his gets my alpaca; and he can get off a line of talk that would make a bartender blush."

In the next car Raimund, having refreshed himself with ice water, left the faucet turned on and took a seat behind the pianist, Mademoiselle Bourchier, who was discussing a passage in the Wieniawski concerto with Hooper, the violinist. Mademoiselle's magnificent coiffure attracted the boy's attention, and after a few moments' consideration he deftly removed from it a couple of wire hairpins, one of which he tied to each end of a piece of string. Then he bent the pins into hooks and attached one firmly to the back of the seat; the other he carefully reinserted in mademoiselle's hair. That accomplished, he winked at an interested male passenger on the other side of the aisle and strolled forward to his former place. Here the train boy found him.

"Hello, Harold!" said the train boy.

He was a pale youth with a sophisticated air, heightened by the side tilt of his uniform cap, and he regarded Raimund with a palpable sneer.

"Hello, Pimples!" returned Raimund calmly, raising his fringed eyelids to a languid, supercilious stare.

"Where's your dear ma?" inquired the train boy, somewhat disconcerted, however, by the personal nature of the response.

"You won't have any trouble finding her," replied Raimund.

"Why not?"

"She's matron at the reformatory."

"You think you're smart, don't you?" the boy resumed.

"Sure, Peanuts," Raimund replied. "Say, got any good readin'?"

The train boy set his basket down on the seat and produced a soiled and dog-eared novelette from his jacket pocket. He unfolded this to display an illustration of a youth supporting on one arm a swooning female with streaming hair, while he menaced half a dozen bearded ruffians with a revolver.

"Got a dime?" he asked.

"Rats!" said Raimund. "That's the nickel series. You must think I'm easy!"

"All right," the other answered, pocketing the book.

"I'll shake you to see whether I give you a dime or nothing," Raimund proposed. He rattled something in his two hands and then, opening them, showed a set of dice.

"Come on back in the smoker," suggested the train boy, looking over his shoulder apprehensively.

"Can't. Aw, roll 'em along!"

They shook and Raimund won.

"Now I'll shake you for a dime," he said.

Presently the train boy raised up, his face flushed with sudden suspicion. "You've been shaking sixes right along!" he accused. "Them dice is loaded! Show 'em to me."

He grabbed, but Raimund was too quick for him.

"Cheese it!" he warned. "Here's the con!"

The train boy caught up his basket and was halfway down the aisle before Raimund's merry laugh apprised him of the cheat. He turned, but at that moment the conductor actually appeared and the train boy continued his progress. Raimund leaned back, smiling cherubically. He was thirty cents and the book ahead.

As a measure of protection in case the train boy returned, he judged it best to go over and sit with Mrs. Despenser. At first the matronly contralto seemed disposed to be ungracious, but was softened by the winning manner that Master Raimund could assume when it pleased him and by his solicitude about her headache. "I won't bother you," he said. "I'm just going to read your magazine—if you don't mind."

Mrs. Despenser nodded permission, and Raimund took up the periodical that was lying by her side. By a neat sleight-of-hand he slipped his recently acquired novel inside it and was soon absorbed in the thrilling adventures of Ben Barrington, the Boy Avenger of the Bad Lands. He was thus pleasantly occupied when the brakeman passed through the car announcing the approach to Cleveland.

A moment later there was a scream from Mademoiselle Bourchier, who stood, with a crimson face and dilated eyes, clutching the disheveled back of her head, while Hooper stared in helpless bewilderment at the anxious group that had gathered about them.

"Somebody pulled my hair down!" cried the pianist. "Somebody ——"

Her distracted gaze suddenly encountered a thick strand of chestnut hair dangling by a white string from the back of the seat. Hastily wadding it up, she disengaged it by a violent jerk and fled to seclusion. Raimund resumed his reading, but was almost directly interrupted by a rude grasp on his arm.

"You young tough!" growled Hooper, shaking him.

Raimund's expression was one of pained surprise.

"Say, what's eating you?" he demanded. "You let loose of me or I'll kick all the skin off your shins!"

Mrs. Despenser interposed.

"It was not Raimund this time, Mr. Hooper," she said. "He's been sitting right next to me for the last half hour, as it happens. It's a miracle, I know; but he really isn't to blame—for once."

"Oh, put it on me anyway!" said Raimund with honest indignation. "I'm sure to be the goat, whatever it is."

Hooper was persisting, but at this juncture Van Dorn hurried up with the information that there was no time to lose, and Raimund was promptly hustled into his overcoat, his throat swathed in silk, and rubbers pulled over his shoes. The rest of the company made themselves ready, and in a little while they had left the train for their hotel.

As soon as Mr. Van Dorn had registered he personally conducted Raimund to his room and removed his wraps in spite of the boy's protests.

"Sweet child!" said Van Dorn. "You are *not* going to see the town! You are going to stay in this room and beguile some of the weary hour and a half before supper with a little vocal practice."

"My voice is all right," Raimund pleaded. "Say, you let me take a little walk first and then I'll practice. How would you like to be cooped up all the time? It's fierce!"

"Maybe I'll take you for a little walk as soon as I get back from the hall," promised Van Dorn, relenting a little. "But it's pretty damp."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Not long. So long!" Van Dorn paused at the door. "Don't entertain any false hopes," he added. "I'm going to lock you in and I'll have a bellhop at the end of the corridor on watch." The key snapped in the lock.

Raimund shook his fist, but he did not seem to be entirely cast down, and almost immediately his sweet, clear voice arose in the required musical calisthenics. He continued conscientiously for nearly five minutes, and then wheeled the bureau to the door and pitched his hat through the transom; then, mounting the bureau, he gave a little spring and slipped through himself.

He took the stairway in preference to the elevator and surveyed the office carefully from the mezzanine floor before descending and skimming through to the street. Once outside, he flipped a passing street car and rode several blocks to what he considered a zone of safety; then, as the conductor approached to collect his fare, he dropped lightly off and sauntered along the sidewalk, stopping here and there to look in at the shop windows, meeting the admiring glances of the women with an occasional flutter of an eyelid that was greatly at variance with his ingenuous stare.

It was his intention merely to take in a "movie," purchase a package of cigarettes for secret consumption, and then return to the hotel—possibly before Van Dorn. He had no thought of harm—just a short hour of freedom and innocent relaxation before the stern duty of the evening. Who could blame him for that? Not that he was sensitive to criticism! Still the incident was unfortunate.

There were three of them, about his own age, but they had no luxuriant brown tresses, or trimly cut Norfolk knickerbocker suits, or Eton collars. If they had had these enviable adjuncts they would, no doubt, have passed decorously on. Being close-cropped, somewhat ragged and not at all clean, they stopped and barred Raimund's farther progress.

"Git on to the curls!" said one.

Raimund shrank back timidly, a look of fright in his eyes.

"Ain't them pants the limit!" exclaimed another, grinning maliciously. "Gee!"

"Please let me pass," said Raimund tremulously; whereupon the first young ruffian advanced a grimy paw to pluck at the locks effeminate. Raimund uttered a cry of terror and ran, darting up the first alley, and the trio followed with a joyful whoop. At the half block the alley was intersected and Raimund turned that corner. Noting that it was a nice, quiet spot, he stopped, and there his pursuers found him. They stopped likewise. Raimund was smiling, but it was an ugly smile—nothing propitiatory about it. He walked up to the foremost boy.

"You lobster!" he said. "You lookin' for a scrap?"

His fist shot out as he spoke and the foremost boy dropped. The next one received a staggering upper-cut; and then Raimund pivoted in the most approved manner and caught the third on the swing. By that time the first one had regained his feet. He essayed a clinch, which Raimund broke with the heel of his palm against the clincher's snub nose, pressing upward. A kick in the stomach on the break finished that one.

Once Raimund was tripped, but he extricated himself from the incumbency resulting by methods as vicious as they were efficacious, and resumed the battle with such murderous energy, directed by such cool intelligence, that a panic seized the enemy and they fled. This time Raimund pursued as far as a heap of brick and plaster débris at the back of a store building. Then a shower of brick and plaster completed the rout.

Assured of complete victory, Raimund took stock of damages. His collar was a wreck, his knickerbockers were torn in two places and he was plastered with mud; but, excepting a barked knuckle, he was unscarred. "Chee!" he exclaimed. "They were easy!"

He retraced his steps to the scene of the conflict and recovered his hat, which had been trampled into an unrecognizable mass. Restoring it as much as possible, he made his way back to the hotel. He was applying at the desk for the key to his room when Van Dorn came upon him. The manager seemed to be struggling with strong emotion.

"I have the key, Raimund," he said. "Suppose we go together."

He led the way, pulling nervously at his black mustache, and Raimund followed. Arrived in the room, Mr. Van Dorn sat down on the bed and said one word:

"Well?"

"It was like this," said Raimund frankly. "I'd got through practicing, and, as you didn't come back, and I'd rested all I wanted to, I thought I'd take a little car-ride to get a breath of fresh air. Well, I slipped as I got off the car and fell down and tore my trousers; so I thought you wouldn't like it if I went round all mussed up and I came back. Maybe I was wrong to get through the transom. I'm sorry I did it now—but it was an accident."

Van Dorn placed his hands on his plump knees, his elbows squared, and looked severely and searchingly into the boy's soul. Finding nothing there but truth and innocence, he expelled his breath violently and shook a forefinger impressively.

"Do you know you're about at the end of your string, Raimund?" he asked.

Raimund looked sulky.

"You've been raising merry Cain ever since we started on the tour, dear little lad," pursued Mr. Van Dorn. "I can count up ten pieces of deviltry since breakfast this morning, winding up with the trick you played on mademoiselle."

"You ask Mrs. Despenser about that," Raimund broke in. "She'll tell you ——"

"I don't care what she tells me," Van Dorn interrupted. "I know! I know you've been in a fight too. Nobody skins his knuckle that way falling off a street car. What's more, you were out without your overcoat and muffler. Now see here—I've been sweating blood trying to civilize you and make your everlasting fortune, and what do I get?"

Raimund looked up.

"I don't know what your rake-off is," he answered, "but it looks like there ought to be something in it for me."

"You're getting an education," said Van Dorn. "You're getting three square meals a day for the first time in your life. You're sleeping in a real bed, and seeing the world, and being supplied with pocket money; and your parents are lifted out of poverty and living in comfort—and yet you can't behave yourself. Now I'm through! You can just go back to your father and mother, and see how you like it—and what you'll get when I tell them the reason!"

"That suits me," said Raimund calmly.

"Eh?" said the manager, somewhat disconcerted.

"It suits me," Raimund repeated. "I'm sick of it anyway. You get me my ticket and I'll light out on the next train. I'll take chances on the old man; and if anybody gets me to sing again he's a peach!"

"Now see here, Raimund," said Van Dorn in an altered tone, "you don't want to get foolish about this, and you can't afford to throw away the chance of your life. I may have spoken a little harshly, but you must see yourself that you're taking long risks going out alone and without any wraps. Suppose that kid you were scrapping with had given you a shiner! That would have queered the whole show tonight."

Raimund grinned.

"There were three of 'em," he said. "I did up the bunch."

"You did!" exclaimed Van Dorn admiringly. Then he shook his head and looked serious. "But it won't do," he remonstrated. "We can't have it. Well, we won't say anything more about it. You behave and stick to your singing and be a good kid—what? Sure! Now you wash up and we'll have a good supper and then go over and show them what a sure-enough boy soprano is."

"That's all right," said Raimund, mollified nevertheless. "But I don't get any fun."

"We'll have our fun tomorrow," Van Dorn assured him hastily. "I'll get a taxi in the afternoon and we'll break the speed limit through this fancy little burgh. Maybe there's a ball game we can take in somehow."

"Honest?" said Raimund.

"Honest!" declared Van Dorn.

"Them Dice is Loaded! Show 'em to Me"

. . . . . .

That evening Raimund showed them. The society under whose auspices the concert was held had done their part and the advance agent had done his; and as a result of their joint efforts the hall was crowded. Zapatoff opened—The Wolf, of course—and his thrilling descent to the profoundest abysses of the scale was rewarded by generous applause, as were Hooper's Godard concerto and Mrs. Despenser's aria. Then, clad in black velvet, with a broad collar of Valenciennes falling over his shoulders, and his cherubic, peach-blooming face illumined by a winning smile, Raimund appeared.

Mademoiselle struck a chord. The smile gave place to a rapt expression; the boy's lustrous dark eyes were lifted as if in awed vision of celestial glories. The childish lips opened and, with the effortless, spontaneous burst of a bird in song, there came a flood of liquid melody, rising and falling, crystal-clear, heavenly sweet—golden notes that made the heart ache in excess of delight as they fell upon the greedy ear ——

"Angels ever bright and fair——"

There was a hush that seemed breathless. It might have been a voice raised in desert solitudes, for any contending whisper of sound; and so it continued until the last note had died away and Raimund made his graceful little bow. Then things broke loose.

Later he sang a group of modern songs and finished in a blaze of glory, as Van Dorn expressed it, with the Schubert Serenade, with violin obligato. After which Van Dorn, by strenuous effort, got him through a mob of rabid admirers, largely feminine, and over to the hotel and to bed. It was a triumph.

. . . . . .

The company slept late. It was Sunday and there was no train to catch, so they made the most of it. Raimund awoke in a good humor and went down to breakfast, and found Van Dorn beginning on his grapefruit, vis-à-vis with mademoiselle. Raimund might have detected a slight embarrassment in their manner if he had been suspicious—but he was not suspicious.

"Remember the afternoon, Van!" he said cheerfully when he had ordered.

Van Dorn and mademoiselle exchanged glances.

"I remember," said Van Dorn. "Better have some cakes, kid."

"There's a game on all right," Raimund continued.

"So?" said Van Dorn. "It looks as if it might rain. I notice tonight ——"

"Rain nothing!" said Raimund. "Say, they're no bushleaguers. The Cincinnati Reds ——"

"Here comes your breakfast," interrupted Van Dorn. "No, it isn't. Well, it's coming. As I was saying, mademoiselle, the critics don't know it all. I'm not taking a critic's word for an attraction. You show me the box-office receipts on his last engagement, and then I'll get right down and talk business."

"I'm Juthin' of a Sportin' Man; I Often Make a Bet"

(Continued on Page 60)

DIVORCING LADY NICOTINE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THE man who sells more shoes than anybody else in the world, and who left his father's farm at fifteen with less than twenty dollars in his pocket, was showing me his great warehouse. A slight, intense little person of sixty-two or sixty-three, crackling with nervous energy, he gave the impression that a cup of strong tea would throw his balance-wheel out of alignment. Indicating a hideous crayon portrait that hung on the wall, he said seriously and quite solemnly:

"That man and I grew up together—slept in the same bed; clerked in the same store; joined the church at the same time. He became my partner and we worked side by side in the shoe business for more than twenty years; but he lies now in Bellefontaine Cemetery. He smoked!"

Afterward I learned from his right-hand man that this millionaire merchant actually believes that tobacco killed his partner, though the attending physician attributed his death to typhoid fever. He also believes that his own "good habits" are largely responsible for his success in life. In a negative way this is doubtless true. It is possible that tobacco might have run his fanaticism into paranoia. Therefore he wisely confines his intemperance to his observations on life. In the shoe business he is safe and sane and singularly successful.

Most men who get this story for the first time will now state: "He would make an able business associate, but a mighty poor social favorite. Deliver me from a person who looks upon smoking as a vice!"

Here too! My good father has smoked not less than two nor more than three cigars a day as long as I can remember, barring the comparatively few days he has been ill. His smoking is certainly a pleasure to him—perhaps a benefit. It rests him physically and mentally and ripens his philosophy without impairing his judgment. Of his school of smoking I'm a thorough advocate, but a poor disciple. Three cigars a day would have aggravated my craving for the weed—never satisfied it. My appetite demanded an allowance of tobacco that only a phlegmatic individual could consume with reasonable safety—and I'm not phlegmatic. Neither am I like the millionaire shoeman. Put me down midway between a stolid block and a neuralist. Frankly I smoked to excess, and so I had to quit. You know, therefore, that this experience meeting isn't going to be opened with prayer. I am not a fanatic—not a man with a message—not the owner of a copyrighted human document.

I Was Brought Up in Fear of the "Deadly Cigarette"

Mr. Hyde Burns His Bridges

I AM a Congressman without a mission—one of the younger generation in the House, regarded by my constit's as "something of a leader"; but, when all's said and the call of the roll begins, a man who controls a single vote. Nobody controls that, you bet your life; but some queer kind of an alter ego came pretty near controlling me. There's the whole story of as warm a fight as I know anything about from the inside.

Getting the upper hand of the smoking habit is getting the better of a second self. A confirmed smoker who tries to quit will discover to his surprise that, instead of a single in-good-standing member of society, his hat covers two personalities: one highly respectable and self-respecting, the other a sneak who is capable of a variety of crimes, petty and high; one a Doctor Jekyll, who, when the cigars are passed, says with a confident gesture, "No, thank you, I've given up tobacco"; the other a Mr. Hyde, who would commit murder, if need be, to obtain a smoke.

Despite his excessive use of tobacco, this fellow Hyde has a seemingly unending amount of vitality. When you think you have him dead and cremated he springs from his ashes, snatches the tomahawk from the wooden Indian and starts in to raid the cigar store. Actively he is to be classed with one of the most persistent chimneys that ever marred the landscape; and if you are in search of a simile for that which is tinged, flavored, cured, don't select an unoffending smoked herring, but seize upon this Hyde person as the best trope.

Several months after I quit smoking, to get ahead of my story, when I thought I had whipsawed the habit, a strange thing happened. I had reached the stage where I could say quite frankly to friends and acquaintances: "Why, I never think about tobacco unless somebody suggests it to me!" I was pretty cocky, you see—a congenital conqueror, for I had been born again; but I got a rude shock, a severe jolt from that Hyde person, over whose remains I had already erected a monument, suitably inscribed "*Requiescat in pace!*"

Something took me to the House office building one evening. I opened the door of my room with the key, switched on the light and closed the door after me. As I walked to my desk my eyes lit upon a paper box lying on the table. It was a package of cigarettes left there by my secretary. Before I realized what I was doing, my hand reached out for those cigarettes! And a voice within me said: "You are alone—not a soul is looking. You can smoke and nobody will be the wiser. Light up!"

Mr. Hyde! Here was I, a grown man, sorely tempted to cheat—whom? Why, myself! It was on a par with beating oneself at solitaire. Yet I was not comfortable until I had tossed those cigarettes out of the window. When I heard my secretary growling about their disappearance next day I smiled to myself, then at myself.

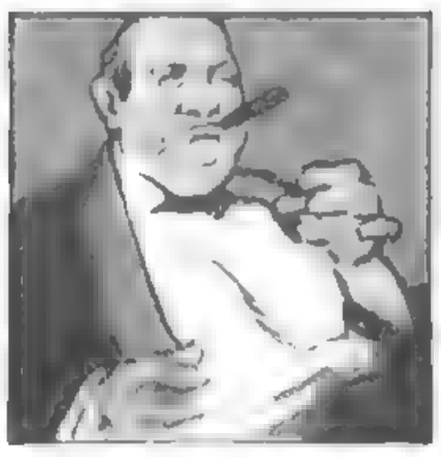
Getting back nearer the beginning—soon after I stopped smoking I went on a trip with a bunch of newspaper men to the City of Mexico. It was a sure-enough junket, paid for by the Mexican Government—even to the food, liquor and cigars. The alcoholic beverages, no doubt, were of the best; but certainly the cigars scattered round were fit to give solace to kings and to American malefactors of gross wealth. To an impecunious congressman from the Corn Belt it was the treat of a lifetime—and he wasn't smoking! How I cursed the Fates! How I reasoned with myself! My brand of logic would have carried the New York Stock Exchange for T. R. I figured it all out that it would be the sensible thing to begin smoking—take advantage of the treat offered—and then stop for good and all when the trip was over.

When I had satisfied my head my feelings registered a mild kick. I became sort of ashamed of myself—not really ashamed, you know, not disgusted, but a trifle disappointed. I was not quite so adamantine as I was beginning to suppose. My backbone was an odd amalgamation of a poker and a chocolate éclair. I was sure of myself, of course—but sure intermittently. Just before the second intermission I rushed over to a group of scribes and in a loud voice proclaimed that I had quit smoking—that I had quit for good! Two minutes later I was sore at myself for my unbridled speech; but I had burned my bridges and the smoke was about as pleasant as if I had filled my pipe with cane from a chair-bottom. This goes to show that you need folks looking on and keeping tabs when you sever your relations with the weed.

A man quits smoking because he has to—either that or because he does not want to be told to quit. Both reasons amount to the same thing. You get the poetry of it in Charles Lamb's Farewell to Tobacco:

For I must—nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must—leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.

Nobody told me to leave off smoking. I didn't need to be told. The last time I was examined for life insurance



the doctor's attitude was annoying. Passing me seemed to be a sort of concession with him. His solemn face made me think that I was the riskiest risk he had foisted upon the company in his long professional career. I guessed that he would classify me in his mind as "one of those border cases," which is only a step from "one foot in the grave." I conjectured that he was withholding something about my heart. Anyhow, I knew that I was horribly short-winded; that the slightest physical exertion made me blow like a brokendown racehorse. When I made a cold-blooded search for the cause I could not omit, as a possibility at least, the abuse of tobacco.

If it had been only "bellows to mend" I might have become a bench-warmer by day and in the evening joined the rocking-chair brigade, thus never taxing my wind. But that was not all. I was having all manner of trouble with my stomach. And I was not sleeping well—never slept the night through, no matter how tired I was. And I had a callous place on my lip from holding a cigar. This sounds a heap funnier than it was—than it is, for the callous spot has not left me to this day. It took a pile of cigars to make that mark!

But I began the habit early. For a number of years, however, my smoking was largely dependent on a very uncertain quantity namely, the generosity of other people. I do not recall that I bought a single cigar in my school days, though I remember smoking cigars. As gift smokes are notoriously inferior, I must have consumed a considerable quantity of poor tobacco. Perhaps the only advantage I gained was one of economy. Certainly I was not cultivating an expensive taste.

The Trials of Jane

I HAVE a vivid memory of my smoking as a reporter. Then, also, my system was dictated by the necessities of economy, but it was not altogether dependent on the free-handedness of others. A pipe was my mainstay—or, rather, pipes. I had a collection of them, including several corncobs, and when I arrived at the newspaper office and sat down at my typewriter the first thing I did was to load these pipes. Then the faster I wrote the faster I smoked—one pipe right after another. In the evening I would buy myself a five-cent cigar. Speaking of favorite brands, that five-cent after-dinner cigar tasted better than any tobacco ever has since, including banquet cigars at a quarter per.

For fifteen years I kept this up. Occasionally I bought a ten-cent cigar—but usually it was given to me. Cigarettes came later in life, odd to say. As a youngster I was brought up in fear of the "deadly cigarette." When I reached the smoking age the propaganda against them was just being started and sentiment in our community was violently against them. As a newspaper man I confess that I looked down on the fellow who used cigarettes. They were not a man's smoke.

Politics marked another step in my development as a user of tobacco. Playing politics gave me more time to smoke. I improved my leisure. Also I discovered a new delight in smoking. An after-dinner cigar was pretty satisfying, but it was not in the same box with the cigar smoked after a political speech. Speaking seems to clean up the tasting apparatus of the tongue, and tobacco never tasted so good as right after I had "exhorted the mob."

I was sent to Washington and I smoked incessantly. I now went in for ten-cent cigars—bought them myself. A congressman could not do less. Cigarettes no longer seemed unmanly, for I saw the brainiest public men smoke them at banquets if at no other time. I began to take cigarettes when they were passed to me, then kept them in my house for those who smoked nothing else; finally I ceased finding excuses for smoking what I had called "coffin nails." During the mornings, when I was running round the departments, acting as errand boy for my constit's, I used cigarettes instead of a pipe; but I relied on cigars and a pipe for my "inspiration." As I became the greatest smoker in Congress I ought to have become one of the leaders! I spent so much time, however, getting inspiration that I did not get anywhere in particular.

I smoked during meals. Often I smoked before breakfast. I sat up late to enjoy a cigar—cigars! Then, to my annoyance, the ten-cent "domestic" became insipid to my taste. I was forced to take up with black Havanas. For a time there were no new developments. Next came a most peculiar experience that was repeated until it was a rule of daily life. When I got up in the morning I didn't want anybody to mention tobacco to me. I positively hated it before breakfast; and day after day, while I put on my clothes, I vowed I would stop smoking.

As soon as I had eaten my breakfast, though, I craved tobacco. Then I would smoke all day long and all evening without experiencing any aversion for it. The next morning, however, found me hating the weed and vowing never to touch another cigar.

The Devil was sick—the Devil a monk would be;
The Devil was well—the devil a monk was he.

This comedy-tragedy of confession, recession and obsession went on for some weeks; perhaps it was months. Then one day I met a man I had not seen in a long while. I was struck with his improved appearance. His color was better; he had more flesh on his bones, and he certainly carried himself with more vigor and assurance.

"You have changed," I said to him. "What have you done?"

"Cut out tobacco and alcohol." He did not say it boastfully, but there was a confident ring to his voice as he added: "Christian Science did it."

Smokers Looked so Comfortable—Most of Them

I remembered that remark—thought it over a good deal. There was ample time to think, for I was waking up earlier and earlier each morning; and, what was worse, I could not drop off again for that cat-nap which is so refreshing. So it was that I had a longer period each day in which the thought of tobacco was obnoxious to me and good resolutions were made—only to be shattered after breakfast. At last—it was the next Sunday after I had met the man who had cut out both alcohol and tobacco—I said to myself: "Christian Science did it for that fellow—by George, I'm going to quit without Christian Science!" And I quit.

At breakfast that morning I announced, with a good deal of bravado, that I had given up smoking given it up for good! Instantly a loud protest went up from my family—particularly from my wife. Jane saw no wisdom in my "good" resolution. She insisted that it would make me unbearable. It did make me ugly—no doubt of it; but Jane put up with me.

There are two parts to this story. My side I am writing here. Only my wife could write the other side. I have no doubt that Jane experienced as hard a time as I did—perhaps a little harder time. Certainly in what she had to contend with, including a nervous, fault-finding husband, there was no consolation in the thought that the trial was the result of a selfish indulgence which at the time had contributed its measure of comfort and pleasure. A metaphor of Stevenson's is—getting dead drunk and staying sober to enjoy it. Put the reverse English on it and you have a figurative measure of Jane's experience.

The protest of the family on that day of renunciation was of no avail. I had made up my mind, once and for all, to quit smoking, and in this vein I spoke my mind. Thus the family thought I was determined and accepted my word as final. When I saw that they believed me to be in earnest I stood off mentally and took a squint at myself. Was I in earnest? You bet I was! To prove it, I walked boldly to the mantel, where I knew I had placed three cigars the night before. They were familiar cigars—black Havanas; but these particular ones seemed to be very highly magnetized. Despite myself I seemed to be drawn toward them. In desperation I put them in my pocket to get them out of sight. Then I kept feeling of my pocket to be sure I had not lost them, I suppose, or from force of habit, as a bookkeeper reaches for his pen behind his ear.

All the morning I loafed round—restless was no name for it! Tried to work, but did not accomplish a thing. All the time I thought of nothing except tobacco. After dinner—one of those four-ply, midday dinners where you eat twice as much as you ought to—I was worse off, if anything. In the first place, why did one eat a big dinner anyway? In the second place, what did one do after eating a man-size dinner? There was only one sensible thing to do, of course, and that was to sit down in a comfortable chair and smoke! What else was there to do? Twiddle one's thumbs? When you think of it about the only excuse for gormandizing on the Sabbath is to enjoy a cracking good cigar afterward. Indeed, that was one of the excuses for living, I thought.

The End of the First Day

I WAS face to face with an emergency! What was there to do? What did people do who did not smoke? I searched my memory for the postprandial occupations of friends and acquaintances—their after-dinner diversions. So far as I could remember they did nothing. This was about as helpful to me as to say to a highly nervous person: "Be calm—compose yourself."

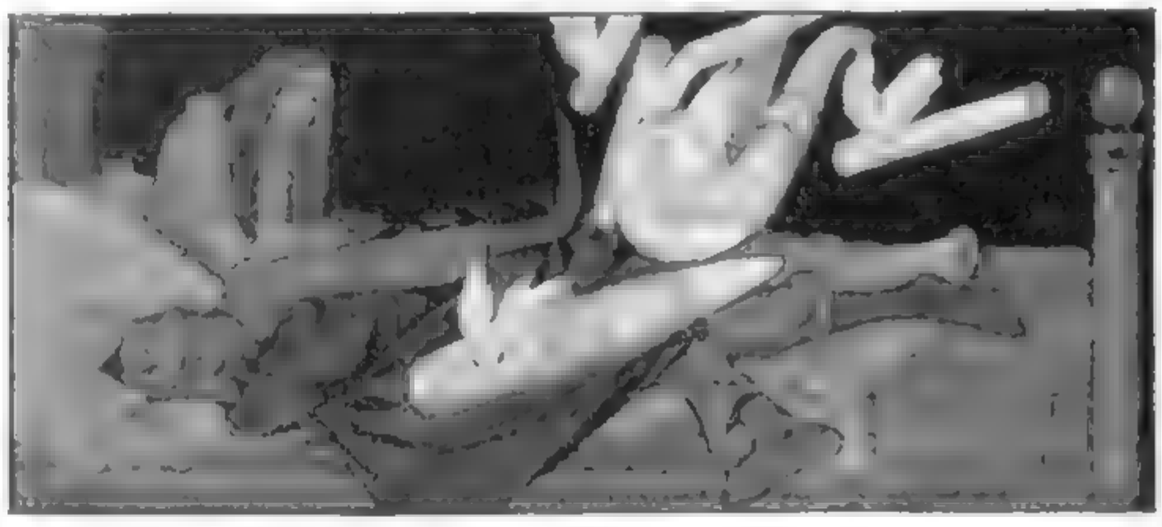
Reading was not merely keeping still; so I tried it. I began on the lightest thing known in literature—the Sunday supplement. There was a magazine section with a cover printed in colors. On the back was the picture of a healthy, rosy-cheeked man of about my own age, a pipe in his hand, a benign look on his face as he blew a puff of smoke from his mouth.

A good smoke! What would not I give for a good smoke! Give up my resolve? Disgusted, I threw aside the paper, grabbed my hat and walked next door to my neighbor's. Taking the cigars from my pocket I asked him to smoke them, one after another, for my benefit. And as he accommodated me—protesting that he did it merely to oblige me, being on the point of swearing off himself—I sat to leeward, so that I could get the smell of the tobacco.

Piffle! It was about as satisfactory as I imagine kissing your best girl's picture would be. And so the day wearily dragged its course. Never since boyhood have I known a day so long. And what a night!

I went to bed nervous, physically exhausted—nerve-tired, I suppose—and sleepy; but I lay awake for hours and hours—so I imagined. When I did get to sleep it was for short snatches only. I would wake suddenly—or half wake up—spring from the bed, and utter some senseless

(Continued on Page 57)



When I Did Get to Sleep It Was for Short Snatches Only

THE KEY OF A FLAT

By FANNIE HURST

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. WILLIAMS

FOURTEEN feet of floor space in the basement of the Sixth Avenue store were devoted to Orpheus. Seven hours of each weekday, Rosey Slatts, in the laciest of lace blouses and the puffiest of puffy coiffures, played syncopated music and set the entire floor, from the white goods to the hardware, to humming and strumming.

No fingers so nimble and fluent as Rosey's. She could execute a sentimental ballad *con amore* and with a soft pedal that sent the tears smarting to the eyes of her particular friend and confidante, Miss Mayme Tutt, of the knit underwear. When she played I Am Thinking of You, Dearie, in the Cornfield, Mr. Hassybrock, of the white goods, would place one hand on his coat lapel and stand like Napoleon gazing away from Elba until she had finished.

On the other hand, when Rosey played the opening bars of the Mosquito Glide the crowd about the music counter immediately thickened like ants hurrying to sugar, and Mr. Hassybrock's lips would purse into a breathy undertone whistle. No festival queen was ever more gloriously ensconced than Rosey Slatts. She might have been a shirtwaisted Lorelei luring Sixth Avenue music lovers to her resplendent lair.

All about her in a riot of color hung the musical best sellers of the moment; regiments of vivid-covered hits were strung over the piano and ranged along the counter in barbaric confusion—black-and-yellow copies of Oh, You Foolish Man and My Billy Black alternating with candy-striped editions of Mistah Man, Will You Meet Me in the Moon? and I Like to See the Wheels go Round. Directly above the wire cash-basket hung a series of illuminated versions of I Am Thinking of You, Dearie, in the Cornfield, showing a lone young man seated on a landscape and a violent moon rising over a navy-blue lake, with an equally violent lithograph of a vaudeville queen midway between moon and lake.

Thanks to Rosey's tuneful demonstration of her wares, the sheets of music disappeared from the counter like griddle-cakes off the iron. The Sappho of all ages might have sighed down through the moldering years had she heard the key-of-C strains of the Sappho Glide, but the basement of the Sixth Avenue store listened, whistled and purchased.

The technic of the short story demands an element of conflict early in the plot, therefore it is fortunate that Mr. Charley Hassybrock served in the capacity of white-goods salesman directly across the aisle from the fourteen feet of floor space devoted to Orpheus and Rosey Slatts.

One morning, before the canvas covers were removed from the counters, Rosey, preparatory to the day's duties, was preening herself before a tiny mirror that she held in the cup of her hand, and that by some skillful mercurial dispensation reduced her face until she could behold her features and coiffure with Lilliputian fidelity. In the midst of this careful scrutiny Mr. Hassybrock suddenly vaulted the counter and landed heavily on the piano platform. He was breathing rapidly and groping for a handkerchief that dangled from his hip pocket.

"Good morning, Glory: you might as well kill a gurl as scare her to death," said Rosey, not glancing up from the palm of her hand.

"Hello, Rosey!" Mr. Hassybrock spoke between gasps for breath. "Whatta you think?"

"Beauty doctors say thinkin' is bad for the complexion." Rosey tilted her elaborate head to an angle and with a careful hand pushed a small yellow curl down over the center of her brow.

Sent the Tears Smarting to the Eyes of Miss Mayme Tutt, of the Knit Underwear

"I'll bet you can't guess what I got to tell you," said Mr. Hassybrock. His voice was stealthy as a stage whisper.

"Say, Charley, you got the villain in The Sewing-Machine Gurl beat a mile when it comes to dark-lantern talk."

There were two bright spots on Mr. Hassybrock's respective cheeks and he pushed his tie upward until it threatened to strangle him. "I ain't foolin', Rosey. May I choke on a marshmallow if I'm foolin'."

"You look like you was chokin' on somethin' all righty. Go get your breath; it may be over at the Lost-and-Found desk. I got my turquoise ring back from there."

She jangled the bracelets off her wrists, pushed her slim waist downward two inches and started off in a whirl of ragtime, the right hand pursuing the left in harmonious discord.

"Aw, Rosey!"

She swung round on the piano stool.

"That's my name, Charley. I may be a close runner to a leading lady when it comes to looks and ginger, but that's my name, plain Rosey—R-o-s-e-y."

She adjusted over a music stand a large sign announcing Popular Sheet Music 14c. Today, slid out the front panel of the piano to display its tone effect and intestinal skill, and spun the disk of her stool two inches higher.

"Say, Charley, run over to the candy and tell Mabel to send over a couple of Dotty cough drops. I'm goin' to have to sing the fourteen-cent sign so often today that it makes my throat sore when I think about it."

Charley, the apoplectic blue of his face deepening to purple, came close; the tip of his nose almost brushed her ear. "Rosey, I'm promoted."

The color in turn sprang to her face; her elbow fell lightly on the middle C, D and E of the keyboard.

"Cut out the comedy, Charley; this ain't the laughin' gallery at an amusement park."

"May I choke on a marshmallow if it ain't so, Rosey. The old man just called me to the desk; I'm goin' up after the semi-annual white goods is over."

"On the real? Well, whatta you know about that?"

Her voice was soft and her eyes shining.

"That ain't all, Rosey."

"Ain't it?"

"No. Where do you think I'm goin'?"

"Where?"

"Upstairs in the laces—at—twenty—per." Each word might have been a lollypop in his mouth.

"Laces—twenty per! Why, you wasn't expectin' nothin' like that, was you, Charley?"

"Expectin'!" His voice trembled. "You could have tipped me over with a yardstick. I never thought I stood a show fer more'n eighteen in the cotton dressgoods."

"Ain't I glad though, Charley!" She regarded him with strangely reticent eyes; a wave of embarrassment flooded her face and neck with color and she fingered a ribbon gewgaw at her throat.

"Guess why I'm glad, Rosey."

"Say, Charley, it's a minute after eight an' I want them cough drops."

"Guess why I'm glad, Rosey."

"Whatta you think I am, a mind-reader?" But she held her head insistently away and refused to let her eyes meet his.

"You ain't goin' to give that vaudyville proposition another thought now, are you, Rosey?"

"I dunno."

"We kin rent the one on Third Avenue sure now, Rosey."

"I ain't sure that one's got a three-burner gas stove like what I want. But I ain't said nothin' about wantin' to rent nothin'—you got me mixed up with some other queen."

"Didn't you say you liked that one because it was underneath Annie's an' had a plate-rack in the dining room? I kin prove it to you that you said it one Sunday night when we was comin' home on the boat from Coney."

"Can't a gurl say things just to be sayin' them?"

"Ain't you always kinder promised that when I got my raise we'd buy the license and pay ten dollars down on the furniture—ain't you always said that, Rosey?"

She looked at him from the corners of half-closed eyes.

"Gowann! Can't a gurl and a fellow keep company just fer the fun of it? You ain't takin' my jolly on the level nohow."

But she moved her hand along the keyboard until her fingers barely brushed his coat sleeve.

He turned angrily from her.

"It's that vaudyville gink that dropped in here yesterday put ideas into your head. Well, you take it from me—you ain't no more like a star than me! You may know how to pound the ivories, but when it comes to actin' you ain't got a chance."

Miss Rosey's neck shot forward like a turtle's, and the pupils of her eyes concentrated to tiny points.

"Yes, I mean it," reiterated Mr. Hassybrock. "There ain't no use tryin' to reach the mantel just 'cause you're six years old; you got the age, but you ain't got the reach. Take it from me, Rosey, the footlights are pretty bum headlights—they get in your eyes all right, but they don't cast no light ahead."

The pink in Rosey's face paled. "I'll have you know, Charley Hassybrock, that I ain't a-carin' a new pin what you think or what you don't. You don't know whether I can act or whether I can't. Maybe I can show you a thing or two that'll open your eyes. You ain't the only bee round the honey; I've kept company with fellows that had you beat for proper ——"

"No Kindness, Kiddo; It's Business for You and Business for Me"

"Aw, Rosey! Can you blame me fer kickin' when ——"

"There ain't the man livin' can boss me. I don't see no medals on you, fer all your workin'-gurls'-friend line of talk."

Mr. Hassybrock, perspiration and anxiety lining his face, sought to reiterate his ill-spoken words.

"Rosey, all I been wantin' this here raise for is you! Ain't I been workin' nights and bringin' my lunch just so we could hitch some day? There ain't nothin' to the actorine game fer you—honest there ain't, Rosey. Turn off the footlight nonsense an' you can see better."

"Mr. Hassybrock"—Rosey's sugary words were spoken with an acid inflection—"Mr. Hassybrock, may I trouble you to beat it? I'm expectin' Mr. Hermann later, and one interview a day is my limit."

The anger flamed back into his face.

"I knew it was that guy! You ain't no actorine, Rosey—may I choke on a marshmallow if you are; and he ain't nothin' but a gold-toothed cheap skate."

"Mr. Hassybrock, there's limits no lady can stand. I may be a workin' gurl, but I don't allow any man to forget that I am a lady. Before I forget, Mr. Hassybrock, you can count me out on the Shippin' Clerks' picnic Sunday afternoon."

By a peculiar contraction of her lips she displayed two rows of small, shining teeth. The result was not so much a smile as a sneer.

"Aw, Rosey! Le[illegible]"

That young lady turned with repose and dignity to the day's first customer: "Fourteen cents a copy, ma'am."

"Then you won't go tomorrow to look at the apartment under Annie's?"

"No, ma'am; Put Your Head Upon My Shoulder comes only in the one key."

"You won't go then, Rosey?"

"The Mosquito Glide—certainly, ma'am."

She spread herself over the piano stool, cocked her elbows at a sharp angle from her body and, with smiling oblivion of Mr. Hassybrock and his objection, struck a booming opening chord. The basement rollicked with the jubilant Mosquito Glide.

Mr. Hassybrock returned to the white goods. The flux of the day was already on, and a steady line of shoppers passed between him and the harmonious department across the aisle. Continually, however, as he slivered off yards of dimity and lawns, his troubled glance strayed toward the piano whence poured with ever-increasing verve and ecstasy the flood of ragtime. The two round spots of color on Mr. Hassybrock's cheeks burned as if they were reflected from a sun-glass. He shot his cuffs and pushed them inward again, and held three fingers between his collar and neck.

Each yard of crash toweling he sold seemed designed to further frush his tinging nerves.

At the noon hour, when Rosey returned from a well-merited meal and respite, she found a small box of cough drops lying upon her keyboard and a note addressed to her in a careful hand lay alongside.

After a repeated and thoughtful consultation with the mirror which reduced her face to the size of a dollar she turned to the keyboard, removed the small box with thumb and forefinger held carefully at arm's length and tossed it to a remote corner behind the counter. The note she picked gingerly from the piano, and with the same exquisite daintiness of thumb and forefinger tore it into tiny bits. Holding one hand aloft, she fluttered the fragments to the ground like snowflakes. They drifted for a moment and lay quiet.

Mr. Hassybrock's remaining spirit fluttered, trembled, died.

Ten minutes later the red spots paled; he started as if he had been struck in the small of the back, cut an awkward slit into a yard of dotted swiss and to his great discomfiture was obliged to toss it into the remnant-basket.

Rosey was spreading herself like a flower in the sun. The yellow curl in the center of her brow danced; her arms, bare to the elbows, were spread before her with the two dimpled elbows much in evidence; her teeth flashed. Across the counter a figure leaned two hundred pounds of avoirdupois toward her and smiled until five gold teeth showed.

"Honest to goodness, kiddo, you look enough like that star to be her twin sister yeller hair, nerve and all. I'm givin' it to you level."

"I had an offer to go on the stage once before, Mr. Hermann, from a fellow that used to bring professional copies in here; but it didn't look good to me. I ain't the kind of a gurl that'll take the first thing comes along."

Mr. Hermann patted one short and wide hand against the other and paced his words to each pat.

"I'm here to tell you, kiddo, that a act has got to be A-Number-One before I'll touch it. I never booked a act in my life—an' I've put some swell stuff over too—that you couldn't put on fer a church social."

"That's what I call the right idea, Mr. Hermann."

"No burlesque stuff fer mine. I never even tried out a act that couldn't get billed on a Sunday-school circuit, and I been in the profesh fer twenty years at that."

"That's fine and dandy," said Rosey.

"Leave it to me to fix up a nifty little act and keep down the rough stuff."

"I certainly appreciate your kindness, Mr. Hermann."

Mr. Hermann held one hand aloft like a traffic policeman.

"No kindness, kiddo; it's business fer you and business fer me. I got you sized up for a solo act that ought to go like a skyrocket, and you can ask any one in the business if I don't pick winners every time. I ain't never put out a green-ticket act since I been in the profesh."

"Green ticket?"

"Yes, that's what they hand you when you don't deliver the goods, and put bum stuff over. I never had a dead-dog act in my life."

"Lots of people ask me why I ain't on the stage. I can play anything by ear."

"I got a swell variety act fer you. A gal with your voice and figger and ginger can get it across too—real spotlight stuff and a chance to show the ruffles."

"Me and my gurl friend's been takin' dancin' lessons at the Crescent every Saturday night."

"I got a Jane doin' a hundred-dollar song and dance over at the Gem this week that couldn't turn a handspring when I took her in tow."

"I can give notice to quit tonight. There's a gurl over in the hardware can take my place."

"That's the goods. One week o' rehearsals'll fix you up, and if I can't get you a hundred-dollar booking, allowing fer my twenty per cent I was speakin' to you about, my name ain't Cutty Hermann."

"You didn't hear me in my best voice yesterday, Mr. Hermann, 'cause I had a cold; but if I do say so myself my voice ain't bad when it's in trim."

"I'm willin' to give you a try, kiddo. It ain't often I try out on a pick-up like this, but the way you played that raggy stuff when I was riggin' me up on shirts the other day got my ears to waggin', and I fell fer you—see?" said Mr. Cutty Hermann.

"A nice, genteel gurl can be just as nice on as off the stage, ain't it so? I ain't one of the kind that's down on a gurl just 'cause she's on the stage."

Mr. Hermann pulled down his ample vest and fingered the lapel of his coat, as with right hand upraised he said confidentially:

"I know the neatest little bunch of Janes you ever set eyes upon. Every one of 'em all to the good and they've all been in the business since they was squabs. Cherry Bates, who's doin' that high-tone single act over at the New York this week, got her start with me. I picked her from the music counter too."

"Honest?" whispered Rosey. Her lips were parted.

"Sure thing! Nothin' rough about Bates neither. There's a fine, genteel little gal fer you, makin' the neat sum of three hundred a week."

"Three hundred a week!"

"Now I ain't tryin' to bunco you, see. If this here lasso don't look good to you, dodge it."

"Ain't you kind, Mr. Hermann!"

"I ain't never had to run after talent since I'm in the profesh; but if you want to work up a neat little act that'll put a star on the bench I'm here to talk biz."

"Will thirty dollars carry me through rehearsal week, Mr. Hermann? I ain't strong on cash."

"I'll put you next to some easy-payment outfitters that'll help you out all right."

"Oh!" said Rosey, a flat note creeping into her tones. "I gotta buy my own rig?"

"When you get your bookin' you kin pay off in a month. That's the way Bates did, and believe me she had some neat rags."

"Oh, it's all right," said Rosey.

"You show up at my office in the Exchange tomorrow morning at ten, kiddo. Bring plenty of ginger with you, and we'll make that star look like an icicle in July."

"I'll be there with bells on, Mr. Hermann."

He placed his hand to the rear of his derby hat and tilted it from the back of his head to a forward angle, bent one leg like a horse pawing the turf and blazed his trail toward the elevator.

Rosey turned once more toward the trade.

"One copy of My Jack Sprat? No, ma'am; it don't come in professional copy. Yes'm, that there Broadway is the Place For Me is right airy. Yes'm. Yes'm."

Between sales Rosey beckoned violently to her friend, Miss Mayme Tutt, in the knit underwear.

"I got somethin' to tell you, Mayme," she mouthed.

"What?" mouthed her friend in return.

"Come over an' I'll tell you."

"Naw, you come over here."

"Can't."

"Gowann!"

"I'm waitin' fer change. Come on, I got somethin' swell to tell you."

"Old Rooney's on the floor."

"Aw, come on, Mayme; be game."

"In a minute."

The wire basket shot along its wire and clicked into place. Rosey reached up a dimpled hand.

"Fourteen and one is fifteen and ten is twenty-five. Thank you, ma'am."

She nodded and smiled, and Mr. Hassybrock could see the yellow curl bobbing on her forehead.

Presently Mayme, sleuthing round the garden goods to avoid one floor-walking Rooney, laid an affectionate arm about Rosey's trim pink-ribboned waistline.

"Who's your after-taking friend, Rosey? Is he the one who sent you the postal from Abeline?"

"Nix! Guess what, Mayme."

"What?"

"I'm quittin' tonight to go on the stage."

"Say, Rosey, ain't you kiddin'?"

"Ain't I tellin' you that the checked-suit hippo heard me at the keys and wants to put me in vaudyville at a hundred and maybe two hundred."

"Two hundred a month, Rosey?" Mayme's eyes widened until the whites bulged.

Rosey placed the back of one hand on her hip and patted one toe rhythmically. "Two hundred plunks a week, Mayme. Calm yourself and think it over—two hundred cold plunks a week."

"Rosey!" *(Continued on Page 49)*

Jiggling Her Little Twinkling Feet to the Accompaniment of a Delirium of Decidedly Nervous Ragtime

WHERE ALL SIGNS FAIL

Political Precedent Has Become the Merest Piffle

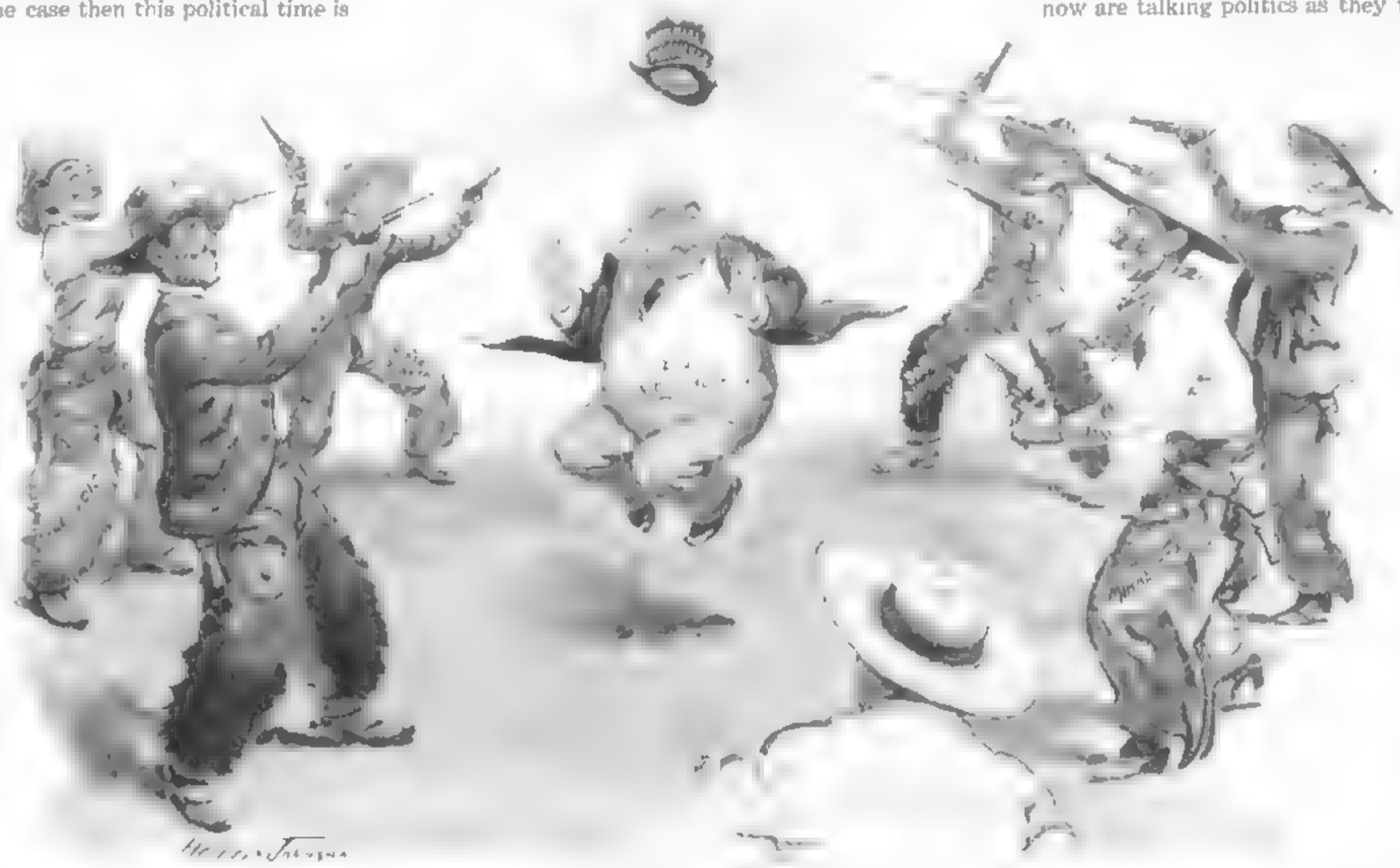
By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

TO THE untraveled Eastern mind the West begins at Chicago. Of course the West does not begin at Chicago, but quite a way farther along. Still Chicago is West to the Easterner, just as Chicago is East to the Westerner. Politically, in ordinary times, Chicago is a fairly good division point. That is, there is an approximate Western political sentiment west of Chicago and an approximate Eastern political sentiment east of Chicago. In the old days a line drawn north and south thereabouts would give a reasonably cohesive territory on each side for prognosis.

This year it is different. All signs fail, the saw says, in a dry time, and if that is the case then this political time is profoundly arid. If the old method of dividing the country into divisions and analyzing the divisions is to be resorted to it will be necessary to make as many segregations as there are zones in the new parcel-post law, and even then the student wouldn't get anywhere.

Conditions are new and without parallel. The Republican party is disrupted, demoralized, desiccated. The Democratic party is held together as a fighting force solely by the hope and expectation of party victory this fall. The terms Republican and Democrat have scarcely any significance whatever to the great army of young men who have begun to vote since 1904, say, and whatever significance those terms have to older voters is sentimental and not real in most cases. Politics has ceased to be an organization, a machine affair; it has become an individual proposition. Wherefore, although sixteen or twelve or even eight years ago it was quite easy to tell what was going to happen by finding out what the organizations intended to do, it is difficult, if not impossible, to tell what will happen this year, because it is impossible to poll the individuals.



Everybody's Doing It!

Moreover—and this is the most important feature of this campaign—even if it were possible to attempt a poll of the individuals it would soon be discovered that the individuals wouldn't be polled. Most men are keeping their election-day determinations to themselves. They are not standing on the street corners as they were in 1896, for example, yawping and yammering about free silver or the gold standard, or as they were in 1888, disturbing the peace with their yells about the beneficences or the iniquities of the tariff. There never was a time within my knowledge when there was a more widespread interest in a campaign, and there never was a time that I can recall when the people apparently had so little public concern. This may in a measure be due to the fact that the national committees, the big speakers and the publicity men had hardly begun their work early in September, but it is quite likely that, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of all trained inciters of enthusiasm, such enthusiasm as there is will be observed only when there is a big occasion for it, such as a visit by a candidate for the presidency.

The People Have Learned Their Power

THE American people have changed their political methods in several ways. They are far past the period when a stump speaker can sway any considerable number of them with a political argument. They are doing their own thinking to a considerable degree. It has been the observation of the managers of campaigns in the past few years, and it will be their disconcerting observation this year, that the people will no longer flock to political meetings in great numbers just to hear an advertised speaker. They won't go. They will crowd round the topnotchers, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson and Mr. Taft and a few others of the great big men—the headliners—can get crowds, but the ordinary speaker will be fortunate if he gets hundreds where he used to have thousands. That was discovered by men—senators, representatives, leading state celebrities—who went out in the primary campaigns previous to the recent primaries for the election of delegates to the national conventions. It was discovered by men campaigning for office in pre-primary campaigns in various states. It will be found to be true this fall in every part of this country.

The reason probably is the wider distribution of mediums of discussion. The men who formerly were dependent on the weekly paper and the local orator for their political news and arguments now have daily papers, weeklies and other periodicals delivered to them by the rural free delivery, have telephones and automobiles, can hear the big men via the phonograph, can get to centers of population by interurban electric cars and by their own automobiles. They are better informed. They are not beholden to the stump speaker or to the local boss for their political information. They have their own ideas and they form their own conclusions.

In addition to this the primary laws have obliterated the mass political formation and have established the individual function. In the old convention days the organization, dominating the convention by its system of caucuses, dictated the nominations. But no organization can do anything but act in an advisory capacity in a primary, and usually that advice is not heeded. The individual candidate, instead of making his case with the few bosses, is compelled to go out and make it directly with the people. This has given the people a realization of their own power in the premises; it has widened their political viewpoint and has made their politics a matter practically sufficient unto themselves and not unto the organization.

Opponents of the primary system hold that it develops the most offensive type of bosses and that it makes politics a rich man's game. Admittedly there are defects—and in some instances glaring defects—in all state primary laws, but they are defects that time will remedy. Admitting that the primary laws do not, in many instances, provide as candidates the strongest types of men, still the primary system—the new order—has given the people an inkling of their own power, has obliterated the old organization control, has individualized the politics of this country to a considerable extent, and has simply put out of business the former organization methods.

You will find in this country, west of Chicago, and maybe east—although I have not yet studied the situation in the East—an intense interest in the outcome of the present campaign, and an intelligent knowledge of what it all means. You will find plenty of political discussion in places where men meet, but it is a new kind of political discussion. It is largely dispassionate. To be sure there are some enthusiasts who rave and rant about, but the majority of people who are talking politics now are talking politics as they talk crops or business or weather or any other universal topic. They are not excited. They are calm and restrained. They know exactly what they are going to do, but they are not saying much about that end of it.

They have their own information, their own ideas, their own fears and their own expectations. They resent certain things and uphold certain things, and two-thirds of them are in favor of a change. Not all of these are clear as to what sort of a change they want. They are not particularizing. They feel that general conditions are wrong and they sense their power to bring new conditions about. Thus, being in this frame of mind, they are neither interested nor concerned, beyond the limits of natural human curiosity, in the rantings of orators, or in the efforts of the remnants of the organizations to stir them into conventional action. They refuse to be stirred. They are going to do exactly what they want to do, and they know exactly how they are going to proceed about it.

They Are Yearning for the Fleshpots

THERE are three big impelling motives in this campaign. The first is the resentment of the old-line Republicans over the apparent destruction of their party. This resentment is found only among the older men. They were brought up in the Republican party. It is a sort of a religion with them. They see that the wreckers are at work, and they are considering how best to punish the wreckers. Many of them, in the spirit of the captain who goes down with the ship, intend to vote under the old emblem and let the consequences be what they may. Many others, fancying the Progressive movement to be the real cause of the disintegration of the Republican party, which it is, are pondering the advisability of voting for the Democratic candidate. By doing this they hope to eliminate the Progressive leaders of the present and to afford a chance for future reorganization and rebuilding, on the hypothesis that a Democratic administration cannot be as bad, from their view, as a Progressive administration, wherein they would lose all, anyhow, and that something may happen that will give them a chance in 1916.

The second big impelling motive is the widespread conviction among the Democrats that they have an excellent chance to win this year and that for this reason all Democrats should vote for Wilson. That is, they place the prospective victory and its ensuing patronage and power far above any personal political ideas they may have that are not in harmony with the general platform and present-day Democratic doctrine. They have been out of power a long time, and they yearn for the fleshpots. This very human phase of the situation has done and will do much to hold the Democrats steady. The nomination of Woodrow Wilson has thus far created no great wave of Democratic enthusiasm. He was very calmly received by the people as a whole, and that calmness is still marked as this is written. Wilson is held to be an acceptable candidate,

and one for whom all Democrats who have party success in view will be justified in voting; but he is no blood-stirrer, no Blaine or Bryan or Roosevelt. He is being watched carefully, scrutinized minutely, and if he continues wisely to say as little as possible and do as little as possible the normal Democratic vote is likely to be his—or the greater portion of it plus the Republican vote described in the previous paragraph. It isn't Wilson particularly for whom the Democrats will vote. He is merely the instrument handed to them to win with, and they want to win if they can. The real candidate of the Democrats this year is Mr. Possible Victory, not Mr. Woodrow Wilson.

The third and probably the strongest impelling motive in this campaign is the desire for a readjustment of economic and political conditions. The people want a change. A very large number of Republicans are convinced the party with which they have affiliated has been dominated by selfish and predatory interests, and they trace many economic woes to this domination. This has been well enough illustrated in various states where the Republicans have been in the majority, by the adoption of various forms of popular government, all seeking to eliminate the machine control and to put the politics of the party in the hands of the people, for the machine has been held to be the instrument through which the interests have worked. Various expedients of the old crowd to nullify this legislation, such as mass conventions, and the like, have been circumvented, and the people in most if not all of the Republican states have a full realization of their power.

Politics and Business at Last Divorced

THE protest that resulted in the nomination of Roosevelt is not against Mr. Taft personally, in a very large degree, although he is held to have blundered in many ways. It is against the system that has used Mr. Taft as its medium of expression. For example, no student of the politics or of the people of this country can fail to realize that the fundamental error made by Mr. Taft the error most responsible for the present condition, or rather lack of condition, of the Republican party—was his signing of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Bill and his subsequent defense of it. If Taft had vetoed the Payne-Aldrich Bill, and had signed the tariff bills he vetoed after the first session of the Sixty-second Congress, when the Democrats had control of the House of Representatives, he would not be in his present difficulties, or at least not in many of them, and it is probable he would now be the leading candidate for the election to the presidency this year, and not third in the race.

Now, as I have said, the term Republican means little to a great number of Republicans. It is held to be an obsolete party designation, a sort of fetish that has lost its power. On the other hand the term Republican means to the old-liners, the regulars, the men who are supporting Taft, just what it meant thirty years ago, and no more and no less. This is where the party split. The men who are in the Progressive party maintain that being Republican did not necessarily condemn them to being obsolete politically. They have modern ideas, know and appreciate modern conditions, and want to act as directed by modern circumstances.

There was a Progressive movement long before Theodore Roosevelt became a Progressive. Mr. Roosevelt did not originate the movement. What he did was to accelerate it; it is still true that it was well under way before he got aboard.

The men who have progressive ideas know they must work with whatever tools come to hand. T. Roosevelt is the largest, most effective, most popular tool the country affords, so the Progressives are working with him. The dominating idea is not Roosevelt. Dividing it up, I should say that Roosevelt—leaving out the following of the fanatics whose eyes shine and the hack politicians who have hitched on in the hope of getting jobs—added about forty per cent to the movement, maybe fifty. The other fifty is made up of thinking men who are willing enough to work through Roosevelt, but who would have worked even if Roosevelt had not appeared.

This third motive is the desire for a change, the desire for readjustment. It is very strong. It appears among all classes of voters. Typed now by Roosevelt and Johnson, just as it might have been typed—to a degree at least—by some others, it has a great following. This is apparent: In the West, from Chicago to the Pacific Coast, if conditions remain as they are early in September, when this is written, the Roosevelt and Johnson ticket will get an astounding vote. I do not know whether conditions will remain as they are at this writing. They may change. I do not see how, but they may. If they do not—if Roosevelt keeps at his present stride—if all those who early in September say they intend to vote for him do really vote for him, there will be some astonishing and revolutionary election returns on the night of November fifth. When I say this I speak of the country west of Chicago and the conditions early in September. And the impelling motive is that the people of this country, the working people, the clerks and the shopkeepers and the farmers and the great masses these people represent are convinced they have been getting the political worst of it, and think they see a way out.

When you mention this desire for a change to the old-time politician or to the big business man, the banker, the big merchant, the big grain-dealer or the railroad president, he invariably says he does not understand it. He cites the fact that the crops are tremendous this year, that the people are prosperous, that business is good, that the farmers never had so much money, and he wonders why a change is desired, since all these pleasing conditions came about under Republican rule. Right there is where he makes his mistake. He is trying to work the old game of getting credit for an administration because business and crops are good; but the people, being wiser than they have been, know that crops and business are good, not because of politics, but in spite of politics. The day is past when the organization can claim credit and cash in votes on the number of bushels of wheat or oats or barley or corn to the acre, and on the plentiful rains and the right amount of sunshine.

Being better informed and having better chances for individual expression, the voters have separated politics and business. This is another interesting phase of this extraordinary campaign. For many years—since 1872 or thereabouts—there has been a regular quadrennial wail that presidential campaigns upset business. To some extent that has been true. The fact is, however, that this present campaign and general business seem to have nothing in common. The business men have lost their fear of the political bogy. Instead of being bad, business is good.

A Bad Year for Yowlers and Yammerers

THE people are going along doing their work, making their money, buying and selling their goods and holding politics off as a sideline. The business men, to a large extent, have thrown politics overboard. They have severed the connection. They are convinced that, whatever happens, no one can take their property away from them. Notwithstanding the yowls of one party to the effect that it is the only party to preserve business, of another party that it is the only party to give the business man a square deal, and of still another party that the salvation of the nation and its commercial supremacy depend on that organization, the business men of the country are proceeding to do their business, serenely indifferent to the clamor of all, and business is good. There is plenty of money and the people are spending it. Things are booming—in the West at least. The wails of distress do not come from the men who are doing legitimate business in a legitimate way. They come from the gentlemen who have been doing the watering of stock, and the manipulating of corporations, and all that. The business man is going to vote as he sees fit, but so far as the disturbers in all parties—the professional advertisers—are concerned, he lets them yammer and pays no attention to them. Nor does he let them or politics interfere with business. That era is past in this country.

There is another phase of this complex situation that is reasonably clear. It concerns the Democratic party. That party is at present, as I have pointed out, a fairly compact fighting organization, held together solely by the hope of victory and subsequent power. In the circumstances there is no good reason why any Democrat, who is a Democrat by inheritance or by conviction, should not vote for Mr. Wilson, and most of them will. Wilson is likely to poll pretty nearly the normal Democratic vote, with its natural accessions, and get a considerable Republican support. But, as the Baltimore convention demonstrated, and as the three-time nomination of Mr. Bryan and the meager Democratic support of Mr. Parker proved, the Democratic party is fully as radical as the Republican party. So good a judge as Mr. Bryan himself says that though he considers the Republican party or did consider it at the time of the Baltimore convention as fifty per cent progressive or radical, he holds the Democratic party to be two-thirds radical.

Regardless of what the voting this fall shows, either as to the apparent solidarity of the Democratic party or as to the disintegration of the old Republican party, the same sort of a readjustment in the Democratic party that is occurring in the Republican party is inevitable. There is no doubt, if Mr. Wilson is elected, that before his four years as president are finished the Democratic party will face the same crisis the Republican party faced under Mr. Taft. This does not mean that Mr. Wilson will necessarily be so much of a disappointment as Mr. Taft has been as president, but it does mean that the trend of the times, the progress of politics, the result of the election will be the remaking of the Democratic party, its inevitable split into its normal radical and conservative factions. Before Wilson was nominated it was just as widely split as the Republican party. What it is doing now is to hold its factions together so far as it is able, because there is a chance to win. Once it wins the old discordant elements will reassert themselves and Mr. Wilson will have a divided party. There is no escape from it, for the present unity is merely superficial. The Democrats realize the prevailing political and economic conditions as keenly as do the Republicans, and they will divide on natural lines.

Blood on the Democratic Moon

EVEN to those who are not in the confidence of Mr. Wilson and do not know any of his plans it is apparent that he realizes this, and it is apparent, from the action of the Democrats at Baltimore in nominating him, that the delegates there realized it too—in a way at least. Bryan knows it. So does every other student of politics. Take the organization of the Wilson campaign. You go into the various headquarters and you do not find the old wheelhorses of the party. Where are Mack and Sullivan and Taggart and Woodson and Sheehan, and all the rest? Not there. Not running things. At the rear. Instead there is a new outfit—McAdoo, Davies, Gore, Reed, Crane, and so on. What does that mean? It means, first, that notwithstanding the apparently united Democracy there is in this campaign a well-defined, sub-radical policy, at least, and it means, further, that if Mr. Wilson is elected president you will find there will be a readjustment of the Democratic party along the lines indicated by these campaign committees, along reasonably radical lines, and that the conservatives will, perforce, be obliged to split away. It may not be so acute as the Republican split, but it will be a split, nevertheless, and you will find that Woodrow Wilson will devote his presidential energies—if he is given scope for them—to the building up and strengthening of an organization of this character. It may be that Mr. Wilson will be an easy leader, or it may be he will be a dictatorial one. It may be he will have an understanding with Murphy, for example, or it may be he will not. Politics is a game of exigency and expediency. What is certain is that the radical element—and I do not use the term radical in the offensive sense in which the old guard uses it—will assert itself. There is blood on the moon for the Democracy.

This will merely hasten the new political condition, the inevitable alignment of the politics of this country. The old Republican party seems to be dead. It will, in all likelihood, be buried in November. In its stead there will be found the nuclei of two parties, one radical and one conservative. So surely as the Democrats get into power next March—if they do get in—so surely will that party, after the first elation of victory and the first distribution of the patronage and the first flush of power, begin to split just as the Republican party began to split under Taft.

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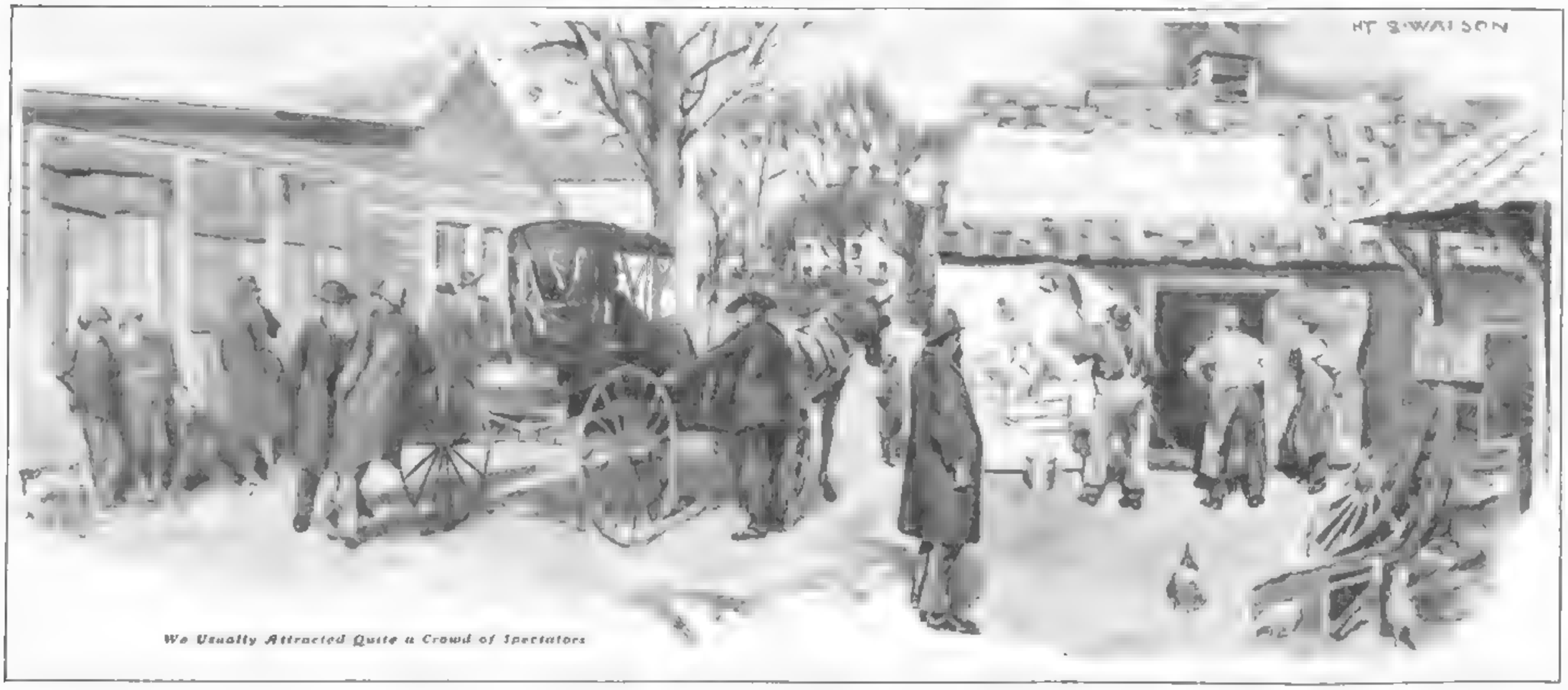
GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

ILLUSTRATED BY H. S. WATSON



We Usually Attracted Quite a Crowd of Spectators

THE way I got into the circus business was about like this: For several summers after I became a journeyman compositor the love of travel took me on the road as a "tourist." All winter I would set type in Chicago, earn good wages and put a little money aside. Then in springtime, when it grew warm enough to sleep outdoors, the lazy feeling peculiar to that season would come over me. My nest-egg of maybe a hundred dollars in the savings bank put a bonus on idleness and made me independent. I knew how to make my way over the country on freight trains and live on the territory where I happened to be; so I would quietly drop out of town and go "bumming."

I remember one fine June day when the temptation was overwhelming. For several weeks I had been setting up catalogue pages in a shop where the foreman liked me, and there was maybe another month's work ahead. After luncheon, as I stood sunning myself in the doorway before going back to work, I got to thinking how bright and free it was out-of-doors, and how dingy and cramped the composing room upstairs was. When the other printers went in I slipped round the corner, hurried to my boarding house, packed up my belongings, shipped a grip to an Eastern city and bade the landlady goodby. By nightfall I was waiting for a freight train at an Indiana water-tank, with half a dozen other tramps. The "red gods" certainly called me that afternoon. I did not even collect the two or three days' wages due me, but left the money until fall, when it would come in very handy.

My first summer's tramping showed me much of the East; the second took me South; the third was spent with a tintype photographer in the Central states, and so it went. Along in the fall I would return to Chicago, dirty, penniless and tired of roving; but I was always ready to set out again the next spring.

It was Van Horn who first suggested the circus.

"I'll tell you, Bo," he said, "since you like to see country, why not join out with some tent-show? You could do programming ahead, all right—or maybe hold a job with the trick itself. You'd see country that way."

I Join the Circus Family

VAN and I had become good friends through my liking for travel. He was now along in middle life, settled, with a family; but up to thirty he had been a determined rover, touring as a printer and with circuses and theatrical troupes, faking at fairs, and so forth. We would sit side by side, distributing body type and exchanging experiences of the road. Van told stories of tramps and circus people, recited bits of "ballyhoo" from his days as a faker and recalled songs from his minstrel turns or lines from parts he had played in Uncle Tom's Cabin or Ten Nights in a Barroom. He called me Jack and Bo alternately, in the hobo vernacular, and seemed to live over his own wanderings in my experiences. They helped cheer him up; for he was of a melancholy, suspicious nature. Not being a skillful printer, work was irregular. His family spent all he could earn. He was a periodical drunkard and got the worst of it in many hard battles with John Barleycorn. He felt tied down all round and envied me my youth and freedom; and he often planned things he would do and places he would go to see if he were in my position.

Under Van's direction I began writing to circuses for work. First came the big shows. Nearly every week there would be a letter or two from them, in envelopes illuminated with most gorgeous tigers, clowns and lady riders; but all brought word that there was no place for me. Most of the famous shows replied with printed forms, much like an editor's rejection slip. When I had written to all the circuses I had ever heard of, however, Van began giving me names of others I had never known were in existence.

He did this in a thoroughly melancholy and suspicious way. When I reported another rejection he would take all the afternoon to think it over, and say that we would see what could be done at quitting time. Then, when work was ended I took Van to a near-by saloon much patronized by printers, kept by an old fellow known as the Squire, and bought him a big drink of ten-cent whisky; and he would withdraw into himself for five minutes' silent communion and finally give me the name of another obscure circus to write to.

It was at the Squire's one eventful night that Van gave me instructions for joining a circus. Success had come at last. Out in Denver there was a small show in winter quarters, and the proprietor had written briefly to say that if I would report there about April first he would see that I had something to do, either with the show or in advance; and that my wages would be "ten and five." That statement puzzled me; but Van explained that it meant ten dollars a month cash and five more to be held back until the end of the season—a customary method of payment with circuses. As it turned out, all was held back—for that little circus owes me my wages yet!

"Now, let's see!" counseled Van with some of the Squire's whisky before him. "It's a pretty fair show—not very big, but a start in the business. I'd get there a little before the first if I was you, Bo, so as to be on hand. You won't want much baggage. Better wear the clothes you got on. Get a couple of black shirts that don't show dirt. One of them you can wear, and the other"—he smiled dryly—"why, the other one you can carry in your hand!"

And thus it came about that one morning in the following March I reached Denver on a scalper's ticket, with fifty dollars in my pocket. It was snowing heavily as I walked out across the viaduct to Riverfront Park, where the circus—my show—was in winter quarters in a stone structure built like a castle. I went twice round this castle looking for the door, but found only a great entrance, boarded up. A horsy individual came out of a small door in the boards, however. He was badly in need of a bath, a shave, a decent suit of clothes and other little personal refinements; but I dare say he would rather have had a drink. He warmed up when I told him I had come to join the show, and took me inside. The whole barnlike building was crammed with wagons, dens, chariots and properties, and smelled of paint, horses, menagerie animals, and other circus plunder. In one corner a room had been boarded off and kept warm for the animals; and as we entered this the monkeys, seals, ostriches and other beasts looked out of their runs and boxes at the new recruit. A sick monkey moping by the stove seemed to ask, with his tired eyes, why anybody wanted to get into such a calling!

In this room the men hanging round winter quarters also ate and slept. Their cooking was done by a performer who called himself Del Bertino. He was the show's fire king. Dressed in tights and with the band playing creepy music, Del Bertino was probably master of fire. He could eat and drink and breathe it, and let flame infold him. When it came to managing fire in a cook-stove, however, his ability was not great. After one meal of his cooking I found a boarding house near by.

When Rustling is the Best Policy

WHEN I reported to the proprietor of the circus he asked if I knew how to paint, and upon my saying that I had never done anything in that line he seemed astonished. Why, anybody could learn to paint in a few minutes, he said—a personal creed of his. Getting a brush and a pot of yellow paint, he showed me how to daub it on a baggage wagon and left me. There is no end of painting round a circus' winter quarters. Most of the hangers-on were men who painted through the winter for board, tobacco and society. Green hands like myself were put on heavy wagons and the railroad cars; those more expert decorated chariots and dens with gold-leaf and color.

As spring came on, men appeared by half-dozens. Most of them arrived by freight. Some had never traveled with a circus before; others were old hands. Ours was a very small "trick" and the people who traveled with it were not considered in the same class as those with larger shows. Here, too, men dropped to levels of ability, just as they did in the printing trade.

By-and-by preparations were made to send out the first advance car, two weeks ahead of the show, and there was much excitement among the billposters; for this car did the heaviest part of the advance work and the best men were sent on it. I did not go, but was assigned as porter to the second advance car, which left a week later. We loaded many hundredweight of lithographed posters and printed handbills, as well as flour, bedding and other supplies. The bill car with which I was to travel was an old passenger coach, fitted with lockers for paper and bunks for the men, and decorated outside with circus legends and pictures. At one end was an old steam boiler for paste-making. I was happy and eager when the night came for

our departure. We were to run to the first stand on an early morning train, and before the crew turned in we formally opened the season by cooking a batch of paste. Barrels were filled with water, a sack or two of flour dumped into each, the lumps worked out by hand, a little copperas solution added to prevent souring, and the mess cooked by steam from the boiler. It was my duty to fire the boiler, keep up steam and rustle fuel. Older hands showed me how to get wood, coal and oily waste at the expense of the railroad.

Everybody had to rustle with that circus, for money was scarce—wages were largely a fiction. One of the best rustlers was a canvas-boss called Whitey, who had a whining voice, a chronic habit of complaining and a perfect passion for picking up all sorts of odd property and putting it away. One night Whitey complained that nobody round that show could keep a lantern; and, after working himself into a despondent mood about lanterns, he went out through the railroad yards and rustled a dozen, carefully hiding them so nobody with the show could rustle from him. He had ropes, chains, oil, waste, and other supplies acquired in the same way—yet he was always complaining about the scarcity of ordinary conveniences.

Whitey was an especially interesting figure to the billposters on the first advance car. On the night that car left they quietly raided his private storeroom, taking about everything he had; and for a week after that Whitey talked just like Job or Ecclesiastes!

Our car was short of everything, too, and continued to be short as long as I was with that show; but we managed to get along fairly well. Such things as lanterns, axes, bell ropes, axle oil, kerosene, and so forth, were rustled from the railroad; while for personal conveniences, like soap, towels, shoebrushes, and what-not, we depended on the hotels. Our crew slept on the car, but ate at hotels under a half-price arrangement. After we had eaten our last meal in a town and were ready to leave, the billposters would carry off all the landlord's soap, hair brushes, combs, shoe polish, ink, paper and envelopes and maybe a mirror or a chair if we were short of such articles. We also rustled our washing. The local laundryman in each town would be systematically worked up with details about the vast amount of fine washing needed by the performers with a show like ours. To persuade us that he could do good work and had the speed and capacity, he might wash all our clothes in twelve hours for nothing. Shoes were secured by leaving one's old pair to be cobbled, the cobbler lending a pair to wear meanwhile. These were usually better than the billposter's; so he kept them, letting the cobbler keep his. Those of the crew who went into the country putting up posters managed to get hold of a little cash by selling the tickets given them to secure posting space and by patching loose wall paper with their brushes. That was the only cash ever seen on the car. Even the car manager had to rustle like the rest.

However, we were an interesting and likable lot of vagabonds.

A True Bohemian

OF A DOZEN men, some were greenhorns like me, coming from little towns to tour with the circus for excitement or because they had not done well at home. Others were capable billposters who had once worked with the big shows, but drank or had bad records, or were otherwise handicapped. Still others were indifferent actors and performers, glad to travel with the car for the sake of three meals a day and company, and inclined to be retrospective about their pasts and their unusual and unrecognized abilities when mellowed by a little beer.

In later years and different surroundings I associated with people who fancied themselves Bohemians because they read Oscar Wilde and occasionally dined at a restaurant with a Hungarian orchestra. If I did not quite enter into the spirit of these dilettantes it was probably because I had trouped so much with the circus billposter. He is a true Bohemian—the real article—and would consider it a reflection on his nationality if you called him one.

Well, my trip with this bill car lasted about three months. We went over the Rockies and back, and saw a great variety of country. I learned the rudiments of circus advance work. Every morning some of the best men were sent into the country in livery rigs to post bills on barns and blacksmiths' shops for thirty or forty miles round the town where the show was to pitch. I was not sent on these country routes, however, but distributed handbills in the town—programming it is called—and then took a bucket of paste, a brush and some one-sheet dates and went sniping, posting the handbills wherever I could find a shed or a fence. I would make a fresh supply of paste, or fire up the boiler and turn live steam into the bunks to reduce the insect population that began to multiply with the warm weather, or rustle round the yards when we came to a railroad division and pick up odd supplies.

We went from town to town, chiefly at night, on the end of a regular passenger train. I had to sit up and show our transportation to the conductor, and also watch out for hot boxes on the car. Circus bill cars are often venerable relics. Ours looked like the coach used by Abraham Lincoln. Its platforms sagged and bolts would pull out, bringing with them rotten wood. It creaked and groaned as we labored up the Colorado slopes, and its axle boxes ran hot and even burst into flame as we came down at the tail of a fast train, whirling round curves like the cracker on a whip; yet I never heard of but one circus billcar being wrecked—and that was a brand-new car. If our boxes got too hot the trainmen would set us off on the first siding; so I worked to keep the car going, putting water, ice, oil, soap, and many other remedies, in the heated boxes, and consulting all the hot-box doctors I could find. Every railroad division had its hot-box expert, usually an old inspector, who would come and look at a defective bearing, appear wise and prescribe. We followed many prescriptions, putting in new brasses, having the car jacked up and the axle ground, and so forth. Finally one day an older and wiser hot-box doctor than I had yet seen came and took a look. He said nothing, gave no advice, made no suggestions; but just tapped the troublesome axle with his hammer. What he did nobody knew, but that box never ran hot again as long as I was with the car!

After three months with this outfit, however, I quit. We were bound east and had reached Missouri. The car manager and I did not agree; so we parted, and I mailed my remaining money to myself in Chicago and jumped a freight train going that way.

The Force of the Medicine Doctor

ABOUT fifty miles west of St. Louis I was put off in a little town; and walking up the track, thinking of supper, I came to a tent. It belonged to a medicine show, with a troupe of half a dozen performers in charge of an Indian doctor, giving performances each night and selling various cure-alls between the acts. The doctor was a tall, thin, nervous chap, dressed like a cowboy. He needed medicine himself pretty badly, I thought; for he was a consumptive. He welcomed me as a fellow professional when I explained that I had just left a circus bill car, and invited me to supper, which was cooked on a gasoline stove by his wife and eaten in the open air by the company. Then he gave me a club and told me to keep boys away from the side wall while people were coming in, for this was a night when ten cents was charged for admission. The show started off with singing and dancing turns, which were so well liked by the audience that hoots and catcalls came from the railroad embankment when the doctor stepped out to sell medicine.

Boys and young men had gathered up there to see the show over the side wall—there was no top to the show tent. The doctor replied sternly, saying that unless they behaved themselves there would be no more entertainment and threatening to come out and punish them. I went up there with my club, full of combat, but changed my mind when I saw there were about fifty of them; so I asked them to behave like gentlemen, which they proceeded to do. The doctor sold medicine for half an hour—some liquid which would thin the blood, hairgrower, corn cure, and other specifics—all made of barks and herbs, and known to the Indians long before the white man came to this country, he said. He related how he himself had been healed by these wonderful remedies while living among the Indians, and he worked up quite an imaginative background for the stuff—which was all concocted by an Eastern concern that owned the show.

After that there were more turns—black-face monologues and sketches, Irish and Dutch acts, banjo and cornet playing. The doctor did "straight" in the repartee acts and was also a ventriloquist. One of the black-face comedians washed up quickly and shot apples off his wife's head with a small rifle. The show closed with an announcement by the doctor. He called the audience neighbors; and stated that, owing to the demand for the wonderful Indian remedies and to give all a chance to purchase them, the show would remain there all the next week.

When the people finally had gone home one of the comedians, all out of breath, appeared with a pail of beer, and for an hour we sat talking near two little tents where the company slept, telling stories of the road, relating oddities of people who have always lived in one place, assuring ourselves that they were probably just as happy as we rovers—though one might not think so—and gravely discussing the profession. I slept on a chest in one of the tents, with some show clothes for bedding; and in the morning they gave me a hearty breakfast, some tobacco and wished me good luck. They were like children, lovable and impractical; and were as serious about their business as children about their play—a

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He Himself Had Been Healed by These Wonderful Remedies While Living Among the Indians

The Making of an American Woman

By Maude Radford Warren

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

Susanka, the Sturdy Slovak

SUSANKA, the Slovak, her bundle of clothes on her head, stepped on the dock at Ellis Island with imperturbable face. She was a well-built girl, with broad, prominent cheekbones, lightish hair smoothly parted and braided, and gentle, gray-blue eyes. The ladies of the first cabin would have called her "a perfect peasant type." She had only two dresses, and she was wearing her best one—out of respect to America. Her skirt, rather short, was of blue frieze, plaited and embroidered heavily in rosebuds of scarlet and green, except for a space across the front breadth which was covered by a white apron embroidered in colored cotton. Her blue bodice, remarkable for its puffed sleeves, was also beautifully embroidered. Susanka and her mother had worked on it for years, hoping that some day it would be the girl's wedding dress; but it had lain untouched in the marriage chest, which was painted with conventional tulips in red and blue, tied with a true lover's knot, until Susanka had taken it out to carry it with her to America. Her costume was completed by a gay yellow shawl upon her head, while on her feet she wore the high, wrinkled boots in which she had worked in her father's barren fields. These fields lay on the southern slopes of the Carpathian Mountains, which the lowlanders call "the crooked country." Susanka worked three times as hard as a lowlander had to, and her food had been rye and barley bread and goat's-milk cheese.

Susanka's processes were slow. Ever since they had heard the cry of "Land!" her fellow immigrants had been straining their eyes to see America; but Susanka's eyes were looking backward. Even the Statue of Liberty passed out of her memory as soon as the ship steamed by it. She was not aware even of the people about her. She was seeing the little Slovak village in which she had been born, with its long, low houses covered with plaster or raw clay, and the brook running past it, in which the women stood pounding linen on wooden stands. Already she was frightened and homesick.

It was crying need that had driven Susanka away from her familiar village. Once, long ago, she had hoped for a reasonable amount of prosperity. There were her father and herself and her brother to work on the farm. There was a big blacksmith who sometimes came and lounged in the doorway of her home—and she knew that if her dowry were enough they would marry; but blight had come to the crops and sickness to the home. Her mother had died and her father married again—and there were three more children. Then her great brother became ill and died, and more blight came to the crops—and debt. The dowry vanished; and the blacksmith married a girl with two feather beds, many pillows and a purse with gold in it. In Hungary they speak of saleable daughters and purchasing young men.

The immigrant track had started some years before from Susanka's little village. Many Slovaks belong to the class known to steamboat people as birds of passage, going to America in times of American prosperity to work in mills, mines and construction camps, and coming back if times are bad or if they fail to get a living in the new country. If they have succeeded they come back to get their wives and children also; or maybe the old home is too compelling and they return to spend the end of their days in the fatherland.

There were two houses in the village known as American homes, built by returned Slovaks, who slept in them, with the windows open. The men who built these homes refused to submit meekly to the insolence of Magyar officials, and stood on their rights; the women wore hats and would not kiss the hand of the landholder's wife; but the person who impressed Susanka most was Helegda's wife. Helegda, who had been in Chicago for twenty years, had sent his wife back to the old country to sell the land his father had left and to settle the estate. Susanka was amazed that a woman should be so trusted, and she listened to the woman's stories of America and fingered her clothes and admired the gold filling in her teeth. No Slovak woman who had remained in Hungary had any teeth to speak of, but this woman's teeth were white and gold. Helegda's wife said that women in America who wanted to keep their lovers or husbands always had gold put in their teeth.

She boasted of her position in Chicago. She said that her husband was called the King of the Slovaks, and that she was as good as a queen, for he did not beat her; if he did she could make a policeman come and arrest him, or she could beat him herself if he were drunk enough. She said many other things which were lost on Susanka, but the girl's mind seized on two points: she could earn four dollars a week in Chicago, and girls there got married without a dowry; even a girl as old as thirty-two—Susanka's age—could sometimes get a man to take her.

"That Ain't Man's Work. You Get Steady Sick. You Work Too Much"

"You Will Stand Before the Man in the Office and Say: 'Job!'"

Fifteen Per Cent Philanthropy

HELEGDA'S wife was a business woman. She lent Susanka the money to go to America, including a sum which was to be shown to impress the Ellis Island officials and to be returned as soon as the girl reached Chicago. She took a mortgage on the little farm of Susanka's father and she charged fifteen per cent interest; but, having made this initial exploitation of her countrywoman, she took pains, so far as she could, to protect Susanka from other exploiters. Before leaving for America she saw that Susanka got a real steamboat ticket—and not a mere order on a steamboat line, given by some unauthorized agent. She told Susanka to supply herself with food for the railroad journey to the port of embarkation, so that she should not be charged three prices for necessities, as were her traveling companions. The woman told Susanka where to lodge while waiting for her ship, and warned her not to trust any man on the steamboat who might offer her work.

Susanka had accepted the inconveniences of the ocean journey with characteristic Slovak patience. She was used to meager food and she took the cramped quarters much as she took the seasickness—they were conditions ordained by the will of God for those going to the new country. Among her companions of half a dozen nationalities were some Slovak men going to work in the Pennsylvania mines. The society of these had been some consolation; but from the moment land was sighted these men, like every one else, had occupied themselves with their own concerns. Susanka had been alone when the ship docked, alone while the immigrants waited for the first and second class passengers to be disembarked, and alone while the barge carried her to Ellis Island.

And now, as she followed the stream of immigrants into the Ellis Island building, she was suffering not from loneliness, but from fright. Every time an official hurried her along or spoke to her she trembled inwardly, though her face was still imperturbable. What if these people in America could not understand her when she said she would be a good citizen and keep the laws and work hard! What if there was no one to tell them in English that she was very strong and need not be sent back! If once she were in she could learn the ways of the new country. Suddenly she thought of the Slovak custom on Christmas Eve of strewing the floor with straw and sitting on it, so that the hens would lay well during the year; and of how her father put an onion on the table for each member of the family, between bunches of hay and barley, to be sure of a good harvest.

She understood that the real test had come when she was seated in a great, yellow room, on a long bench full of Slovak men. Each nationality was segregated; and Susanka was proud that she could tell which were Italians and which Poles, which Germans and which Jews. Until she got on the steamboat she had seen only Slovaks and Magyars. She knew that the man at the desk behind the row of seats on which she sat was the one who would tell her whether she could enter America or whether she would have to go back to her village with the terrible stigma of rejection upon her.

She occupied herself by counting the number of people between her and the inspector, and by sliding herself and her bundle nearer and nearer him. At last she stood before him, and at his first word her grave face relaxed in a smile. He spoke her own tongue; he would understand. He smiled back at her, asked her the necessary questions, looked at the thirty dollars Helegda's wife had lent her, and then passed her on with the Slovak blessing: "The Lord be with thee!" Perhaps it was only a word of careless kindness—perhaps it was said with an understanding of the sense of homesickness behind that quiet face; but to Susanka it was like food and shelter and welcome.

She passed down a stairway to the railroad room, a great hall full of people wearing yellow labels with black figures, which indicated the railroads which were to take

charge of them. The trains would not leave for hours, but the people were very busy, retying their baggage, counting their money, nursing or disciplining their children. They had formed in groups, according to nationalities—the Italians laughing and chatting or listening to a melodeon one of the number was playing; the Russian Jews discussing the fate of friends who had been sent back; the Slavs for the most part silent, waiting for what would happen next.

Susanka felt very lonely. There were so many more men than women, and no other Slovak girl at all. She decided that she was hungry, and she bought a lunch-box full of food. It cost a dollar, which seemed an appalling sum to Susanka; but she did not know any English—so could not protest. Helegda's wife had shown her how to count American money and there was no mistake about the change. She opened the box, which contained four sandwiches, a loaf of bread, five or six apples, two bananas, some bologna sausage and four pies. She tried to eat a banana with the skin on—and failed, to the great amusement of a returning Italian who sold bananas on a push-cart in New York. As she was about to throw the fruit away he indicated to her how she could strip it. She next took a bite of mince pie, which she thought abominable. There may be some subtle patriotic motive in forcing a national dish on foreigners who have never heard of pie, but the reason most likely is an economic one.

Susanka Sees Strange Sights

SUSANKA, under the protection of the railroad, escaped the peril of those freed at the Battery, who were set upon by boarding-house runners, cabmen and all sorts of leeches and thugs anxious to rob them as soon as possible. All Susanka suffered from was the pool of certain railroads at Ellis Island, which, in order to balance their traffic, sometimes force their immigrant passengers to start late or take them by a roundabout route to their destination.

It is an injustice to ask these future citizens of ours, tired from a long sea-journey, homesick in a new country, often penned in cars without food or even money, to balance the traffic by adding even one more hour to their discomfort. We don't let them in unless we think they will make good, which means that they will give the country quite as much as they get from it; we don't keep them if they haven't made good within three years, and it is the least we can do to protect them from the exploitation and injustice of unscrupulous transportation companies—and, so far as may be, from that of private persons.

At Pittsburgh a Slovak man got on, bound for Chicago, who knew some of his newly arrived countrymen. This acquaintance proved valuable to Susanka a little later on; for a young Pole, who had boarded the train at Pittsburgh also, and who spoke her language, scraped an acquaintance with her and told her that Helegda had moved away from Chicago. He offered to find her work, and was giving her a glowing account of what he could do for her when the Slovak came down the aisle, with lowering brow and menacing fist. The Pole vanished into another car—and Susanka never knew the danger that had threatened her.

When she reached Chicago she was tired from the many hours of sitting straight in a seat she shared with another woman. The train was a dozen hours late and many of the immigrants were not met by friends; and they were besieged by various vampires in the shape of expressmen and cabmen. A member of the Immigrants' Protective League and an honest policeman did what they could to help the newcomers. Susanka was told to sit in a corner until Helegda's wife came or sent some one for her.

Susanka did not come of a demonstrative race, and so when Helegda's wife arrived two hours later she merely nodded and smiled and picked up her bundle. Helegda's wife walked out in front of her in the manner of a great lady, and they went to a Halsted Street car. Susanka would have stood meekly on the platform, but Helegda's wife told her that this was no longer the country of the Magyars—she had paid her money and she could take her seat. Susanka looked at the people in the car, with their strange clothes; she looked through the windows at queer shops and wooden houses, but her impressions were blurred, and she listened gladly to her companion talking in her own tongue.

"You will go to the stockyards tomorrow to ask for work. You will stand before the man in the office and say: 'Job!' That will be enough—'Job!'"

"Job!" said Susanka obediently, and thus received her second equipment for residence in America. Her first had been the understanding of American money and it had taken her some time to master it.

"When you get your job," said Helegda's wife firmly, "you must work hard to pay me back."

"Yes. Do I live with you?" asked Susanka, eager to know about her future home.

Helegda's wife bridled. There should be no greenhorn in the house of the King of the Slovaks—not while she was a greenhorn.

"You will come to see me," she said graciously, "but you will live in the house of Helegda's cousin's wife, Anka. She keeps boarders; and you will live in a room with three of them—big Maryanka, Katchka, and Velma, the Lithuanian. You will pay two dollars a month and be given a piece of bread and a cup of coffee for breakfast. So all the Slovak girls live who work in the stockyards. The other two meals you will get yourself, and you may cook them on Anka's stove."

They transferred to the Forty-seventh Street car, and presently Helegda's wife was pointing out the mile-long side of the stockyards, the net of railroad tracks and the tall, high-shouldered buildings. There are people—stockholders, perhaps—whose imagination flames at the thought that this square mile is the source of the feeding of a nation; that hundreds of thousands of human beings depend on the stockyards for meat; and that, directly or indirectly, sixty thousand people are fed and shod and clothed by this great trust. Perhaps Susanka should have been inspired by the immensity and power of which she saw the outer habiliments; but Susanka did not have that kind of mind. She thought what she afterward learned to say:

"I work by the stockyards and I get maybe four dollars."

Helegda's wife led the way to a tall, narrow frame tenement which housed six families and their boarders. They were all Slavs, but they were of three sorts—Poles, Slovaks and Ruthenians. Sometimes on Saturday night, when the men got drunk, they loosed their racial hatreds and there was quarreling; but for the most part, from continued residence in America, racial animosities were becoming obliterated.

Susanka was taken into Anka's kitchen, where the family was eating, was introduced and welcomed, and was offered, free of charge, a supper of Slovak steak—cut from the shoulder—and cabbage boiled with raisins, and sweet potatoes. Anka's broad face was all kindness and her husband nodded good-humoredly at the sturdy new boarder.

Then Anka took her to the room she was to share with the three other girls. It had two double beds, a washstand, a cupboard and a chair; and Anka evidently considered it a very luxurious place. On one of the beds sat big Maryanka and Katchka, sharing a supper of bread and sausage. They stared at Susanka not unkindly and pointed out the other bed, on which lay a girl, with her face to the wall, sobbing.

"You will sleep with Velma, because she is only a Lithuanian and you are the latest come," said big Maryanka frankly.

"Why does she cry?" asked Susanka, setting down her bundle.

"Her lover sent over for her; but after she came he didn't like her, for he had been three years in this country. He married her, but when he heard there was to be a baby he ran away. She works and gets tired, and they won't keep her much longer; she wants to die," explained big Maryanka calmly.

"She'll eat soon and feel better," Katchka said.

That night, in spite of the restless tossing of Velma, Susanka slept well. The next morning she put on her poorer dress, ate her bread and drank her coffee, standing with Maryanka and Katchka, and was escorted by them to the gate wherein went those looking for work. Early though it was, there was a long line of men hoping to be taken on. Occasionally a foreman came out and chose a man or two. Susanka could not understand why he looked at their feet. It was to see whether they wore factory-made shoes or round-toed boots. The latter were the signs of fresh arrivals, and the foremen liked the green hands, since they were more docile and he could get more out of them.

Slicing Fat in the Stockyards

SUSANKA did not know that that line was part of the reserve army on which the exploiters of the immigrant count; that it would remain there all day long, and that there was work for only a few. She joined a line of women and waited. They were Slavs like herself, but there was no other Polack. Presently a man came out and looked the women over. He approached Susanka, noticing her fresh, healthy face and great, strong arms.

"Job?" said Susanka.

"You are hired," said the man, and motioned her to follow him. He took her from the pleasant summer air into a room the temperature of which was thirty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, where her business was to cut away ice-cold fat from lean meat. Susanka learned how in two minutes; and she kept at it for four hours, until the noon whistles sounded. Then, blue and shivering, she went out into the yards to the spot big Maryanka had appointed for them to meet and eat their bread and sausage.

"I am cold," said Susanka. "I should go and get shawls."

"I will take you," said big Maryanka, "and we will eat as we go; but after this time you must learn the streets for yourself."

"*Tak*," assented Susanka, which is the Slovak for "Yes." *Tak* was a very common word in Susanka's vocabulary, symbolic of her patience and willingness.

On the way back she pointed to a large, handsome brick structure and asked what it was.

"That is the Settlement House," explained Maryanka. "There are people there friendly. Our men go and learn to read and write, and our girls go there when they are in trouble. If a girl is sick or loses her work she goes. Velma will go when her time is near. There comes one of our men from the house now."

A tall young man with the high Slovak cheek-bones and wide-set eyes passed them, nodding absently at Maryanka. "That is Hudak," she explained. "His Magdalena drinks—stands in the saloon with her baby in her arms and drinks. But he does not beat her."

Susanka took her life much as an animal does. She was not an animal—she had a soul and a heart; but, more than anything, she had a docile acceptance of her lot. She was homesick. The dull gray streets were so unlike her clean village set in green fields, with a view of the mountains, where, high up, were the lakes of the wonderful colors which the Slovaks called "the eyes of the sea." Slicing the fat from the lean in the ice-cold room was very different from her work in the fields at home; but she had come to a new home, weighted with the debt to Helegda's wife. That she must pay off.

"You Will Sleep With Velma, Because You are the Latest Come"

In Hungary a strong man got only eighteen cents for a whole day's work—and here she, a woman, could make perhaps ten cents an hour. That was marvelous and she thought of it often. The foreman, who saw her strength and speed with inward approval, little knew what was inspiring her unskilled efficiency; he only wondered how long it would be before she would find out she could do easier work at a larger wage.

Susanka lived on bread and cheese, pigs' feet, sausage and coffee. By the utmost economy and self-denial she was able to save seven or eight dollars a month—a wonderful sum. That Helegda's wife was to get it all for months to come did not matter; she—Susanka—was earning it, and some day, when the debt was paid, she would be sending money back to her old father; she would bring over the little half-sisters and leave the little half-brother to work on the farm.

Nearly every Saturday night some one in the tenement where Susanka lived would begin to sing, for the Slovaks are a musical people. Usually the music was of the characteristic minor kind, like the roadside singing of Susanka and her friends as they had walked to their work in the fields. Whenever Velma heard it she wept, and once or twice it made Susanka sad and brought to her mind the picture of her brother's funeral. She saw again the coffin, painted in white and gold and covered with wild flowers, the rough bier drawn by white oxen, the peasants following in their best embroidered garments, singing a melancholy hymn and wailing forth the qualities of the dead man. At other times the Slovaks in the house danced and the men and women whacked each other in boisterous animal play. This pleased Susanka. Most of the Slovak men she knew had wives in Hungary and those who were unmarried preferred Maryanka or Katchka to herself, for they were ten years younger; but Susanka was not exacting. Instinctively she sought for a little amusement, and she took it gratefully, however little it was. The Slovaks love social life. Helegda's saloon was, besides a drinking place, a kind of club, where the men went to read their newspapers and talk.

One day Susanka cut her left hand rather badly. She doctored it herself as well as she could, but it did not improve. She was coming home from work one day, in some pain, when she met Hudak. He looked at her rough bandage and then, without troubling to explain, motioned her to come with him and took her to the Settlement House. There a nurse who could speak a few words of her own tongue dressed her hand and showed her how to care for it. Hudak took her into the reception room and she gazed with awe at the furniture and pictures. Some of the latter represented Slovak scenes—peasants in the fields or at church or at the Easter feast.

Learning the A B C of America

"THEY will let any one come here," Hudak said, "and nothing to pay."

Susanka nodded, but it did not occur to her to return to the Settlement House and look at the pictures again.

By the time Susanka had been in America five months her first feeling of strangeness had worn off. She had learned to adapt herself to her work and her living conditions, and she went to the Polish Catholic Church; but she had learned almost no English, for all the people with whom she worked or associated were Slovaks. Another Slovak girl slept with her now, for Velma had been taken by the Settlement nurse to the Cook County Hospital, where her baby had been born and had died. Her husband had come back to her and she had forgiven him, and they were living in a little attic across the street from Susanka's home.

"When she has another baby," said Maryanka, "he will run away from her again; but to stay with him now means she need not work in the yards."

"*Tak, ye,*" assented Susanka, who accepted life as it came.

She was still a Slovak and she took on no American traits until the cold weather came. Then one day she undid her bundle, found her yellow woolen shawl and threw it over her head. Maryanka and Katchka looked at her contemptuously. They said nothing, but they stooped under their bed and each drew forth a box which contained a felt hat. They put these on, and without a second look at Susanka they preceded her out of the bedroom, drank their coffee, gulped down their bread and left the house. Susanka followed them slowly. They did not want her to walk with them, even though Susanka let the objectionable shawl slip down over her shoulders.

That night Susanka went to the Settlement House and sought the nurse who had dressed her hand.

"I want to work for you at night—to scrub," said Susanka in her own tongue. "I want an American hat and American shoes."

In a week Susanka was walking to work in a felt hat a little bigger and a little gayer than those of Maryanka and Katchka. In three weeks she had on a pair of second-hand American shoes and a fifty-cent corset. They felt strange to her feet and her body, but they were American. The mere fact of her receiving wages had been an Americanizing process. Though the work itself seemed uneducational, the clothes were decidedly significant of her state of mind.

One night she took back to Hudak the second of his four little ones, an adventurous boy who was hard to keep at home. Susanka felt a great respect for Hudak. He had explained to her that his wife was a good woman; but she worked too hard in the cold room and then she began to drink. If the children cried she drank. Susanka marveled at his tenderness for this woman who went to the saloon and spent his money. On this evening Hudak was sad; his wife was sick with a cold and he could not stay home to take care of her and the children. Hudak was not a self-centered person, however. He looked approvingly at Susanka's hat and shoes, and said in English:

"You get on steady fine here."

"*Tak?*" said Susanka questioningly. "I want better work," she added. "I do not like this work. I want more money."

The moment for which her foreman had been looking had come to Susanka. She had the outside of an American now and she was beginning to get the inside of an American. She was unwilling to do the hard work in the stockyards that men used to do, which none but a Slovak or a Polish woman will do now—and they only until they find they need not.

"When I took off my shawl," said Susanka to Hudak, "something in my head went snap."

Perhaps Hudak understood that she had begun really to part from her old traditions. What he said was:

"You must learn English. Not to know English is as bad as to have a shawl over your head. I will not speak to you in Slovak any more. You must learn to paint cans. It is good money. Say in English: 'Paint cans.'"

"*Tak.* Paint cans," said Susanka.

It was fully a year more, however, before Susanka was allowed to paint cans. She was put through some of the rougher grades of work first, but as her stock of English improved her ambition grew more intense; and, as she was healthy and efficient material out of which a good pacemaker could be formed, the management finally promoted her. Meantime she had an offer from the Settlement House for her beautiful blue embroidered dress. It was to be a feature in an exhibition of the household arts for which Slovak women are famous. Susanka let it go without a qualm. She had had dreams as she embroidered it, for it was to have been her wedding dress. She had dreamed of the moment when, the business transactions having been arranged beforehand, her suitor and the best man would proceed to her father's cottage. The best man would say: "We have lost our way and are in search of a star."

Inside it Lay Velma's Baby and the Keeper Was Nowhere to be Seen

Then Susanka would leave the room and the best man would add: "That is the star we are looking for. Will you permit us to go in search of her?"

Then there would be speeches and flower-giving; Susanka would come back and the lovers' hands would be bound together with a handkerchief.

Yet now Susanka gladly sold the dress. If ever she married it would be in America, in a white satin dress rented for the occasion. For the present the money from her Hungarian bride dress would enable her to pay off the last iota of her debt to Helegda's wife and thus release the mortgage on her father's farm. Likewise she would have enough to buy an American dress, and then she could begin to send money to her father.

Pork and Pickles as Infant Food

SUSANKA'S household arrangements continued unchanged. Her standard of living had altered in regard to clothes, for it was by clothes that her social standing in the yards was estimated; but she saw no occasion for better food or lodging as long as times were bad with her father at home. She saw other Slovaks about her who lived better than she. Even Hudak had two rooms—he had not only two beds, but a bureau and a trunk, besides holy pictures. Ready-made furniture, like ready-made clothes, is an Americanizing process. There were even some people who slept only two in a room; but as long as she had American clothes Susanka was willing to wait for other nice things.

Little by little she began to realize something of the place of her countrymen in Chicago. She knew that some of them did well, for they bought expensive beds with plenty of feathers in the mattresses, and had curtains at their windows and sometimes a carpet—even a piano. There was Yanko, who wrote letters to be sent home, for which men paid ten and fifteen cents. Susanka did not know that these were circular typewritten letters from husband to wife, son to mother, man to sweetheart, and written quite convincingly; the husband's letter, for example, said that he was boarding with a woman who cooked well, but not so well as his wife! Susanka only knew that Yanko was prosperous and looked up to. The more the prosperous ones earned, the more they ate—and it was not the simple food of Hungary. When a baby died and the Settlement nurse asked, "What did you feed the child?" the mother would say, "I gave him what I had—just as my mother in Hungary gave me what she had." Then the nurse had to explain that pork and pickles and canned food were not good for a baby, as the nourishing Hungarian grain soups would have been. Despite their hygienic mistakes, as their wages rose so did their standard of living.

Susanka knew, too, that there were a great many Slovak societies of all sorts and that the Slovaks in America read as they never do in Hungary, supporting throughout the country one daily newspaper and several weeklies. She knew, too, though she was not sought in marriage, that it was easy for a Slovak girl to marry, for unmarried Slovak women were scarce. Having no standards of comparison, there was much about her countrymen in America of which she was unaware; she did not know of their ignorance of politics and of their little genius for leadership, and that, though they had imagination, they lacked vision.

She knew, too, that many of her people failed. They died by accidents—which could have been prevented—in the steel mills. Because they were indifferent to danger they were sent into risky places. They were often killed in improperly timbered mines—the jury graciously conceding that they did not deserve blame, but neglecting to state who did! They were often cheated out of their money. In Illinois any man with fifty signatures behind him may become a notary public, whether he can read and write or not. Once a notary public, he may, unmolested, put up the sign, Banker. He may take money from the Slovaks presumably to send it back to Hungary; if it never arrives the law can do little for the victim, because most of the necessary witnesses are on the other side of the ocean. All this Susanka understood only vaguely; but she got a concrete impression from looking on mangled men and weeping wives—from seeing the despair of those who had been robbed. She saw the hunger of the reserve army when work was slack—and even when it was not slack. Good worker as she was, she knew what slack

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THE SURAKARTA

By Edwin Balmer and William MacHarg

V

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

"You Mean You Think I Resemble Him Also in That?"

WADE HEREFORD knew that his office force on the morning after the loss of the Surakarta emerald showed a nervous agitation unsuited to a Chicago banking office, still less usual in any surroundings of his own. This annoyed because it hampered him in his very unusual activities of the day, which included communications by telephone, telegram—and even foreign cable. He was teased, too, by the pain in his left hand, which was swathed in bandages the expert wrapping of which showed that the accident—whatever it had been—was at least serious enough to have required the services of a physician. But these causes, even when taken together, did not fully account for the irritation with which he received Max Schimmel's card, when it was brought to the inner office where he was closeted with a visitor.

"It is a naturalist friend of mine whom I consulted yesterday, perhaps a little precipitately, as to the real existence of the Surakarta," he explained to his companion.

Great as had been Hereford's eagerness to consult Max the afternoon before, this morning he had no wish at all to see him; but he could find, as he drummed impatiently with the card upon the desk, no excuse under the circumstances by which he could put the German off. So he went out to him.

Max Schimmel's dispassionate gaze shifted mildly from Hereford's face to his bandaged hand and back again.

"What hass been happening here, my friendt?" he inquired curiously.

"Have you never heard, Max," Hereford dryly demanded, "of any one charging another with doing a thing which he, the accuser, admits could not have been done in the way he accuses?"

"Many times," Max returned blandly. "Wherefore——"

"Wherefore what?"

"If you haf done it do not fail to maintain that it must haf been done in the way they accuse; but if you haf not done it, then show them it must haf been done otherwise."

"You, too, Max?" Hereford said still more dryly.

"Too—what, my friendt?"

"Implicate me?"

"In what, my friendt?"

"You, of course, have heard that the Surakarta has been stolen, but perhaps not yet that they say I was at the bottom of its disappearance?"

"Then there iss no exblanation of how it wass taken—there iss nothings more than wass given in the morning bapers?"

"Nothing."

Max Schimmel rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"I must help you to show them, then, my friendt, that the jewel wass taken in a way which it could not be taken by you."

Hereford glanced with annoyance about the office. Max, he saw, was about to demand fuller explanation and he felt, under the circumstances, he could not refuse it.

"Come in then," he ungraciously decided. "I have already carried out so much of your advice—before you gave it—as to engage the services of a detective—McAdams, from one of the best private agencies in the city. I was preparing to make a statement to him when you came in, and I see no reason why I should not give it to you both at once."

He led the way into the inner office.

"This is Max Schimmel," he introduced.

McAdams scrutinized Max, started to speak and checked himself. The little German, on his part, turned with increased curiosity from the flushed face of his friend to the stolid countenance of the heavily built, unintelligent-looking detective. McAdams did not bear externally any evidence of the ability Hereford apparently had found in him.

"Well?" Max demanded when he had weighed this fact.

"My first information even of the existence of the Surakarta," Hereford began promptly, "was yesterday when a traveler, who had chanced to come over on the same boat as the Javanese, came to me as the trustee of the Regan estate to tell me why the jewel was brought here. I was, of course, displeased and angry, especially as his story was borne out by a message from Miss Regan, almost at the same time, that she was in town. To assure myself the story was not a mere fabrication I went first to Max, from whom I learned that the jewel really existed."

The German gravely nodded corroboration.

"Then I went to Miss Regan to discover whether she was indeed a party to such a bargain and to prevent her carrying out her part of it; but I accomplished nothing, except to learn that she had really promised herself to the Soesoehoenan upon receipt of the emerald. Finally, late in the afternoon, I called upon the envoy of the Soesoehoenan—whose name is Baraka—at the Hotel Tonty, and attempted through him to prevent the affair from going farther. He was at first polite, then obdurate, finally angry—and we had a heated discussion.

"Nevertheless, in the evening I went to see him again. It had occurred to me how easily the Soesoehoenan might have substituted an imitation stone for the real one, and I was at least resolved that Miss Regan should not undergo the further disgrace of being tricked."

Hereford hesitated.

"I will be perfectly frank with you," he said after an instant. "I did not believe a false jewel would be substituted. I wanted to see this stone—but only partly because it could make a girl like Miss Regan promise to marry a Malay. I had another long argument with Baraka, at the end of which he acknowledged the justice of my claim and opened the box and showed me the emerald."

"It was the real one?" McAdams inquired.

"I am no judge of jewels," Hereford replied; "but the stone itself was proof of its own identity. It is a wonderful, an amazing gem. I could understand better, after I had seen it, the effect it had had upon my ward. Yes, it was the real one."

"You left the envoy after he had showed you the stone?" McAdams asked.

"Then I left him," Hereford assented.

He folded and unfolded with his good hand the corner of a chance scrap of paper that lay on the desk, almost nervously.

"The next incident that concerns the emerald was the visit Baraka paid me this morning at my office," he recommenced. "He had been first to my rooms, but I left home very early this morning. The stone had disappeared and he came to me on the evident suspicion of my complicity in its disappearance."

"Because you had seen him open the box?"

"Yes; it was, he claimed, the first time the box ever had been opened except in the presence of the royal pair."

"But Baraka himself, you have said, knew the secret of the box?"

"He says he is the first person—and the only one—to whom the secret has been confided; and it was taught to him only just before he set out for this country. He was chosen by the Soesoehoenan as his envoy, I understand, because his estate in Java is so large that the value even of the Surakarta itself is not sufficient to pay him to make away with it; and his father, mother, wives and children, as well as his estate, are hostages with the Soesoehoenan for the safe delivery of the stone."

"I see."

"Baraka came here alone, except for one attendant. He was quite beside himself with anxiety, terror and bewilderment; for, besides the amazing manner in which the emerald disappeared, Baraka, though he speaks excellent English, has never before visited America and is not familiar with American methods and customs. He had, moreover, been subjected during the whole night to the questioning of the police and secret-service officers, before they assured themselves that he himself had had nothing to do with the disappearance of the gem."

"Then they did assure themselves of that?"

"Completely; they are satisfied that neither Baraka nor any member of his suite was concerned in it."

"Then we need not consider that possibility."

"Baraka's visit here was occasioned, as I have said, by his suspicions of me, due to my having seen him open the box. When he saw that between ten o'clock last night, when he showed me the emerald, and nine o'clock this morning, when he made his call on me at this office, I had been wounded in my left hand, his suspicions appeared to become certainties."

"He was not satisfied, then, with the explanation you gave him of the nature of your wound?" McAdams had looked up in surprise.

"The wound is a gunshot wound."

"I mean, he would not accept the proof you must have offered him that you had been wounded in some other way than by his bullet?"

"I offered no such proof."

McAdams and Max both stared at Hereford in amazement. The young trustee, on his part, for the first time found difficulty in formulating what he had to say.

"I offered no proof," he repeated even more directly. "I was obliged to leave him, as well as the police, to imagine as they pleased what circumstances, what motives, could force a man of reputation and character like mine to remain silent as to how he received a wound that subjects him to the suspicions and the dangers I now run."

"It seems strange, Mr. Hereford," the detective offered after a pause, "but no doubt I'll find your reasons for acting in that way quite sufficient."

"I offer no reasons, even to you. You must be content, for the time at least, to regard this wound merely as a coincidence," Hereford replied curtly.

The detective gnawed his mustache, staring fixedly and doubtfully at his client.

"You spoke of the police," he said at last.

"Because Baraka returned here, an hour after his first visit, with two police officers."

"And formally charged you with the theft?"

"Yes; but was dissuaded by the police from taking out a warrant. The inexplicable nature of the robbery, which has perplexed and confused the police as much as it has bewildered the Javanese themselves, as well as my connections and reputation that assure the police that I will not run away, made them want to await further developments. They seemed, too, to feel that the motive assigned to me by Baraka was inadequate."

"Then that motive——"

"Baraka does not accuse me of making away with the stone for its intrinsic value, but in order that the

negotiations for Miss Regan's marriage might be stopped. He had learned that the control of her property would pass from my hands if she married."

"Which would inconvenience you?"

"It would reduce my income," Hereford admitted after some hesitation.

McAdams rose resignedly.

"As you have employed me, sir, to establish your innocence rather than to develop a case against you, I think I can do better by going to the scene of the robbery than by questioning you any further now." And he turned his eyes doubtfully upon Max.

"Goot!" Max exclaimed with alacrity. "I shall be glad to accompany. Ah, my friendt"—he raised his hand as Hereford frowned—"permit it! Yesterday you come to me und ask from me—well, my friendt, things that today haf significance. Today—I must see more, my friendt!"

Hereford watched the calm little man uncertainly for a moment, then shrugged his shoulders.

VI

THE Hotel Tonty is one of those of the newer sort, where luxury takes the place of refinement. Hereford, immediately upon arriving with his two companions, presented his card to the uniformed police officer stationed in the corridor. A moment later the three were ushered into the parlor of the Javanese suite.

The half dozen brown-skinned men, dressed in European clothes, lounging nervously about, started up with angry exclamations at the sight of Hereford. Another appeared who, without comment, led the three visitors through several rooms into the presence of Baraka.

"This is Mr. McAdams," Hereford announced, "whom I have retained to look after my interests in the matter of the emerald. Herr Schimmel has also been consulted."

The envoy of the Soesoehoenan—a tall and fine-looking man, wearing in the privacy of his room his native embroidered loose jacket, though English trousers took the place of his *sarong*—showed plainly the effect of twelve hours of perplexity, anxiety and terror. He took a step toward Hereford, his eyes flashing with rage.

"You want ——" he demanded, controlling himself.

"To see the room," McAdams put in, "and to get your own statement of what happened here last night."

"Ah! To see the room!" Baraka mocked. "And to ask for a statement! Of what use is a statement, since this one can tell you better than I what happened here?" He pointed to Hereford.

He walked nervously about, pressing his hands together.

"Obtain the key!" he suddenly directed one of the Javanese who had followed the three as though keeping guard over them; and when it was brought Baraka himself crossed the room to a locked door and flung it open.

"Enter!" he commanded.

The room was dark as Hereford and his two companions entered. They could distinguish vaguely in it objects disarranged in the utmost confusion. Baraka directed a Javanese to raise the shades.

The room appeared then as a more than commonly luxurious hotel room, eighteen feet by twenty, and furnished, except for the brass bed, in mahogany. It presented the unusual feature of having two blank walls. Being the end room of the suite, it had no connection at all with the hallway of the hotel. On the west side the wall was hung with several pictures; and on the north wall, which also was unbroken, there were pictures and a tapestry. The doorways, three in number, were all in the south wall. To the left of the entrance door, through which they looked, was another which plainly belonged to the clothes-closet; and to the right beyond the bed, which stood with its head against this south wall, was the door to the bathroom.

The fourth or east side of the room faced over the street and there were two wide windows in it. McAdams, approaching these windows, saw there was a clear drop below them of one hundred and twenty feet, and that there was neither cornice nor fire escape anywhere in sight below or about them to give access from another window on the same floor, or from the floor above or below.

The disorder of the room was plainly that in which it had been left by the Javanese at the conclusion of their search. The bedding was pulled from the bed; the writing desk, which had stood by the north wall, had been pulled out into the room; and the stand near the south wall, which held a suitcase, had likewise been moved from its place, as was witnessed by a second suitcase overturned on the floor in front of it; the floor was littered with strips of torn paper, and everything in the room seemed to have been swept violently from its position, except indeed the box that had held the Surakarta. The box still occupied what was obviously its original position on the floor, halfway between the north wall and the bed.

"You have not occupied this room, then, since last night?" McAdams asked Baraka.

"By request of the police everything has been left as it was," the envoy answered. "Yes, everything; I have changed nothing."

McAdams nodded his satisfaction and commenced with assurance his closer scrutiny.

He opened and inspected the doors of the clothes-closet and bathroom; he examined the bed and studied what must have been the original position of the chairs and various articles of furniture. He sounded the wall and floor and, mounting upon a chair, the ceiling. Having satisfied himself of the impossibility of exit except through the single door, he turned back to Baraka.

"Now tell me what you think happened here," he directed. "How do you suppose the fellow ever got in?"

"How did he get in?" the Javanese rejoined. "I do not know—he knows!" He again accused the imperturbable Hereford. "All doors are locked, also bolted within. The light is out. I am asleep. A sound awakes me—the tearing of paper—that about the box! Ah! He is so bold! I think there must be more than one. If I alarm them they will take away the box. Two can carry it, but not one. There is no light at all—perfectly dark; but my revolver is under my pillow. I find it without noise and fire twice, quick! I see nothing—only the flash of the revolver. And there is no change—only the bold tearing of the paper. Again I fire—three times! Still nothing but the flash of my pistol—a red streak in the dark—nothing more; the great pound in the ears.

"But no longer the sound of paper; instead, the clicking of the levers of the box! He is opening the box—he knows how to open it. You are a brave man, Mr. Hereford—five times I have shot, not knowing then who he was; yet, in the dark, swiftly, without seeing at all, he makes to click the levers which, clicking so, throw the box open. And I have but one shot in my revolver.

"I crawl upon the bed. I remember that in the afternoon, lying upon the bed, I could see through the foot—which is of brass—the box. Now, feeling with my fingers in the dark, I find the place through which I saw the box. I put the pistol through it. The last time I fire! And now I know I hit him! But no noise; no cry—only the rising of the cover of the box!

"I toss all care of myself away! I fling myself upon him; I grope; but I feel nothing—nothing but that the box is already open and empty! The emerald—the great Surakarta—it is gone! I rush back to the door so he may not get out. It is still locked and bolted. He has not escaped. Entirely reckless, I turn on the light; but—he is not there! He has disappeared! The door behind me is bolted and locked. Those other doors before the clothes-closet and before the bathroom, too, are bolted. The windows—neither of them has been raised. He is not under the bed. The drawers in the bureau they can contain no one; but I look. All the time my suite they are outside the door, crying to be let in and breaking at the door; but no, I cry to them to watch there while I alone—I not caring what happens to me—look. But there is nowhere else to look. There is nothing at all in the room. Yet the box has been opened! The emerald is gone!

"I am beside myself! My suite have broken in. They search everywhere; but there is nowhere I have not myself looked. There is no sign of him—nothing; he is not here. But he has left his blood—this one—the only one who besides myself in this country can know how to open the box; for I in my folly, two hours before, clicked the levers in their order for him to see; and it is from his hand the blood has flowed. See now upon his hand the mark of my last shot!"

"I find five shots," McAdams confirmed calmly, "and their appearance indicates that, as you have said, they were fired from the bed; but, unless your last night's visitor carried off the other, there should be six."

"Just in this way I point my pistol when I fire at him the last time!" Baraka willingly advanced to the bed, felt for and found an aperture in the scrollwork of its foot and put his finger through it. "Notice how I point—if it would not wound the hand of him opening the box!"

Hereford himself nodded to McAdams to admit it without objection; and, following the direction pointed by Baraka's finger, he pointed out the sixth bullet, which, slightly deflected from its course and imbedded in the plaster of the wall, they had missed before. This bullet was close to the floor in the north wall; the remaining five were about the height of a man's chest.

"And these drops of blood"—the detective's eyes followed along the floor the trail of blood from the box in the middle of the room leading direct to the middle of the blank wall—"are the marks of that last shot?"

"The first drops from his hand—yes!"

The detective bent to the floor. The drops of blood, greatest in number close to the box, made, however, a plainly discernible track to the foot of the north wall, where it was hung with tapestry. McAdams, putting out his hand to lift this tapestry, drew back.

"It looks," he said, "as if some one had lifted this before me—and with a bloody hand."

A spot of blood was plain upon the tapestry where he pointed. He then lifted the tapestry and struck the wall several heavy blows. The wall gave out a solid sound.

"Mr. McAdams Is a Great Dunderhead!"

"Just in This Way I Point My Pistol When I Fire at Him the Last Time!"

"What is on the other side of this wall?" he asked

"On the other side is the stair of the hotel," Baraka replied

"Then it is a solid brick wall and extends without opening of any sort from the foundations of the hotel to the roof. That is the city ordinance. No one went through there. He must have come and gone through the door."

"Are we fools?" the envoy burst out. "The door was locked and bolted within all the time. He" he again pointed to Hereford "was in the room after my suite already were at the only door to go out; but when the light was turned on he was not here. No one was in the clothes-closet; no one in the bathroom; no one in or under the bed. We took up even the carpet to look. The drops of blood, too, do not lead to any door—only to the wall."

"But how could he go through the wall -or do you doubt the wall?" McAdams demanded.

"No, I do not doubt the wall," the Javanese replied. "I have tried it. I know it is there. But"—he fixed upon Hereford a suddenly superstitious look in which terror and anger seemed equally mingled "there has been brought to my country from other lands the X-ray, by which men see the bones while they are still within the body; and the wireless, by which men can talk to men across a thousand miles of sea. How do I know what else you have here?"

McAdams grunted and turned abruptly to his more careful examination of the box.

He inspected closely the ordinary brown wrapping paper scattered in torn strips round the box and a piece of stout string that lay among them.

"The paper was wrapped round the box, I understand?" he questioned.

"Since San Francisco," Baraka assented. "In Java we had guards to keep away the people and on the steamer the box is in my stateroom; but in San Francisco crowds gather—so strange a sight to them, Javanese carrying such a box. We can hardly pass through the people. That night I wrap the box in paper; and so it has been since; three—four days, therefore."

"And it was tied with this string?"

"Yes; but—no! When I so foolishly show the emerald to Mr. Hereford I have untied the string. Afterward I do not again tie it, but only wrap the paper round."

McAdams pulled away carefully the wrappings of paper that still clung to the lower part of the box. It could then be seen that the box which had contained the great emerald was a huge and heavy thing, made entirely of iron or steel. Something over two feet high and about the same in breadth and a little more in length, its design was a stout, thick steel, square column, with an iron figure of a man squatted upon each face. Each figure was, indeed, little more than a high relief from the side of the column, and the trunk of each figure was cast as part of the column, making an unbreakable, solid piece. The head and hands of each figure, however, moved; and, as Baraka explained, these were the levers which—pulled or pushed—turned one way or the other in a certain order—released a bolt within the column, so that the top plate lifted and the box opened.

Upon the four figures there were, therefore, eight hands and four heads; each head could be moved in four directions and also could be pressed in or pulled out slightly. There were, accordingly, twenty-four different operations possible with the head levers alone. Each hand was also capable of six similar different manipulations, or forty-eight for the hands—a total of seventy-two different manipulations. Of these, eighteen, done correctly and in order, opened the box. If any wrong lever were tried before the eighteen were twisted, pushed or pulled, each correctly, the combination would not work and it was impossible to open the box.

Max Schimmel now, after listening attentively to this explanation by Baraka, bent over the closed box.

"What iss within?" he inquired.

"Nothing is within," Baraka replied. "The emerald only was within; and since that is gone there is nothing."

Max shook his head. The air of this, as of all the rooms occupied by the Javanese, was heavy with Oriental odors; but among them Max seemed to have detected something as he stooped and sniffed close to the box

"Sandalwood iss within," Max declared

"The interior of the box is sandalwood. yes," Baraka answered curiously.

"Ah! Sandalwood! Quite distinctly I smell it now," said Max with satisfaction. "Before, I thought so—but I could not be certain; for outside it iss all iron -only inside it iss sandalwood."

What of that?" McAdams demanded; and when Max, sniffing more leisurely, only smiled in reply the detective attempted to lift the cover of the box, which did not yield.

"It is locked?" he questioned Baraka.

"It is always lock; to push down the cover is to lock it."

"Open it then."

Baraka demurred. "Once I open the box with him by, and misfortune came." But he finally consented on condition that they turn their backs.

Hiding his movements with his body, even behind their backs, he clicked the levers until they had counted seventeen such clicks. Turning then as he pressed the last lever, they saw the cover of the box rise slowly to a vertical position; and now, plainly and distinctly to all, the heavy odor of the sandalwood interior of the box filled the room.

"And you think," McAdams exclaimed, "from seeing you twist and turn those eighteen once, Mr. Hereford could have made the combination out and memorized it! You think he could have come here in the dark—through locked doors—and opened the box swiftly, as you yourself have said, without hesitation or error!" The detective made a gesture of derision. "The choice in selecting the first manipulation is one movement out of seventy-two; the choice of the second multiplies that. The chance of making correctly eighteen straight in succession can be only one in millions. No one—not even Mr. Hereford—could have mastered that from seeing the box once opened. Mr. Baraka, your story is preposterous! No one could have got in here—no one could have got out afterward! Least of all could any one have opened the box!"

And he turned for confirmation to Max.

Max Schimmel, however, since he had received confirmation that the box had an odor had apparently taken no note of anything else that was passing. He stood now with a pleased face, his gaze swiftly sweeping for a second time and still more comprehensively the details of the room—the exit doors, the disordered bed, the writing desk, the stand with the suitcases. The question had to be repeated before he took heed of it. Then he began to rub his hands softly together.

"You Will Not Deny to Me That You Have the Emerald?"

"Prut! But no! It could haf been done!" he exclaimed delightedly. "All as he says, it could haf been done! I am glad I came to see this, even from the inderior of Asia! For now it iss marveloua, mysterious; but when it iss exblained then it will appear gommonblace that the box wass obened und the emerald taken from the box, even from under our friendt's revolver point!"

Baraka's eyes flashed balefully at Hereford.

"Even your own friend you see! even your own friend," he hissed, "says as I say!"

Wade Hereford returned the envoy's stare steadily, then he glanced toward Max and the detective and slightly smiled.

"If you both have quite completed your investigation," he said in rather a bored tone, "let us go."

He nodded to Baraka, who continued to stare him full in the face threateningly, and, walking through the other angry Javanese, preceded them through the rooms of the envoy's suite back to the elevator.

VII

"I SHALL lunch here," Hereford said when the elevator had dropped them to the first floor. "If you care to join me"

He led the way to one of the dining rooms which opened in all directions from the lobby, and, among the parties lunching in ostentatious publicity, found one of the least public tables. Max Schimmel, entirely regardless, it seemed, of the harm he had just done his friend, looked curiously about at the diners, who reminded him of the boastful tribal feasts he had seen among the most savage peoples; but he was recalled to himself by McAdams as soon as they were seated.

"It would have been better," the detective said to Max belligerently, "if we had not taken you to that room—if you are a friend of Mr. Hereford's."

Max started to speak, glanced suddenly at Hereford and halted.

"At present -no," he replied guardedly. "Here und chust now I cannot gif you any exblanation."

McAdams' chin fell upon his chest. He appeared, from the direction of his gaze, to be meditating upon the unexplained circumstance of Hereford's wound and upon the complicated mechanism of the box, the intricate manipulation of which he had just declared offered proof that Hereford could not have done it. Suddenly he brought his hand down upon the table heavily and assuredly.

"Because there is no explanation of what we have just seen and heard," he declared, "except one."

And that ——"

"Is that the Javanese has not told the truth."

Hereford, who had been studying the bill-of-fare while he gave their order, now laid it down and looked at McAdams, slightly smiling.

"This Baraka," said McAdams somewhat pompously, seeing that he now had the attention of both, "says he was alone in the room when he locked the doors, and that he searched the room and found himself again alone, with the doors still locked, before the doors were reopened. At the same time there is blood upon the floor, which shows, since Baraka himself is not wounded, that there was some one else present. This person may have concealed himself somewhere in the room before the doors were locked by Baraka, but he could not have got out afterward; for no one who sheds blood could have gone out through locked doors, walls, floor or ceiling."

"Then ——" demanded Max.

"It follows that Baraka himself knows who was in the room and that it was not Mr. Hereford, or Baraka would have held him and turned him over to the police."

Max Schimmel gazed at McAdams in seeming admiration, while Hereford continued to smile.

"In that case what iss to be done?" Max asked.

"I shall find out at once whether there is the same number of members in Baraka's suite today as yesterday or whether his suite today lacks one."

"You think, then, Baraka himself hass committed murder?" Max asked.

(Continued on Page 64)

HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

ART has been commercialized and in the professions men become specialists. And if this is true at all it is most true when applied to rascality, which is both a profession and an art.

Paymaster is a rare exception in his calling; he loves the adventure as well as the prize and richness of variety rather than preëminence in any one form of obviously unearned increment. These two sportsmanlike qualities, leading as they do to spirited endeavor in new fields, have prevented the police of our large cities from coupling the man and his work. It is easy to catch one whose face and a particular form of villainy may be linked together; not so in the case of light-hearted endeavor, made versatile, and a countenance which, though lean, sharp and shrewd, is that of a young man in excellent health, who occasionally gazes up out of the shadows of city streets, glad that the sky is still blue and that the world is fairly alive with the best of playthings—other people.

To such a man spring is an annual godsend; and to celebrate the first sniff of it in the air, Paymaster, who had found himself with his last five-dollar bill in a strange city, grew reckless and invested in a new derby hat, with a gilt label and yellow leather headband decorating its interior.

The day had been very warm; crocus buds had popped open in the front yards of residences; birds in the greening trees of the Public Gardens had chippered, fluttered, whistled, preened and bathed, and cocked their eyes at workmen who were filling newly broken beds with plants. The wind had breathed long, warm, lazy sighs. And now the late afternoon sun, which seemed to have reached its position by rolling up the wide, tree-planted avenue of affluence, beckoned to the carefree saunterer to follow its copper trail along the thoroughfare.

At the middle of a block Paymaster stopped to cluck approvingly at a gamy little Irish terrier; and then and there suddenly, as if by the design of mischievous Fate, began the rapid sequence of events which even Paymaster will not soon forget. Luck at this moment puffed out her cheeks and blew an unexpected mouthful of west wind down the street.

The rascal's hands were in the pockets of his new, light-gray spring suit; the gust caught him unawares, lifted the temporary pride of his young, vain life off his head and sent it rolling merrily down the avenue—just where the first watering cart of the season had left a ribbon of wet dust.

The hat seemed glad to be off and away from its new owner. It rolled; it danced; it described figure eights in the mud; it bounced like a glad, live thing full of resilience.

A limousine at the same moment was rolling up the avenue; and, as the car approached, Paymaster, hot in pursuit of his hat, saw to his consternation that the fat, upholstered matron in the interior of the car had attracted the attention of her chauffeur from the road; a second later one of the shining, white, new rubber tires had run squarely over his new purchase and had left it behind, as shapeless as a black kitten that has been run through a cement-mixer.

The unfortunate rascal wiped his dripping forehead and gazed for a second or two upon the wreck of his derby before there broke in upon his consciousness the sound of hearty, prolonged and irritating laughter. When finally he turned he saw that above the steps of a fine, luxurious residence a door had opened, and that the frame now served to inclose a large, overfed man, whose gray hair was cropped neatly round the beard which half covered his chin and cheeks, and round the ample fringe surrounding a bald spot that, like his forehead, was tinged with the color of rare beef.

"Ho-ho-ho!" roared the man, holding his stomach in the pains of his mirth. "Haw-haw-haw! Ho-ho-ho! Whew! Haw-haw-haw! It couldn't happen again in a thousand years! Ho-ho-ho!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" shouted Paymaster in a rage.

"Oh, now I say—ho-ho-ho! haw-haw-haw!" laughed the other, exposing still more his beautiful, white, well preserved teeth. "Ho-ho-ho! Oh, that's rich! Haw-haw-haw!"

"Ho-Ho-Ho! Oh, That's Rich! Haw-Haw-Haw!"

"Go ahead!" said Paymaster, looking back evilly over his shoulder. "Laugh yerself ter death! I'll get even with yer for this, you big stiff! I've been looking for something to turn up—and you're it! I wouldn't be satisfied with any one else now. You're elected!"

"Ho-ho-ho!" roared the opulent creature, his eyes blinded with tears of mirth. "This would make a cow laugh!" He closed the door.

"And that," the thief mused, with a smile gradually driving the thunder and lightning from his face—"that is what they call culture. But I'll get him!—I'll get him if it takes a year!"

With a parting glance at the undone hat and another at the number of the enemy's house, Paymaster started across town toward a section which, on his way from the railroad station, he had noticed was lined by a multitude of little shops, cheap hardware and notion stores, white-framed coffee houses, cigar, cigarette and pool stands, with dusty windows, second-hand furniture displays and loan offices. Into one of these offices he strolled unconcernedly.

"Hello, there, Joe!" he said familiarly to the yellow youth testing a tray of gold jewelry with a brush and a bottle of acid.

"Hello yoorself andt see for vether you like et! Vot can I to for you?" asked the other with his own conception of politeness. "Vere's yoor lidt?"

"I lost it on a steamboat excursion," said Paymaster. "I want to buy another—a second-hand one—and a pair of brass knuckles. Furthermore, I want a dark suit instead of this light one. Do you get me or are you going to ask questions?"

"Ve nefer askit a quevestion," said the sallow youth mournfully. "How are you dis morning? Granfader, show it to de chentlemens our stock of hats."

A silent old man appeared from the mass of hanging clothing. Birds might have come to nest in his mass of long gray beard and he would have made no comment. Age and dreams, alien memories and the uselessness of it all had made a stone of him. He beckoned with a gnarled and crooked forefinger that looked as if it might have grown on an oak rather than on a human being.

Paymaster, directed by the motion, was pleased at last with a pearl-gray felt hat. He turned it over so that the dim light allowed him to read the inscription within. "Murillo & Mahoney, 32 Secundo, Rio Janeiro," said the label.

The thief half closed his eyes for a moment as if wondering at the marvels of the life histories and destinies of hats.

"Gimme that for forty cents?" he whispered confidentially, aping the manners of a seller of such goods. "You wouldn't let your own grandmother have it for less."

"Chust for that smarty pusiness it'll cost you fifty," said the yellow youth with a sallow snarl.

Paymaster laughed. "Give me a good trade on the exchange of suits and on the other stuff, and I won't quarrel," he replied; and when he walked out once more into the dusk he was no longer the brilliant bird that had arrived with the migration of spring, but a person of somber plumage—a farmer's helper, dressed in Sunday best, on an excursion to the city. At the hour when city people have left their dinner tables and when on the first warm days the sound of dishwashing may be heard through the back window, where a light still burns, Paymaster shambled along the alley behind the avenue, not idly, but searching for numbers on back-yard gates, like one who goes to make a call of congratulation on Cousin Mary, the recent graduate from a hotel kitchen to private service. When at last he had found the house of his enemy he lit a cigarette, smoked it out in eight puffs, and boldly, even blithely, whistled a tune.

"And now," Paymaster sighed after a pause, "if luck is with me even this old suit of clothes can't hold me down."

About the time the clock on the church where the pews are so expensive tonged the hour of nine, the patient rascal heard something rattling round over some loose newspapers; he lit a match to satisfy his curiosity. It was a toad. The spring had brought the hopping optimist out of his long cold weather siege.

"Hello, old top!" said the thief. "It's some dull to keep a date you haven't made."

Almost as if to deny the truth of it the gate opened, just as other gates along the alley had opened before.

"I knew the soft air would bring 'em out," said the rascal to himself. "Come on, sis; I won't hurt you."

The girl seemed to hear these unspoken words or feel the presence of some one lurking in the shadow: she turned, and an alley lamp, with its goose-neck bent down from a brick post, dashed a bucketful of its rays over her head and shoulders.

Paymaster had not expected that the girl, never before seen, whose very existence up to that minute had been nothing to him, would be pretty. Perhaps, indeed, she was not; but her hair was beautiful and plentiful—a riot of gold. And, though the critics might have complained of a nose that was a hair's width too broad, or a forehead that was a little too flat and expressionless, or a chin that was a bit too round, or might have shrugged their shoulders at blue eyes that were a sixteenth of an inch too near together, and a figure that was a bit too compact, Paymaster was surprised, if not impressed.

"Oh, well," said he, watching her go off down the alley, "it would have been better if she was a crow; for they're the little old girls that's grateful for what you do for 'em. These peaches mean competition; but I'll try my luck just the same."

Whereupon he followed the young woman.

She was bound for the subtle charms of the Public Gardens on the first night the benches are put out; and Paymaster, strolling after her, expected when he saw her take her course along the romantic edge of the rippling pond that soon she would be met by some awkward, adoring youth. After several minutes had gone by, however, he noticed that the girl's head was tilted up as if her imagination was riding beams of moonlight far into the depths of the starry heavens. He drew near to her.

"They've just had their breakfast," he said, leaning toward her left ear, which was pink, even at night.

"Who? What do you mean?" she said with an accent which suggested Germany.

"The night watchmen," said Paymaster.

"Oh, aren't you horrid!" exclaimed the girl. "You haven't any business speaking to me."

"I had to," replied Paymaster. "I just came up from Brazil; and if I hadn't spoken to you it might have been somebody who wasn't so good-natured."

"Good night!" she said half-heartedly.

"Yes—it is!" answered Paymaster with a grin. "And I feel so healthy!"

"Say!" she exclaimed, suddenly interested. "Are you always healthy?"

"Yes; don't I look it?"

She inspected him more carefully, then nodded.

"You certainly do," she admitted. "Perhaps you don't see why I said that. It's because I work for a doctor. I'm the doormaid. I get so tired of seeing sick people. I don't see anybody else."

"So he's a doctor!" cried the rascal.

"Who?"

"The man you work for," said Paymaster calmly.

She nodded and, sitting down on an empty bench, sighed.

"I was sort of lonesome too. I was raised in the country," she said after a long pause. "There isn't any harm in my talking with you, is there?"

"Well, I didn't like it very well at first," Paymaster answered mischievously; "but, of course ——"

The girl looked back into his gaze a long time.

"Laugh Yerself ter Death! I'll Get Even With Yer for This, You Big Stiff!"

"My! You do look well!" said she finally. "You look as if you never had a sick day in your life!"

"I never did."

"I couldn't like anybody who had," she explained. "Everybody else in the world seems to have something the matter with them. Germs is everywhere. It's something awful!"

"Except for you and me. Why, my dear girl, every hair on my head is a Jew's harp. If I felt any better I'd be arrested."

She nodded approvingly.

"My name's Maretta Luther," said she softly.

Paymaster saw then that she was gazing up into the tree above them, where the arclight and the moon joined in an effort to make each expectant leafbud a glistening tip of silver. In this opportunity to observe her once more, he noted the satin finish which health had put upon her cheek; the easy, half-lazy strength in the poise of her head upon its round neck; the luster of her hair; the half-moons of white invading the pink of her fingernails. He felt the charm of her complete health and for the moment believed with her that to be free from all ills, and to be with another creature who was joyously, gloriously well, made the best, the rarest and the most to be sought of all human ends and aims. He was tempted to give up his desire for revenge on the doctor and devote his energy to making himself attractive to this young woman. He weighed the possibilities of his being able to settle down in married life and earn a living in dull, day-to-day labors; he even pictured a suburban cottage, with plate glass in the front door and a canary hanging in a bay window.

"That's what the moon does to a feller," he said to himself suddenly, straightening his lean young body.

"What were you thinking about?" asked Maretta with eager yet timid curiosity.

"I was thinking that, if everybody is sick, doctors must make a lot of money," said he, lying easily.

"Doctor Fifer, my boss, does," she admitted. "There's always eight or ten waiting for him during office hours."

Evidently there was some idea in her innocent remark. Paymaster pounced on it.

"What's he charge 'em?" he asked.

"Oh, he sorts them," Maretta explained. "The five-dollar ones are on red cards; the ten-dollar ones are on yellow cards, and the twenty-dollar ones are on blue cards. All them who is in the social register goes on blue. So, when I send out the bills "

"Bills?" groaned Paymaster. "Say, don't he do any cash business?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "He encourages cash business. He likes it very well. Why, he has a drawer in his desk full of money all the time except Saturday—when he takes it to the bank. And he just loves to unlock the drawer with his little flat key and look at that money—all loose and green and yellow—and run his fingers through it."

"Whew!" said Paymaster to himself. "Those are some sweet words. Oh, well, Doctor Fifer, old boy, you'll pay for that hat of mine—and you'll pay for that laugh!"

"Then he rolls it all up and takes it to the bank—on Saturday," Miss Luther went on, watching Paymaster's lips moving silently.

"And tomorrow's Friday!" he exclaimed, jumping up.

The girl laughed.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Nothing," said Paymaster. "I'll see you tomorrow night? Here? At the same time? Eh?"

She gave him her hand and an unspoken promise.

"You're sure you never had a sick day?" she asked cautiously. "You're sure you feel all right now?"

"If I felt any better I couldn't stand it!" Paymaster exclaimed. "Don't be so suspicious—Maretta."

"Miss Luther, if you please," said she. It was a phrase she had read in a book.

Paymaster smiled. She smiled too. Then he released her hand and, with an expression almost wistful, watched her walking off among the trees. The joy of health was in her step!

"Spring," said he, addressing the personality of the season—"Spring, you are certainly some soubrette! If it wasn't for what I've got to do to the doctor I believe you'd have me in love."

Thereupon he tilted his cigarette upward and, with his empty gaze fixed on the yellow moon, with the irritating laughter of Doctor Fifer recalled to the memory of his ears, with a picture of a drawerful of yellow-and-green money created by imagination for the delight of his eyes, he displaced the tender young sprouts of affection which had shot up in the warmth of the spring night by evil plans of rascality and revenge.

Spring had tried an experiment with her first real balmy day; having met with a great success, she prepared a second. Paymaster knew she had done so the moment he awoke the next morning in his fifty-cent room. A fly was buzzing and bumping up and down the little square window-panes. He put one foot out into a streak of sunlight on the floor, yawned contentedly and rubbed his sharp nose. It was to be—for him—a great day!

At nine he had dressed and perfected the plan of campaign; at nine-fifteen he had purchased a dilapidated, second-hand traveling bag from his friend, the pawnbroker. It had a peculiar brass lock.

"By the way," said he as he started out of the store, "have you got a piece of impression wax?"

"You bet it I have!" said the professional receiver of stolen goods. "Here! Take it without a cent! Don't fergit I nefer gave it to you anyt'ings!"

At eleven, the hour at which Paymaster had determined Doctor Fifer would be leaving his house after his first lucrative office hour of the day, the rascal appeared on the avenue again, carrying his bulky leather case. He seated himself on a bench in the well-defined purple shadow of a statue of some great man for whose identity he cared nothing. He was watching the doctor's doorway, reflecting with pleasure that the fat, sleek man of science probably was taking in money at that very moment—and hoping, too, that Maretta Luther would not see him there.

At last the door opened. A thin, pale young man, bundled up elegantly and without regard to the morning warmth, in a fur overcoat, was almost thrust forth by the lovely Maretta; and because, pretty in her black dress and white cap, she lingered there on the steps Paymaster concluded that the last patient had gone and that the doctor was making ready to leave. The moment Maretta went inside again he crossed the street, and taking out his knife and opening the largest blade he stooped over the traveling bag and began to tug and strain at its handles. He did not look up as he heard the door open again, but, on the contrary, renewed his struggles.

"Germs is Everywhere. It's Something Awful!"

"Curse the thing!" he exclaimed, panting. "It's just my luck! Confound it! Blast its blooming sides! I'm balked! I'm —"

His sentence ended explosively; he flourished his knife.

"Hold on!" said the booming basso rumble of Doctor Fifer's well-fed voice. "Look here, my good fellow, don't cut your bag open!"

"I've got to do it," snarled Paymaster without looking up. "I left the keys at home. Don't bother me, mister. This bag has got my stock in it."

"Stock?" said the other, rubbing his fat hands. "What kind of stock?"

"I can't say," Paymaster grumbled. "It hasn't been shown to a soul yet."

"Humph!" the surgeon snorted. "Isn't there any other way? Must you cut it?"

"Didn't I tell you I didn't have the key? And I'm not one of those guys that always thinks he can borrow a key to fit the lock. I ain't got a minute to spare. It's a waste of time, I tell yer!"

The doctor smoothed his full, ruddy cheeks with one fat hand, a hand with a commercial value of many thousands of dollars. The other hand went to his hip pocket.

"Here's a bunch of keys," said he. "Why don't you try one or two of them? They look as if they'd fit."

"Aw!" Paymaster growled, apparently out of temper. "That's what always happens. Somebody thinks his key will fit. Well, let's see."

The moment they were in his hand he ran them over with deft fingers. One of them was small and flat.

He tried three or four, struggling over the only one which would enter the socket in the old brass lock.

"There; now you're satisfied!" he said. "Nothing doing; and my back is broke leaning over. Here's your bunch."

Without once exposing his face, he stretched his body, caught the handle of his bag in his fingers and, mumbling, started away. The doctor glanced at his keys and satisfied himself that they were all there, uninjured by the experiment. Had he been a more observant man, he would have noticed a bit of white substance clinging to one; had he been extraordinarily wise in the ways of the wicked world, he would have watched Paymaster and would have seen him, when he reached the corner, pause and look down into the hollow of his right hand. For in the rascal's palm lay a disk of wax—and on the surface of the wax was an excellent impression of a small flat key.

"His office hours this afternoon is between three and four," said Paymaster, smiling at himself in the mirror of a basement window. "That's when there is always a gang waiting for him. Well, Spring—you is some soubrette! If I felt any better I'd have to go to the country for a rest!"

He returned to the pawnbroker's.

"I want my first clothes back," he said. "Here's the bag and the brass knuckles. I'll keep the hat from Brazil; and I want a key made—like this pattern. See? How do we trade now?"

"Havin' some luck?" the sallow youth inquired.

"Luck?" said Paymaster. "Bucketfuls! By six o'clock I'll be square with a guy that laughed at me. Say, I look better in those clothes—don't I?"

"Take it from me, you look it like a gentlemens'"

"She'll like me better than ever," said Paymaster with a little grin of vanity.

Then suddenly it occurred to him that she would not; he would have to face Maretta of the golden hair and rosy skin in the rôle of a man with broken health. When he saw her it would have to be as a patient—come to see the doctor. He feared her reproaches, her disappointment. He shuddered at the idea of depriving her of her faith in his health.

"She'll think I was lying to her," he said to himself bitterly when at last he walked up the doctor's steps.

The birds were twittering behind the waterspouts, where the first straws of their nests were beginning to show.

Paymaster rang the bell and sighed painfully. A sense of sadness and a hint of impending misfortune conspired to disturb his blithe confidence.

The door opened; it was Maretta, glowing with health.

"You!" she cried. "You came to see me!"

Paymaster blushed; he stared at the ground.

Suddenly the girl clenched her hands.

"You came to see the doctor!" she cried accusingly.

Paymaster shifted one foot, rubbing the edge of the sole along the surface of the step. He was the picture of guilt.

"You deceived me! You said you was always so well! And I've been thinking about it so much!"

"Well, maybe I ain't sick," suggested Paymaster weakly. "Maybe I just got the notion. Maybe the doctor'll find there ain't anything the matter."

Maretta waited until she had led him to the door of the waiting room before she replied; then she shook her head sadly.

"He never finds there ain't anything the matter," she whispered viciously. "I just hate you!"

The thief winced; then, as he picked his way among the solemn, silent waiters in the gloom of the outer room, he comforted himself with the thought that after all he would have no right under any circumstances to make love to this golden-haired maiden. Even spring and the moonlight were not good excuses for trifling with so wholesome a capacity for affection as hers. Very well, the drawerful of

(Continued on Page 73)

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PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER 28, 1912

The Treasury and Wall Street

IMMENSE crops are moving to market; business is good and improving. These conditions usually make for dearer money. Already interest rates have been marked up in New York and bank reserves have shrunk. Secretary MacVeagh gave an interview there the other day in which he said there was no sign of a monetary stringency, adding: "But I have no doubt, should occasion arise, the treasury will be as ready to help the country as in previous years."

In other words, should money become uncomfortably tight, the treasury would dump all its spare cash into the banks. It has done this numberless times in the past and, under like conditions, would always do it in the future. To hoard cash at Washington in a monetary pinch would be as senseless as to lock up a reservoir of water in a drought. Most of the money, however, would go to Wall Street banks, because there the pinch is first felt. We should hear over again a cry that the treasury was aiding speculators, and the cry would be true, because our banking system makes speculators, with their stock-exchange collateral, preferred customers of the banks. This would be disagreeable, but there is absolutely no way of avoiding such a condition except by a policy of Government hoarding that would be a crime against legitimate business.

This method of treasury aids to Wall Street in a pinch is our poor, clumsy substitute for a centralized banking system, with intimate Governmental relationships, which every other great commercial nation enjoys. Nevertheless, we are glad that no party platform indorses the Aldrich plan or one like it. Evidently public opinion is not ready for a genuine banking reform, and until it is ready the subject had better be kept out of politics.

A Canadian Example

WE HAVE remarked before that Canada is booming. For example, in 1905 gross earnings of her premier railroad system—then operating eighty-five hundred miles of line—touched fifty million dollars for the first time. In 1911 gross earnings of the same system—then operating slightly under ten thousand five hundred miles—crossed the hundred-million-dollar mark; and in the last fiscal year the road, with an addition of about five hundred miles to its total length of line, took in over a hundred and twenty-three million dollars. Probably it would be difficult to match these figures anywhere, except by going back to a period when many of our railroads were bankrupt. At any rate, with an increase of twenty-eight per cent in mileage, we have an increase of one hundred and forty-six per cent in gross earnings since 1905, the average freight rate a ton for a mile being almost exactly what it was seven years ago.

The fortunate stockholders receive ten per cent dividends; but only seven per cent comes from operations of the railroad proper, the remainder being derived from "land sales and investments." Outstanding stock amounts to one hundred and eighty million dollars, while from sales of land donated to it and from various bonuses and subsidies the road has received about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars, and still has unsold eleven million acres of land worth, no doubt, at least another hundred and twenty-five millions. Perhaps the stockholders are entitled to their ten per cent; but the public, which supplied more money or its equivalent—for the undertaking than the stockholders ever did, to say nothing of the immensely increased traffic, is certainly entitled to anything within reason that it asks for.

Pity the Poor Spellbinder

AN INGENIOUS French savant, M. Ossip-Lourié, has discovered that a great deal of political oratory results from a disease—thereby confirming a suspicion we have long entertained. No one can spend much time, for example, in the gallery of the United States Senate without forming an opinion that a considerable number of gentlemen down on the floor are suffering from a terrible nervous malady. They appear to have no more control over their powers of speech than an epileptic has over his muscular actions, and go off into verbal fits in the most irrelevant manner and at most inopportune times.

They are victims, says M. Ossip-Lourié, of verbomania: a sort of hysteria that compels the unhappy victim to burst forth into speech on every possible and impossible occasion. By careful investigation the Frenchman finds that sufferers from this disease are usually conscious of it and strive to overcome it. Until the malady has reached that chronic state where the light of reason is practically obliterated in the victim's brain, a typical verbomaniac will struggle, with set teeth and clenched hands, to hold back the flood of words that wells up within him; but all in vain. One poor sufferer explained to M. Ossip-Lourié that speech was to him a physical necessity, like breathing. An attempt to restrain speech has much the same effect as an attempt to hold one's breath. You exert your will to the utmost; your face turns purple; your very eyeballs become congested; but at length, in spite of yourself, you must open your mouth. So it is with the unfortunate verbomaniac: he must speak or bust!

Now that science has taken hold of this malady, there is room for hope that its germ will be run to earth and exterminated. Meanwhile the unfortunate verbomaniacs—and the public must suffer on.

Training Head and Hands

AT LANSING, Michigan, as in every other American town, boys left school long before graduation. The reasons were the same everywhere—mere academic instruction no longer interested them; they wanted to get at something that would actually fit them for breadwinning, or they felt obliged to begin to earn something. At the same time, various shops in Lansing, mostly making automobiles and accessories, found difficulty in obtaining skilled mechanics having such an educational foundation as to make them available, later on, for responsible positions. The schools lacked boys to train; the shops lacked boys who were trained; so they coöperated. An arrangement has been made so that boys can both go to school and work in the shops, the boys being paired. One week the first boy of the pair goes to school, the second to the shop; next week the second boy goes to school, the first to the shop. Similar conditions at Hartford, Connecticut, have led to a coöperative arrangement between schools and shops, whereby boys can earn something, learn a trade under actual shop conditions and still receive textbook instruction.

These small but valuable experiments point in the direction we must go. The vast waste and inefficiency of the old educational system are more apparent and become more clearly understood every day. In the end we must educate boys and girls for the needs of American society as it exists today, and not according to purely theoretical requirements whose only validity rests upon a state of society that existed a hundred years ago when education was an aristocratic interest.

Canceled Ship Orders

THE first fruit of the Panama Canal Act is an exceedingly unpleasant diplomatic difference with Great Britain and an imputation abroad that the United States has no regard for treaty obligations. The second result is cancellation of orders for four big ships that would have cost twelve million dollars. The ships were to have been built for the Pacific Mail Company, owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad; but the act says it shall be unlawful for any railroad to "own, operate or have any interest whatsoever" in any ship "operated through the canal or elsewhere, with which the railroad may compete for traffic." The Pacific Mail Company, therefore, can build no new ships and presumably will have to sell those it already owns to Canada, Japan, Argentina or some other enlightened country that wants ships.

Another provision says that no ship owned or operated by a person or company that is party to a restraint of trade under the Sherman Law shall pass through the canal. This would shut out probably two-thirds of the shipping of the world, exclusive of the United States, as well as the large commercial fleet of the United Fruit Company.

The bill, on the whole, exhibits Congress at one degree above zero—the one degree consisting in the provision for free ships and free shipping materials. Otherwise the act treats lightly our solemn compact with England, grants a veiled ship subsidy and then imposes restrictions which, if actually applied, would limit the use of the canal mostly to war vessels and canoes. The act was passed in dogdays and undoubtedly looks like it.

A Fable for Farmers

A LEADING organ of Wall Street opinion blames it all on the farmers. It finds, from the census, that though population increased twenty-one per cent in the last decade, acreage devoted to the cereals increased only three and a half per cent and aggregate production of cereals increased less than two per cent; but prices advanced seventy per cent. In short, by keeping down production in the face of an ever-increasing population the farmer has forced prices higher and higher; and our Wall Street contemporary argues in all seriousness that the farmer constitutes a gigantic, overshadowing, world-devouring trust, gorging himself with wealth—total value of farm property having risen by more than twenty billion dollars in the ten years—while the remainder of the population groans for bread. Here, it says, is the whole secret of increased cost of living; and what would the politicians do to a Wall Street trust, dealing in prime necessaries of life, that failed to enlarge its output while prices of the commodities it manufactured rose year after year, and its own wealth augmented by two billions yearly?

We are glad to pass this screed along to many thousand farmers, because no doubt they are already familiar with various other screeds that blame the whole increase in cost of living on the trusts. It is well to know that though a certain segment of political thought sees a remedy for nearly all our ills in trust-busting there is another segment which holds that all the nation really needs is something in the nature of farmer-busting. Both segments are about equally logical and helpful.

Whipping-Post and Dope

EARLY in September what the newspapers call a mutiny occurred in a Western penitentiary. Disorder was so extensive that prisoners were locked in their cells and some of the most obstreperous were overcome by throwing ammonia and formaldehyde through the bars. The board of prison control authorized the warden to use any kind of corporal punishment he judged necessary to restore discipline. The chairman of the board was quoted as saying a whipping-post would be erected in the yard where the men would see it daily on their way to work, adding: "We are going to restore order in this prison."

One press report concludes: "A crusade against the dope traffic which led to the resignation of a guard who admitted he had supplied the convicts with large quantities of opium is believed to be the real cause of the uprising."

Sheep and Wolves

THE classic attitude of the law toward crime was purely impersonal and objective. Breaking into a house to steal, the law said, was burglary and should be punished by so many years in the penitentiary. A hardened, habitual rogue, ready to kill at the drop of a hat, might break into A's house, pistol in hand. A merely weak or inebriate person, suddenly tempted to his first offense by an open window, might enter B's house. The law was not interested in the difference between the two men. Both had done the thing it inhibited—breaking into a house—and it put them both in the same category as burglars. It dealt with the impersonal thing—crime—and not with the individual thing—the criminal.

Nearly everybody understands nowadays that in order to deal with a man intelligently, for the best interests of society, it is less important to know what he did than why and how he did it. A forger may be an incorrigible criminal, or he may be an essentially well-meaning, good-hearted and generally honest person who has yielded to temptation once, but with a little fright and admonition would ever after be a harmless and even useful member of society. It is surely senseless to treat these two men in the same way.

The science of criminology starts with this fundamental difference of dealing with the individual criminal rather than with the impersonal thing called crime. In most of our prisons the old, impersonal attitude is still carried to its most absurd length. Every inmate is classed simply as a criminal or convict and treated in the same way. Thus the regimen and discipline are necessarily adjusted for all prisoners, with a view to what the worst of them may do. A few institutions have already adopted a more enlightened method of classification, separating the better prisoners from the worse. An intelligent classification should be adopted everywhere.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Theoram Johnsovelt

IN ORDER to make myself clear, let me begin by saying that though Theodore Roosevelt is the Hiram Johnson of Oyster Bay, Hiram Johnson is likewise the Theodore Roosevelt of Sacramento—not forgetting, however, that Oyster Bay is on the Atlantic Coast and that Sacramento is only a hundred miles or so from the Pacific's edge.

Should it so happen that the two should meet at Columbus, Indiana—which, if I remember correctly, contains the center of population in or about a cow-pasture—it would be quite difficult to distinguish one from the other; in fact, the impression would be that of a composite person, a sort of a Theoram Johnsovelt, for those two boys do cut up about the same. If Theodore has anything on Hiram in the way of strenuousness what it is is not apparent to close observers of the two in action, and when it comes to language they denounce, defy, declare and declaim with equal facility and ferocity. The only thing in Theodore's favor is that he has had more advertising than Hiram, having been nearer the center of the stage for some time back, as it were.

Of course when Mr. Roosevelt decided to form his new party and to run for president as the candidate of that party it was an absolute certainty Hiram would be the candidate for vice-president. Any other choice was an impossibility. A lot of people said Judge Ben Lindsey, of Denver, would be The Colonel's running mate, but that was absurd. Not that the Judge isn't a good Progressive and thoroughly in sympathy and all that, but he weighs only about ninety pounds, and he would have seemed sort of ghastly in the rôle of Bull Moose No. 2; whereas Hiram is as thick through the chest as The Colonel, and as columnar as to neck, and as square as to chin, and as regular and moosey as need be. So they picked Hiram—that is, The Colonel did the picking, and thereupon the convention repicked him, indulging in some congregational singing the while.

There is one grand thing about Hiram just as there is about The Colonel. Whenever you ask any Californian about Hiram—saying casually as if you didn't care much, but merely inquired for the purpose of keeping the conversation going: "What 'sort of a chap is this man Johnson anyhow?"—you get an answer quick as a flash, that informs you according to whatever slant the person answering may have on Johnson. There is none of that non-committal stuff: "Oh, he's a good fellow," or "Fair—means well and all that." There is never a word of that. Instead, you are informed explicitly that Hiram Johnson is the grandest little patriot who ever trod the soil of California or any other of our choice collection of imperial commonwealths, the greatest exemplar of the reform in politics and the most militant crusader the sun of San Diego ever shone upon or the fogs of San Francisco ever fogged upon; or, conversely, you are told definitely that Hiram Johnson is the biggest fraud, the worst demagogue, the most selfish of all self-seeking politicians of the day, insincere and anarchistic and a sad affair.

Scrapping the Word-Mincing Machine

THERE is no middle ground about it. Hiram is either the best or the worst, according to the views of the portrayer. Every Californian has decided opinions about him. He is that kind. It would be impossible to hold a non-committal idea concerning Johnson. He isn't a non-committal sort of a person. Indeed, he never non-commits. He commits and recommits, and his friends cheer for him while his enemies jeer for him and Hiram bats six hundred in the See-a-Head-and-Hit-It League.

The way that man Johnson talks out in meeting is enough to give the usual trimming politician perpetual aphasia. If he and The Colonel ever perform on the same platform you'll hear as fancy a line of denunciation of the bosses as ever was presented for the consideration of the public. Johnson may have had a word-mincing machine in his earlier days, but he discarded it prior to the time he went after the Southern Pacific crowd in his campaign for governor of California a few years ago, and he has never used it since. Words are raw material with him and he throws them at his audiences and at his opponents in the rough—large, rectangular, sharp-cornered words. When he starts out to be earnest he is so earnest he gets all in a lather about it. Being positive, he is positive. Hence his supporters hurrah for him even in their sleep, and his non-supporters view him with alarm twenty-four hours a day.

Johnson is a lawyer, and he has fussed in California politics now and then and here and there for some years.

He Has the Courage of His Conversation

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Then came the San Francisco graft trials and the shooting of Heney. Johnson took up the graft cases where Heney was forced to lay them down because of his wounds, and he finished them to the ultimate increase of the population of San Quentin prison. Along about this time, as an outgrowth of the revolt against the political activity of the Southern Pacific Railroad, the Lincoln-Roosevelt League came into being. A primary law was passed and the time seemed ripe to take one final swipe at the railroad crowd.

Johnson was made the candidate of the league for governor, and he went out in an automobile and covered that thousand-mile-long state from end to end—crisscross and up and down. He chose for his simple and continual text these few ringing words, "Kick the Southern Pacific out of politics," and organized a kicking posse that had enough leg-power to win him the primary nomination. This attained, he started out again and campaigned the state from top to bottom, using the same automobile and the same text. The results were all that could be desired from a Johnson viewpoint, for he was elected and the Southern Pacific dropped politics and began to interest itself exclusively in the transportation business.

A legislature that would work with him came in with Johnson, and a lot of constitutional amendments, including woman suffrage, followed. Meantime Johnson had announced he was for La Follette for president, and that he intended to throw California into line for a Progressive Republican candidate; but that was before Colonel Roosevelt had deposited his derby in the debate. Later—in company with Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, and a few others—Johnson took a little trip to New York and had a session with The Colonel. Both Johnson and Stubbs are professional inciters. They are skilled in all branches of plain and fancy inciting. They were in fine form when they began on Mr. Roosevelt, and they had a responsive subject. Thus, not long afterward, The Colonel issued his startling proclamation and the merry war was on until the final round-up.

Some Early-Fall 'Rausmitting

JOHNSON knew what he was talking about when he said he could carry California in the primaries for a Progressive candidate for the Republican nomination for president. He did exactly that. To be sure, the highly efficient Republican National Committee deprived California of two delegates; but that made no particular difference, for what the California delegation deprived the Republican National Committee of made it far more than an even break for the Johnson folks. Johnson and his delegates returned to California unleashing, at every step en route, statements about the outrages that had been perpetrated at Chicago.

Naturally when the Progressive convention was held Johnson was there. So were many other Californians. As I have said, Johnson was the logic of the situation for vice-president, just as the situation was the Johnson of the logic. It had been observed that, of all the Progressives, Johnson was the one who seemed to complement The Colonel. At the first Chicago convention it was Johnson who, coming into the room where Mr. Roosevelt sat, could by a few well-chosen lines of thought stir The Colonel into fiercer action than a roomful of Jimmie Garfields or William Flinns. Let Johnson appear and declaim a short paragraph of ringing will-ye-be-slaves inquiry, and The Colonel would emit a defi that could be heard far above the hoarse yells for highbulls in the Pompeian room below. Hiram never failed to get Rooseveltian action when action seemed desirable.

As has ever been the case when a man like Johnson goes into public life, Johnson's friends in California are his real friends and his enemies are his real enemies. He is no wishy-washy, compromising person. Hence his enemies charge that, so far from being a reformer, he is the most obnoxious sort of a boss; that he is building or has built up—by the use of patronage—a state-wide machine to further his own ambitions, and a lot of things like that. This doesn't seem to worry Johnson any, nor does it worry his friends, for they have gone along and put through whatever they have had in mind, thus showing that the majority is still with him.

He is a great campaigner, and will do a lot of rousing and 'rausmitting between now and November. There is no sturdier defender of the faith that is in him than Johnson. He is a forceful, red-blooded citizen with the courage of his conversation. You may not agree with him, but if you do not you will actively disagree with him. You never will disregard him. He isn't the kind to be disregarded. If you are for him, get in line; if you are against him, fall out, for the middle of the road is unexplored and useless territory so far as Johnson is concerned.

Getting to the Bottom of Things

HERB HUTCHINS hung round the mines in Arizona. One day he got too close to a shaft and fell in. He dropped one hundred and twenty-five feet and struck with considerable of a dull thud.

When they fished Herb up and patched him together they asked him what in thunder he was doing at the mouth of that mine.

"Oh," Herb replied, "I was sort of expertin' round."

"What did you find?" he was asked.

"Wal," Herb groaned, "the fust twenty-five feet was all the owners claimed, but after that I got to goin' so dummed fast I couldn't make no notes."

A Big Story

RIVALRY between the correspondents who cover the Topeka news for the Kansas City newspapers is great, and each of the correspondents is constantly trying to get an exclusive story for his paper.

When the Populists were in power the competition between the correspondent of the Kansas City Star and the correspondent of the Kansas City Times, which in those days was not owned by Baron Nelson, of the Star, was keen.

One day a Populist state official met the correspondent of the Times and said: "I've got a big story for you. It will be ready in a few days and I'm going to give it to you exclusively."

The Times man was tickled, but a few days later he was surprised to find a big story that was real news in the Star—a story that came from the man who promised him the exclusive.

He looked up that official and began to berate him.

"Hold on," said the Populist official; "I admit I gave that news to the Star man, but I really had two stories. That was one of them. I am saving the other, which is far bigger and better and more important, for you, and you are going to have a clean scoop on it."

"When will it be ready?" asked the Times man, somewhat mollified.

"Oh, I'll have it done in a few days."

"Done?" asked the Times man suspiciously. "What is this big story about?"

"Why," said the official, "it is an article I am writing especially for you. I call it: Seventy-Five Reasons Why I am a Populist."

Billy Fortune and That Yellow Streak

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

It Went Back on Him Bad!

DID you ever try to count up how many different ways there are for foolin' you? Don't it seem as if there's a heap too many? Wouldn't you think that just a few real good ways would be enough? But the way it is there's so many that it keeps you fooled all the time. Can you see the good of that? How do they ever expect you to get wise? Wouldn't you relish meetin' up with somebody sometime that wouldn't try to fool you at all? I sure would. But every different one has a different way. It wouldn't be so bad if it wasn't for that yellow streak. I don't care how much a man just lies to me. They tell me I'm a right capable liar myself when there's anything worth lyin' about. A good liar can help out a whole lot with the variety—can't he? It's your own fault if you let him fool you, because you don't have to believe him if you don't want to. But how are you goin' to help it when that yellow streak crops out? Do you know any rule to go by for knowin' it's there? I wish you'd tell it to me. That's the thing that keeps makin' a dunce out of me. I'm gettin' right weary with it. There ain't any way to tell it that I know of till it's all over—and then it's too late.

It was too late that time when we found it out on Honorable George Price Oakes—too late to save the hurt, I mean. He didn't exactly get away with it. Right at the tail end the boys kind of took hold and fixed things up to suit theirselves; but we might every bit as well have let him go for all the good our messin' with it done. All we got out of it was satisfaction.

He was one of these great men, Honorable George Price Oakes was. Anybody could tell it on him. It was printed in the paper, too, up at Lusk, right after he blew in; and, besides, he kept sayin' so himself, for fear there might be some mistake about it. There wasn't, though—there just couldn't be; it was burned into him good and big and deep on both sides, front and back, and he was earmarked with it so you could notice it as far as you could see him.

He'd come clear out there from back in New York and he was seekin' investments for his money. There was a syndicate of 'em, and they'd sent him out to look for a chance to buy a big bunch of land and run sheep on it. That's what he said. And maybe after a while they'd go into cows—mines, too, if he could find some good ones. And he didn't know but they might whirl in and build a piece of railroad and a string of towns. He'd be willin' to pick up just any little trinkets like that if he could get hold of 'em right for his folks to put their money in. It would help Wyoming a heap too. What Wyoming needed was to have capital come in and be invested. You couldn't run a country without capital—and plenty of it. That's the way he talked.

And that's the way he looked. Money? You could see it all over him; he was just solid and fat with it, clear from his square shoes up to the big, square shoulders. The signs of it bulged out at you from everywhere. His big face was pink with it, and his voice was husky with it, and his little gray eyes was cunnin' with it. You'd have knew he had a plenty without anybody to tell you—only he kept tellin' you. Terrible familiar with it, he was, in his talk; he could talk about a million just as easy as you could talk about two bits. Him and his folks was willin' to spend some millions if they could find the right sort of chances. At least that's what he said.

They'd been sayin' different things about him—round over the country—since he'd come. I'd been hearin' some of 'em, but I hadn't ever saw him till the day I swapped the gun to Steve Brainard for them silver spurs. We was settin' together on the edge of the sidewalk out in front of Snyder's, and I was rubbin' up the spurs with my handkerchief and triflin' along in the talk with Steve for a while, till we seen this Oakes man comin' up the sidewalk, with a couple of the boys with him. They was a committee. He'd had 'em make up a committee right after he'd hit town, to trail round with him and help him get acquainted; he didn't eat a meal of victuals or take a drink without his committee along with him. And here they come, one on each side of him. They didn't seem to have nothin' to do but try not to look foolish; he was doin' the talkin'.

I reckoned he'd just go on by, but he didn't. When he got up to me and Steve he stopped and squared himself round at us.

"Ah," says he, "these gentlemen are strangers, I believe." He wasn't overlookin' anything—was he? One of the boys that was with him took it up.

"Steve Brainard and Billy Fortune," says he—"Mr. Oakes."

He put out his big, thick hand to us and shook with us, one at a time, slow and heavy and solemn. He'd had experience shakin' hands; he done it so you'd have judged that us two was every bit as distinguished as him, startin' to let go and then takin' a fresh hold and a fresh wag at it—real affectionate.

"Honorable Mr. Oakes," says he. "Honorable George Price Oakes, gentlemen—of New York. Delighted, gentlemen, I'm sure—delighted! You may have heard of me. I'm here in the interests of extensive capital. We're proposing to spend a lot of money in your country. No objections, gentlemen?"

I expect that must have been some kind of a joke, because he laughed at it—just quivered all over with it.

"Yes," says he, "we're planning to spend a little money with you if we can find the opportunity. And it's a country of opportunity—a glorious country, gentlemen, in a great many respects."

I couldn't think of anything to say to him; but Steve could.

"Yes," says Steve, "there's nothin' the matter with the country that I know of—only the dryness. It sure does get terrible dry by spells."

You'd have thought Steve had said somethin' real bright by the way the Oakes man took it; he just fair choked on it, shakin' and gurglin' till he had to lean up against the horserack to get over it.

"Dryness?" says he. "My dear friend, there's a good old way of curing that complaint. Come!" And there he went, with his big arm hooked in Steve's.

I can't say I cared much for him. I'd have said so, most likely, after we'd had our drink if it hadn't been for Steve; but when we'd left 'em, after a bit, Steve give a snort.

"Oakes!" says he. "Billy, that man's real name is Slippery Elm. Ain't he the smooth one?"

Well, I had to be contrary, didn't I? That's got to be a kind of a habit with me, especially whenever Steve springs one of his propositions on me. He's deceived me with so many of 'em, Steve has, real deliberate, that he's got me scared to agree with one of 'em any more.

"Shucks!" I says. "I don't see nothin' wrong with him. He struck me like a real good citizen. Wyoming can sure use a few like him—him bein' so friendly and liberal."

Steve give me one of his sideways looks.

"What's ailin' your mind, Billy?" says he. "Friendly? He's friendly the same way a coyote is with a sheep. And liberal? Just because he bought you a drink! When you're out after trout ain't you some liberal with the bait?"

"I think he's right considerable of a man," says I, stubborn. "All that's eatin' you is you're jealous of him because he's got lots of it to spend."

"Oh, rats!" says Steve. "He'll take a sight more out of the country than he leaves in it when he quits it."

"He ain't goin' to quit it at all," says I. "He's goin' to stay right here and be one of us. I hope he does. I like him fine." I was just sayin' it to prod him along; but Steve wouldn't say anything more to me about him—all he done, when we come to where his pony was tied, was to climb up and strike off home, with just a high sign to me with his hand.

They kept right on talkin' about the Oakes man, after that. They couldn't help it—he sort of made 'em, because here pretty soon come a couple of other lads. Engineers, he said they was. The three of 'em threw in together and commenced drillin' round the country down through the Buttes and over in the Muskrat Hills, and clear beyond. They wasn't takin' any committee with 'em—just the three of 'em would go alone; and sometimes they'd load up with grub and camp truck and be gone as much as three or four days, and they'd come back and shut theirselves up in their room and be at it till 'way along in the night. And when they'd come down in the mornin' they'd be lookin' wore out and anxious and excited, settin' over at their table in the corner of the dinin' room and whisperin' over big maps and blueprints. And telegrams!—as long as your arm, some of 'em was—only the agent couldn't make head or tail out of most of 'em. Cipher, they was, he said. You couldn't find out anything from the Oakes bunch, because none of 'em was sayin' a word to anybody any more.

And then, one day, here come a telegram for the Oakes man. The news of it leaked out somehow and traveled everywhere by night; it didn't seem to be one of them three that told it—they was keepin' terrible still—but it got out. "Organization completed—five millions in bonds subscribed—also majority stock—can begin operations at once." That's what she said—somethin' like that. It was five millions it said anyway. And then the next thing anybody knew there was a gang settin' stakes on the flats below the Buttes and runnin' levels and such, busy as a flock of kittens in a catnip patch; and it got sort of circulated round that they was filin' desert claims on a lot of the vacant land and takin' contracts on a heap more—big patches, scattered all up and down.

And then the Oakes man commenced to open up and talk a little bit confidential—not to everybody, you know, but just to them that was his particular friends, only he'd made considerable many particular friends, with them particular friendly ways of his. It was turnin' out just like he'd said along at first. A railroad was goin' on through to somewheres below, so as to get to all that

"Billy," He Says to Me, "Don't It Strike You That If You Ever Had One of These of Your Own It Would Come Pretty Near Takin' All the Cussedness Out of You?"

undeveloped country. That's the way Honorable George Price Oakes said it—"all that undeveloped country." The way he said it, you had to believe him too. And we had a new it was undeveloped ourselves. There just couldn't be any doubt about it. And there was a town to start right near that big dogflat alongside the trail, above where Old Mother Featherlegs used to run her ranch. And a big dam had been located to catch the rainwater. I forget how much rainwater the engineer lads said it would catch, but it was all you'd ever want. That was for power for the mills. Why, certainly there was goin' to be mills! How else do you reckon they could get out all that marble and granite, and work up all that cedar for pencils—and the grindstones and all suchlike—and the wool factory and the big leather works? The country was fair crawlin' with raw materials, they said, just waitin' to be worked up. It certainly was too; hadn't we been lookin' at raw materials all our whole lives so far as we could see, till we was weary with 'em? And now Oakes and his folks was goin' to work 'em up.

Don't it sound just rank ridiculous to you? Sugar! Would you have figured he could have stung us with it—a real wise bunch like us—right under our very noses? Just lookin' at me, would you reckon he could have took any of my money away from me with it? It's real odd, ain't it? I expect he wouldn't have got any of mine if Steve hadn't poked me up to it. I'm always right careful about how I make investments with my money; I mostly kind of prefer poker chips for a regular thing; but I sure got side-tracked that time. Steve done it when I run into him again up at town, loadin' steers. It was a couple of weeks or so after the news had got out and you could hear 'em all talkin' about it.

"Well, Billy," Steve says to me, "which are you buyin' town lots or stock?"

I hadn't just exactly set my heart on buyin' neither one, but I wasn't goin' to tell him so.

"You better take the town lots, Billy," says Steve. "You can get a real good one, all full of nice, round little dogholes, for only fifty dollars, they tell me—if you don't put it off too long. I'd take a few of them, Billy, if I was you."

"Well," I says, "I don't know but I will. Most of 'em is takin' stock, though, up our way. I expect I'll just take whichever he says I'd better. He'll know which is best for me."

You'd have thought he was disgusted with me.

"You darn fool!" he says to me. "Honest, Billy, I wouldn't wonder if you would! It sounds for all the world just exactly like you."

"It is just exactly like me," says I, "because that's just what I'm sure goin' to do. I'm goin' up to see him right thus very minute."

I guess mebbe it was just like me, too, because I bought me some of both of 'em. Yes, sir; I bought me a town lot for fifty, a block from where the big railroad station was goin' to be. Honorable George Price Oakes showed it to me himself on the map. And then I give him fifty more for a piece of the stock. Don't ask me why I done it. I didn't hanker none for it. Nor he didn't want to sell it to me—he told me so himself. What he said was that they'd started the company just to make some money for theirselves, and they hadn't started out to sell none of the stock to nobody but their own bunch; nor the lots, neither, till they'd got the town really commenced; but —— Oh, you know! I didn't care. I didn't know but mebbe I might use 'em someway sometime. If you just keep it long enough you can find some use or other for pretty near anything—can't you?

Oh, well, that part of it's all right. That part wouldn't have mattered a speck if he'd just riffled it off of the boys. I'm just tellin' you that part so you can see what he was up to. He wasn't no amateur at it; but nobody wouldn't have made any fuss about it if he'd just had the judgment to let the widow alone. That's where he fell down. If he'd just confined his attention to gettin' our money and gettin' away with it he'd have made it; but ain't you noticed that one of these men that's so terrible cunnin' in some ways is liable to be pretty feeble in some others? That's what keeps things kind of balanced up—don't you reckon? Anyways, it was the widow that done it.

Do you know anything about widows? They're right curious—ain't they? Did you ever care for one of 'em much if you'd knew her before she got to be one and had saw how it changed her? You want 'em to be just widows—don't you? This one was right new at it yet, but it sure had changed her a heap from the way she'd been. Millidge, her name was—Mrs. Sam Millidge it had used to be; but it had got to be Cora Anita Millidge lately, since they'd sold the ranch for her and put her money in the bank, where she could spend it.

A plumb sixty thousand it was after everything was cleaned up. Sam, he'd been a right good hand at the cow business; and he'd made money regular, keepin' right with it and savin' it up. He'd been one of the sort you liked first-rate till his horse had throwed him and broke his neck. She had, too, when she was nothin' but Mrs. Sam Millidge, helpin' him run the ranch and fixin' dinner for the boys friendly—and them kind of things. Yes, sir; she'd been right popular, and she'd have been able to make a winnin' at bein' a widow if she'd come into the country that way at first. She seemed as if she knew just how to be one; but she'd contracted it right there, and all the folks could remember back—and they couldn't seem to get used to the notion of Cora Anita Millidge settin' out to spend the Sam Millidge widow-money. I expect mebbe she'd been havin' some ideas of her own, and had been sort of savin' 'em up, about what she'd do with the money if Sam was ever to leave it to her. Does that sound so horrible unreasonable to you? Don't you reckon that there's lots of men's wives—even the real steady, reliable ones—that takes spells some time or other of wonderin' how they'd look in one of them widow's outfits if they had money enough to buy the kind they wanted?

There Must Have Been Half a Peck of It Piled up on the Table

She didn't want one of the common ones. Cora Anita didn't. She went down to Omaha and stayed there a month and had 'em make her up a whole bunch of 'em, with different hats and all the fixin's. You'd have been surprised. She was Cora Anita Millidge when she got back to Lush after that trip. The paper said Cora Anita Millidge had come back; and she had it printed that way on her visitin' cards, with a black rim round it. She didn't go back to the ranch at all, but just fixed her up some rooms in town to live in, and took to bein' real genteel. They said she'd picked up a genteel little kind of a laugh instead of the way she'd used to holler out when things had tickled her before; and she'd quit drinkin' her coffee out of the side of her saucer, like we'd been used to seein' her do, and she'd took to drawlin' about how terrible little there was for society in the cow country; and when she talked any about Sam it was "Mister Millidge." I don't know whether she felt real afflicted by havin' him break his neck or not. Mebbe so. It ain't genteel to seem too sorry before folks—is it? Anyway, they'd sold the ranch and put the money in the bank for her.

They tell me that when a widow commences to take up with the next one he's always apt to be considerable different from the last one. Honorable George Price Oakes certainly didn't resemble Sam Millidge none. Yes, sir; I mean she commenced to take up with the Oakes man. It wasn't but a little while till anybody could have noticed it. I guess mebbe she wanted a genteel one this time; and it begun to look as if she was sure goin' to get him by the way he acted. He went right straight at it. You'd have judged that man must have had some information about widows or else he was a terrible good guesser, because he certainly made headway. It wasn't but a couple of weeks till he had a big blue automobile sent up, with a lad in brass buttons to run it, and was takin' her with him down to see 'em stakin' out the railroad and gettin' out rock for the dam; and then the next thing the name of the new town was Cora. How do you expect Sam would have liked that? and him only dead since the beginnin' of the year! But, then, mebbe he was just as dead by then as he ever would be. If Cora Anita ever thought about that part of it she done her thinkin' to herself. She let the rest of folks do the talkin'. They done it too. You could hear quite a bit of talk if you'd listen. There wasn't any call for anybody to stick his bill into it; but it was gettin' to be real conspicuous. No, sir; there wasn't anything in particular the matter with it—only the swiftness; but they're liable to be swift when there's a widow in 'em. I don't know but that's as good a way as any. Puttin' things off don't ever get you much. It was certainly all right with me if it suited them.

It seemed as if it suited Steve, too, the next time I saw him, because he commenced grinnin' and apologizin' to me.

"Billy," says he, "I take it all back. Your Oakes friend ain't a bit the kind of a fool I thought he was. He's goin' to get married and settle right down here—ain't he? I'm real pleased. You don't happen to want to sell that lot of yours?"

It made me feel right chesty. It ain't often you get that man to talkin' to you like that.

"No, I don't," says I. "What would I want to sell it for? It's makin' me money, that lot is, because they're sellin' 'em like mine now for sixty-five apiece—and there ain't but a mighty few of 'em left. They're goin' to jump to seventy-five next week."

They didn't though. Don't it beat all how things turn out on you! By the middle of next week you could have bought the whole blessed dog-town for six bits, with the rock-pile throwed in! No, I don't mind a quick finish a speck; but I don't like to have it hurt my feelin's. That's what makes me say what I do about makin' investments in them little round red-white-and-blue boys. They don't

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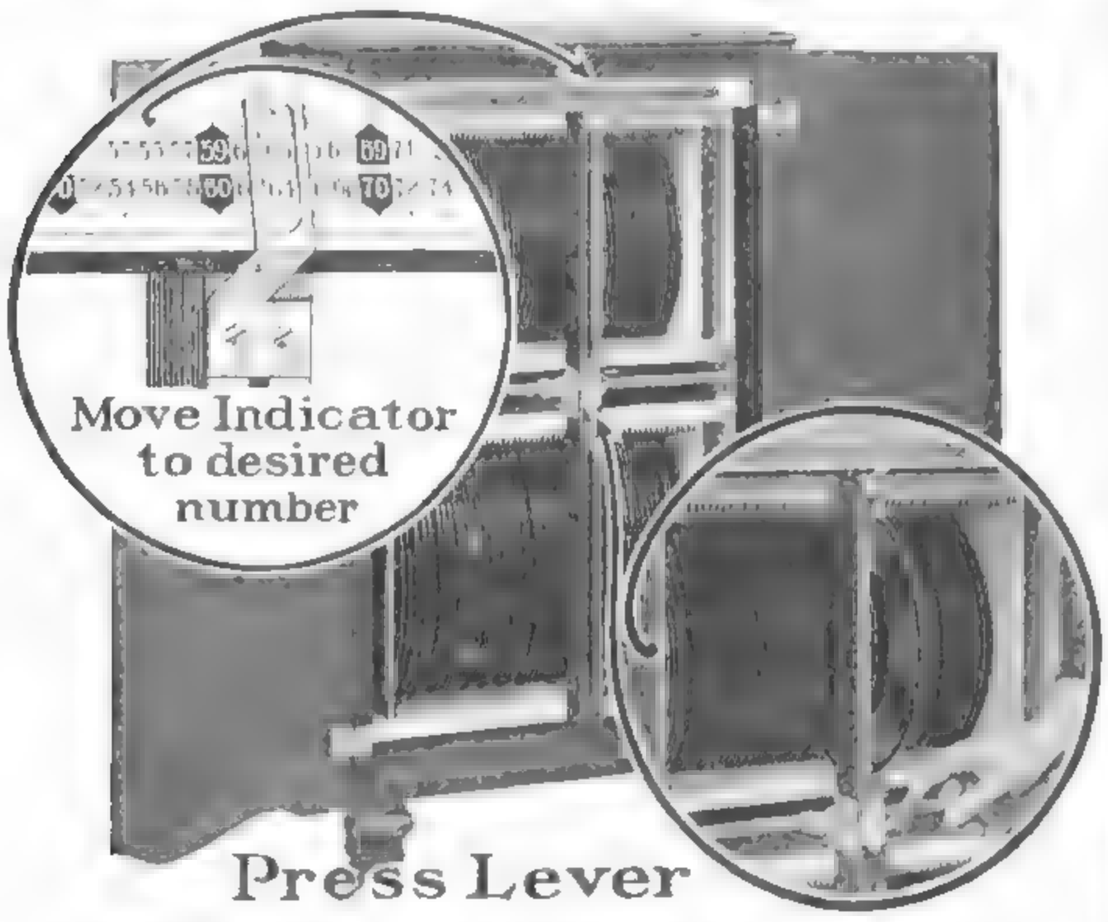

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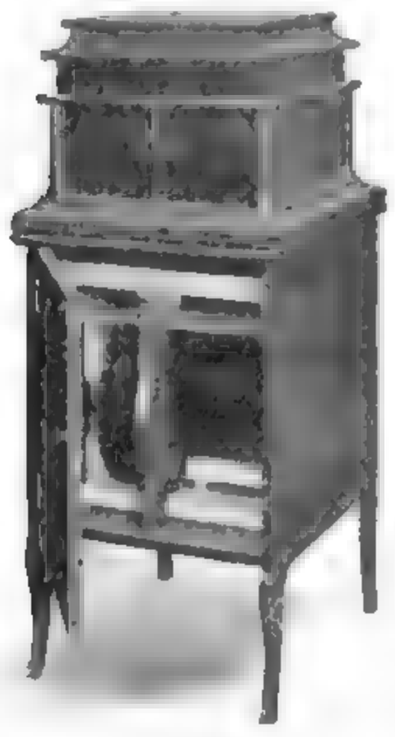

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always act just the way you expect 'em to, but, the way you don't expect 'em to, do you? You can't trust 'em, even if they do deceive you, because they ain't mean about it. The finish in the Oakes business was real mean, it struck me. What made it pain my spirit most was that it was me that started it, with that Steve right by me and rehshin' it.

He'd gone down to Crawford to gather up a bunch of horses that was goin' to be shipped East with some from the Lusk country, with me along to help him. Four days it had took us, with some hard ridin' and a mess of brandin'; but we'd got through and I was buyin' the railroad tickets for back home.

"Two for little old Lusk," says I; and then when I started to turn away from the window somebody touched me on the sleeve. A woman it was. A little bit of a woman, with great, big, sorrowful, dark eyes lookin' at me out of a thin little face that was just perfectly white. And there was a baby snuggled up in the crook of her arm—a little, wee scrap of a baby, no bigger than a middle-sized kitten—sound asleep.

"Lusk?" the woman says to me. "Are you going to Lusk? Are you acquainted with the people at Lusk?"

"Why, yes, ma'am," says I. "If there's any of 'em I don't know they've come in since Monday."

"May I speak with you for a moment?" says she; and she took me over and had me set down beside her on a bench, where she could study me a while. She seemed awful nervous and worked up. Young too; she didn't look like much more than a kid herself.

"Will you please tell me," says she, "if you know Mr. Moriarty there Mr. Terence Moriarty?"

"Why, no, ma'am," I says; "I don't believe I do. There ain't anybody by that name in the country that I know of."

It seemed as if it wasn't so easy for her to say the next part, because she looked away from me down at the baby, tuckin' its little frock round its feet, with her little hand commencin' to tremble. She didn't look up at me when she said the next thing.

"It might be," says she, "that he's known there by some other name. I've been told that he's been there for the last two months. You'd be sure to remember him if you'd seen him—a very large man and well dressed; and he'd be likely to be showing a good deal of money. I was told he was promoting a town site somewhere out there."

How do you think you'd have liked that? Wouldn't it have bothered you some? It did me. Yes, sir; I had a feelin' that right there was where the finish started.

"Town site?" says I to her. "Might his name be Oakes mebbe?—Honorable George Price Oakes, of New York? A great, big man, with a flock of double chins and a fat voice, and little eyes about the color of a dime? Might that be the Moriarty man?"

I was plumb sure it was by the way she took it, with her white face flushin' up and her eyes gettin' all full of an eager shine.

"Yes—yes!" says she. "That's Terry! Oh, I'm so glad—so glad!" You'd have judged she certainly was, too, because she grabbed the baby up to her face and commenced kissin' it and cooin' to it. "We've found him!" she laughed to it. "We've found him!"

A man can be sort of clumsy at such times, can't he?

"Yes," says I; "but what's this you was wantin' to find him for?"

She turned round to me, happy as a kid with a sack of candy.

"Why," says she, "I'm his wife!"

So, that was it! I expect I'd ought to have knew. "Oh!" says I; and then I didn't say nothin' more to her. I just started driftin' round to hunt up Steve and tell him. I just had to. You can see I had to. A blind man could have saw trouble comin', couldn't he? Why, sure, it wasn't mine or Steve's funeral; but it wouldn't ever do to let that poor little thing run right slam into it alone. I had to tell Steve. He took it a heap more peaceable than you'd have figured he would.

"Yes, Billy," he says to me; and then he worked round to where he could get sight of her through the door. It seemed to make him feel pretty much the way it had me. "Say! Billy," says he, "it's rough, ain't it? But what do you reckon we can do about it—you and me?"

"Gee-whiz!" says I. "I don't know; but we've got to do somethin'. Wasn't it just my fool luck to be the one to run into

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her? I don't want to be messed up with it. It's goin' to kick up one of these scandals, ain't it?"

Steve looked round at me with that funny shine in them lazy eyes of his.

"It'll sort of put a crimp in Cora Ann Millidge, won't it?" he says. "It'll be real comical to watch her."

If he could see anything comical in it I couldn't.

"But what are we goin' to do with it?" I says. "If I had my way I'd just turn 'em loose and let 'em scrap it out; but we can't. Ain't you got any ideas?"

He didn't tell me. What he done was to go in and pick up some of her truck for her, because the whistle was blowin'. The baby started frettin' when we'd got on the train, and he took it away from her and begun walkin' up and down with it, tippin' it over against his shoulder and pattin' its back for it, just as if he'd raised up a whole big family of 'em. I hoped it would light in and squall. It seemed as if I had a grudge against the whole layout. But it didn't; it just settled right down and went to sleep. I guess its mother had been pretty much tuckered out most likely, because she was asleep, too, by then, with her head leanin' back against the cushions. Steve come over and set down alongside of me, real gentle.

"Billy," he says to me, "don't it strike you that if you ever had one of these of your own it would come pretty near takin' all the cussedness out of you? Do you reckon you'd relish hellin' round any more after you'd ever felt one of these breathin' warm against your neck? And wouldn't the woman that had give it to you be pretty near as solemn to you as if she was some kind of a religion? Honest, Billy, how do they do it?"

If he expected me to tell him he got left. I was lookin' out of the window and tryin' to think; but I couldn't. Neither one of us couldn't. We hadn't thought of a blessed thing when we got to Lusk. It's just as well we didn't, because it couldn't have turned out that way. It don't hardly ever pay a man, does it, to worry about what he's goin' to do till the time comes to do it? That's the way it was this time.

After we'd helped her off the train Steve told me to take her over to the hotel and see she got her supper, while he'd go and prospect round some. It wasn't but a little bit till he come back again and called me out. It was worryin' him—I could see that.

"Billy," he says, "we're up against it. They've lit out!"

"Who has?" says I. "Steve, it ain't so. Not him and Her!"

"Yes, sir," says he, "them's the very two. They went this very afternoon. They went secret; but she had to tell a few of the women and the whole town knows it. He started ahead with his car and was goin' to wait for her to catch up with him down below a piece; and she drove down a couple hours afterward. They're headed for the Platte country somewheres, to get married. Now you whirl in and tell me what you think of that!"

"Well, for the love o' country!" says I. I began feelin' round for my cigarette papers. "What I think is," I says, "that it serves 'em both just exactly right. I hope they get each other! Yes, sir, I sure do. But what the Sam Hill are we goin' to do with this one here? Steve, I know what I'm going to do—I'm goin' right straight in and tell her. There ain't any other way. You come in with me."

I did hate to do it, with her waitin' there, anxious and pleased both at once; but can't you see it had to be done? I went at it the only way I could.

"Say, excuse me," I says to her, "but I wish you'd tell me somethin'. That man ain't been good to you, has he?"

You'd have thought I'd said somethin' she didn't like by the way she stiffened up and looked at me. It didn't last but a minute though; I guess she was too tired out to keep it up—she just seemed to sort of wilt.

"Terry has been careless," she says real soft, "but he's my husband!" That's what she said. Can you understand that? I expect you'd say it was real noble in her; but it made me hot.

"He just went off and left you and the baby, didn't he?" says I. "Just left you to rustle round for yourself, or else take chances on huntin' him up and mebbe findin' him with some other woman. If he was mine I'd just let him go."

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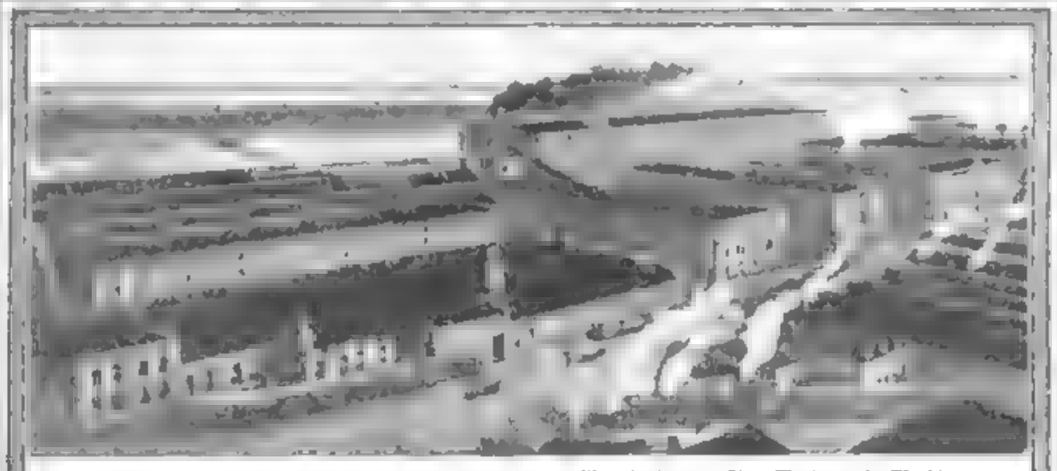

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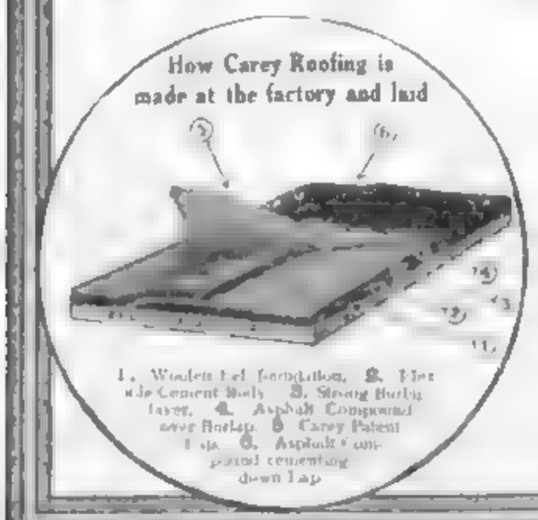

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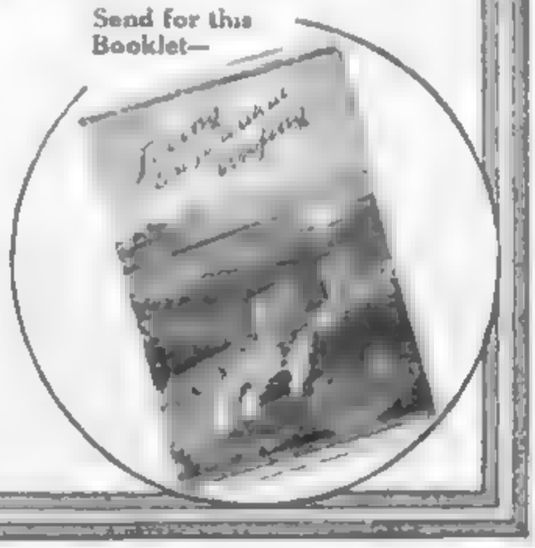

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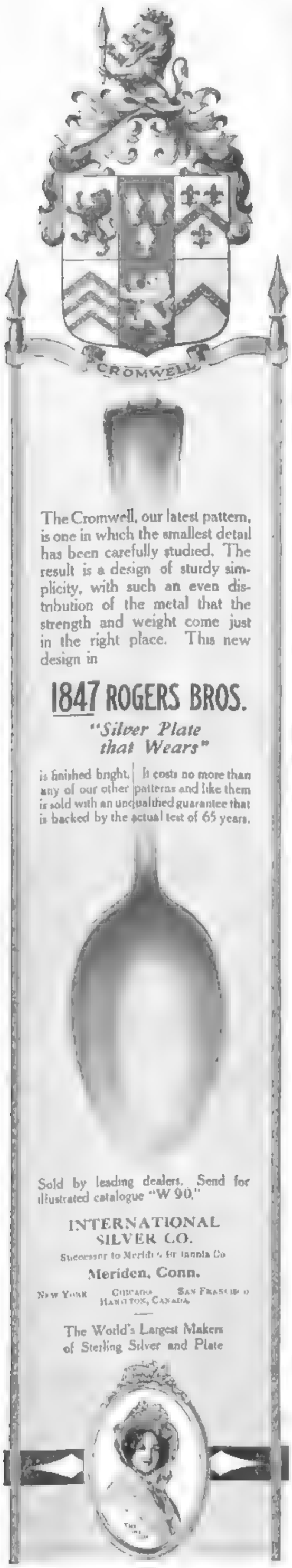

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to come up with him a good bit before he'd hit the railroad below.

We did, too, quicker than we figured, because here after a while we met one of the boys comin' up to meet us. The machine wasn't only but about a mile below, he told us, lyin' over on its side in a draw, where they'd tried to climb up a steep bank. That suited us clear down to the ground. We swung out of the trail and circled round where he was and come up on him from below, so he wouldn't suspicion we'd been trailin' him.

When we showed ourselves in the buggy, up on top of the bank, he was certainly glad to see us. We'd figured he would be. He just dropped the pole and come at us a-runnin'.

"Gentlemen!" he says, all out of breath and shakin'. "Gentlemen, I've had a most unfortunate accident. It's absolutely necessary for me to reach Hartville at the first possible moment—absolutely necessary, gentlemen. I want you to turn back and take me there. I'll pay any reasonable price—any price at all."

"Don't mention it," says Steve. "We'd just as soon. You climb right on in." And then we started off with him.

It must have been two o'clock in the mornin' by the time we wound up at the Millidge ranch and Steve pulled the horses down. We'd been keepin' as still as the other lad; but now Steve spoke up.

"We'll get out here and get warm some," he says short; and he started to climb out. It brought the Oakes man round with a jerk, tryin' to catch hold of Steve's arm.

"No—no!" he says. "Positively no! We must go on. It's imperative. We won't stop."

"We'll get out here and get warm," says Steve again. Real firm he said it, too, if you know Steve's voice. "Come," he says; "get down."

I guess George Price must have suspicioned somethin' then, because he commenced swearin' again. It was nasty swearin'—the sort that real good friends don't use on each other; but it didn't last long, on account of Steve reachin' up and gettin' hold of him, with me helpin' from behind. And then, when he was down on the ground, he started to run, makin' for the cottonwoods along the creek—and us after him.

You'd have been amused, most likely, to see him. He wasn't much of a runner, but he fetched the bank of the creek in a minute and started across, hoppin' from one stone to the next as if he didn't want to get his feet wet; and then, out in the middle, he give an extra big hop to reach a big, flat white stone he saw layin' there, landin' right square on it—only it went back on him bad! It wasn't nothin' but a patch of moonlight shinin' down on the water through the trees, right over the deep hole where the spring comes up. It's clean up to your neck there—and cold! I reckon I ought to know, because one of Sam's Hereford bulls had run me in there once and held me for a quarter of an hour. And there was this great big fat man gone clean down out of sight in it, with nothin' showin' but a mess of foam.

We fished him out after a bit and stood him up on his feet, with one of us holdin' on to each side of him, steadyin' him while he was coughin' the water up out of him.

"Come, now," says Steve, "we'll go in and get warmed up."

You don't have to believe me, but it certainly was a warmin' he got! The widow was there waitin', settin' beside the table with a lamp burnin'; and you could tell the minute you looked at her that she hadn't been strivin' just exactly to calm herself down none while she was waitin'. I'd say she'd been workin' herself up. And that wasn't the worst of it. Three or four of the boys was there, too, settin' round. I guess mebbe she'd asked 'em to come over for the finish. It didn't please the Oakes man a mite to see 'em all there. Just as soon as we got him inside the door he stopped dead still, shakin' with the cold, and with the water runnin' down off of him on to the floor. Then's when he showed the real yellow streak in him. He give one swift, scared look round at all the faces; then he just sagged down on the floor, with his fat back up against the wall, and set there, soggy and chatterin'. He didn't try to say a word.

She did though! No, sir; I ain't goin' to try to tell you what it was she said. I couldn't. She sure did use up some English on him before she got through, and every blessed word of it was the sort you hear

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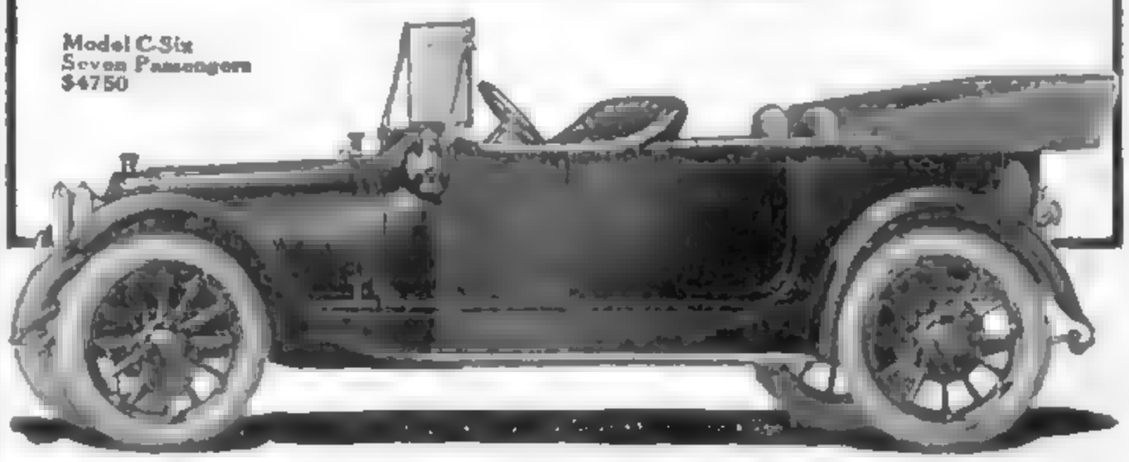

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out round the cow country, where there's always a big mess of things that ain't suitin' you. Her little genteel spell hadn't made her forget a single word. My soul! I believe she let him have 'em all—every last one she knowed.

"Now," she says, along toward the last, "you've got my money on you. Dig it out! Put it right out here on the table where I can count it—and you be quick about it!" He never made a move though. I guess he couldn't. He just kept perfectly still and blinked.

"Boys!" she says sharp, and then we hoisted him up out of the puddle he was settin' in and went through him. Money? He had it every place—rolls of it clamped round his fat middle with a belt, and wads of it in his pockets, and thick bunches of it sewed up inside the linin' of his clothes—pretty near everywhere you'd look. There must have been half a peck of it piled up on the table. I reckon we got it all, with rippin' his clothes open and huntin' through him, and Mrs. Sam Millidge settin' there and countin' it up. Horrible grim, she was, in her looks. If she'd changed gettin' to be Cora Anita she'd changed a sight more gettin' to be Mrs. Sam again.

"That's mine!" she snaps by-and-by, puttin' a stack of the money off to one side. "I don't know whose the rest of it is. It's a cinch it ain't yours. It's a cinch you never come by a cent honest in your life! You've sneaked it away from somebody. I don't know whose it is, but I know who I'm goin' to give it to!" She went to the door of the next room and opened it. "Come out here a minute," she says. And there come the little jenny wren of a woman with her baby!

It needed just that to put the last touch to Honorable George Price Oakes; it fetched the first sound out of him he'd made since he come in. He groaned—put his fat hands up across his fat face and give a great, big, deep, fat, sufferin' groan.

"Maggie!" he says. It seemed as if it was a kind of an off day for George Price, didn't it?

"Maggie!" says the widow, mockin' him. "If you was mine I'd Maggie you, you cur!" She scooped up the rest of the money in her hands and went over to where Maggie was standin'. "Here," she says; "you take this and keep it till we see what we're goin' to do with it. And you boys take that man outside. I don't care what you do with him; you can put him in the creek and keep him there if you want to! He's all yours. Just get him out of here."

Mebbe we might have—but we didn't. Did you ever see a little scrap of a wren go at a cat that was prowlin' round her nest? Nothin' but a pinch of feathers, the wren ain't; but don't she make a fuss? That's just the very way Maggie come at us—whee!

"Don't you dare!" she screams at us. She'd flew clean across the room and was standin' in front of him, facin' round at us. "Don't you dare! You lay so much as a finger on Terry and I'll scratch your eyes out—I will! He's mine! I don't care what he's done or what you say about him; he's mine! Don't you dare touch him! You can have your dirty money if you want it, but you just let Terry alone!" My word, but she was ruffled up!

Watchin' Mrs. Sam was what tickled me most though. It would you too.

"Well!" she says. "Well, my living soul and body!" She snapped her mouth shut tight and stood for as much as a minute, pattin' her foot on the floor and scowlin' at 'em. "Humph!" she says. "Humph!" Just that. And then she waved her hand over at us, plumb disgusted.

"You boys clear out!" she says to us. "I'll take care of this myself. Get out!" And we drilled out and left 'em there with her.

It was away along in the middle of the mornin' before Steve and me hit Lusk again. I sure was tired. Cross, too, with tryin' to doze some with my head bumpin' against the side of the buggy and wakin' up every little bit to catch sight of Steve, out of the corner of my eye, settin' there and grinnin'. I judged that joke was goin' to last him a long time.

"Billy," he says to me when we'd crawled out at the stable. "Say, Billy, what'll you take for your town lot? I'll swap you a good drink for it."

That's what I told you a while ago—if you keep a thing long enough you can always get rid of it someway. I figured I'd made a real good trade, too, because I certainly did need that drink!

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Sense and Nonsense

A French Finish

THE following story is told of J. K. Gowdy, of Rushville, Indiana, ex-consul-general to Paris. By reason of heroic efforts in the 1896 campaign for McKinley, according to this story, he had a preëlection promise from Mark Hanna that whatever Gowdy wanted, in case he did his share, Gowdy should have.

Gowdy did his share and decided, it appears, that he would like to be consul-general for the United States to Paris. He mentioned this to Hanna. Hanna sought to dissuade him, for Gowdy was a rural politician and not a bit like an embryo consul-general to Paris. Gowdy insisted. Finally they put the case up to McKinley.

"Gowdy," said McKinley, "I appreciate what you have done, and of course I want to make good whatever promise was made to you, but think this over. You don't want to go to Paris. You'd better take something else equally good. Why, you don't even know French, and a consul-general to Paris should speak French."

"If that's all there is to it," said Gowdy, "I can learn French. I want that job. My wife has set her heart on it. I'll study French." And he went away.

A short time later Gowdy returned to the White House. He was all spruced up, had his celebrated paint-brush whiskers trimmed and wore a new suit of clothes.

As he came in President McKinley asked him: "How are you getting along with your study of French, Gowdy?"

"Haven't begun that yet," Gowdy answered. "I'm studying English now."

And Gowdy got the job and was consul-general at Paris for eight years.

Saving Bill

TOM McNEAL, the Kansas philosopher, tells a story of an intensely religious Kentucky mountaineer who believed that salvation was to be obtained only through immersion. He had a neighbor who didn't agree with him and they had many arguments on the subject. Finally the upholder of immersion told his wife he thought it his duty to go over and save the unregenerate neighbor. Two hours later he returned, and this is what he told his wife:

"I says to him, says I: 'Bill, you hard-headed and pertinacious sinner, do you acknowledge they hain't no such thing as bein' saved without bein' dipped?' An' he brustles up an' says: 'I don't acknowledge nuthin' of the kind.' An' then I says to him: 'Bill, I've come over here to save you-all's contrary an' obdurate soul, which is in the gall of bitterness an' the bonds of iniquity, an' I'm goin' to do it. Air you-all willin' to be dipped?'

"'Not on your triflin', misguided life!' he says. 'Then,' says I, 'peel your wammus, Bill, fur this here thing has got to be settled now.'

"Well, Bill he peeled his wammus quick enough, fur I'll say fur him he ain't lackin' in courage to stand up and fight fur a bad cause. We fit, I shed say, fur half an hour and tore up considerable sod. Fur a spell it was nip an' tuck between the forces of the Lord an' them of Armageddon, but I finally managed to git my thumb inter Bill's eye and I says, says I: 'Bul, air you-all willin' to acknowledge that dippin' air essential to salvation, or must I gouge out this here eye of yourn?'

"Bill didn't say nuthin' fur a minnit an' I shoved my thumb in a little furder. Presently he couldn't stand it no longer an' he up an' yells: 'Dippin' goes with me, Luge! Take your thumb outer my eye!'

"'Will you-all be dipped?' I asked him. He hesitates an' I shoves my thumb in agin an' then he yells: 'I will!' An' so I let him up. An' now I'm goin' fur the parson an' take Bill down to the hole in the crick, fur when I've saved a miserable sinner I don't take no chances on his gittin' away."

Beard Versus Brains

COL. T. DONNELLY BENNETT, of Elberton, Georgia, by some special dispensation of Georgia law was a lawyer and practicing when he was seventeen. His first case was as assistant to the district attorney in the prosecution of a man accused of murder.

The defendant had for his lawyer an elderly and dignified member of the bar, who wore a long, flowing, voluminous beard. The bearded lawyer resented the interference of the youthful Bennett and constantly referred to him as "this beardless youth from South Carolina."

Bennett took it all in good part until the other lawyer began to rub it in. Then he arose and said:

"May it please Your Honor, during my somewhat brief experience at the bar I have had the pleasure of reading after such distinguished law writers as Blackstone, Coke and Littleton, and if I rightfully interpret them it takes brains and not beard to make a lawyer.

"However if these distinguished law writers be mistaken and the gentleman who appears for the defense is correct, I take great pleasure in here and now nominating him for Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, as he has so much beard and so little brains that he is eminently qualified to fill that high position."

Witnesses to Waste

A MAN was accused of selling liquor contrary to the law in a small town in Kansas. He was guilty and wanted to plead guilty, but his lawyer told him to plead not guilty and to deny everything.

They put the bootlegger on the stand. "You are the defendant in this case, are you not?" the prosecuting lawyer began.

"I am not."

"Is your name Dennis McGuffin?"

"It is not."

"Did you on the fourth day of July——"

"I did not."

"Wait until I finish my question."

"What's the use waitin' when I know what the answer is?"

The court admonished:

"Don't answer, Mr. McGuffin, until the county attorney has finished his question."

"All right, judge; let him fire away."

"Did you, Mr. McGuffin, on the fourth day of July, sell twelve bottles of beer?"

"I did not. How could I sell twelve bottles when I only took down ten bottles and I brought back two of them with me when I came home?"

"That will be sufficient," said the judge. "The fine is one hundred dollars."

"Hold on, judge!" shouted McGuffin. "Ain't I goin' to have any trial?"

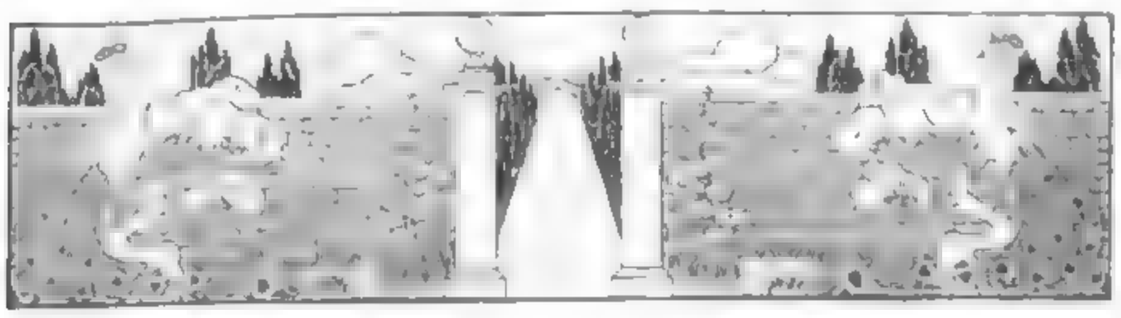
"Why, Mr. McGuffin," said the judge, "you have already testified to your own guilt."

"That may be true, Your Honor," said McGuffin excitedly, "but I want to call your attention to this fine array of witnesses who are present to testify that I didn't sell a single drop. I propose to prove my own innocence, Your Honor, notwithstandin' what I may have swore to, by the preponderance of evidence."

A Dull Dog

THERE is a very sweet girl in a Kansas town who stutters dreadfully. One night not long ago when her beau was leaving, she accompanied him to the porch and said: "George, are you coming again next S-s-s-s-s——"

The dog was on the porch. After George was half a mile down the road, with the dog gaining on him at every leap, it occurred to him that possibly the young lady had intended to say "Sunday" instead of "Seize him"; but it didn't occur to the dog for as much as a mile or so beyond that.



This Tailor Shop Has Brains, Eyes And Fingers.

This tailor shop thinks—sees—feels. This tailor shop banishes the "power knife." This tailor shop *hand-drafts* each garment singly, *hand-cuts* it separately, *hand-shapes* and *hand-needles* it individually to personalize *one man*—you, the wearer. This tailor shop style-electrifies your clothes and makes them the breathing, pulsing, vibrant, twin-in-cloth of *you*.

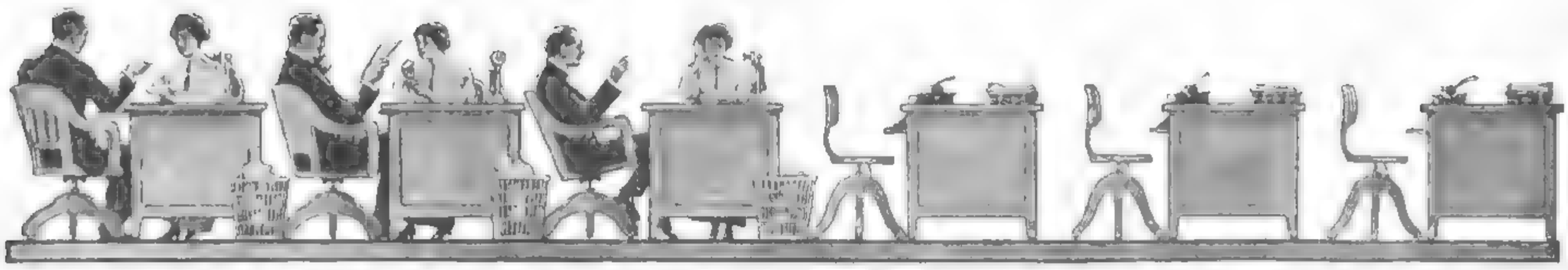
Kahn-Tailored-Clothes

$20 *to* $45

outline the curve of *your* chest, the arch of *your* waist, the poise of *your* shoulders, the slope of *your* back, the character and characteristics that make for and make up *your* individuality—the magnetism of the man.

Today—go to our Authorized Representative in your town and order your *Autumn Suit* or Overcoat from his range of over 500 rare patternings. Our seal pictured below is in his window and on our label. It *guarantees* our tailoring, as though bond-backed. If you don't know our Representative in your town, write to us for his name and the Autumn Edition of "The Drift of Fashion," the famous tailor-shop-in-print. Simply address

Kahn Tailoring Company
of Indianapolis, Ind.



No more idle waiting desks

HOW many half-time desks in your office—desks and machines standing idle while the stenographers are somewhere else simply taking notes *or getting ready* to write your letters?

Did you ever figure up the "half-time" girls you pay full wages—the half-time typewriters you pay full price for—the half-time desk room you pay full rent on? Can your business *stand* this half-time production at full expense, when there is a way to make stenographer, desk and machine *produce* every minute of the day?

But even more important than your typist's time—large as the saving totals day by day—is *your* time, the time of the high-priced man.

When you dictate *now*, you must wait for your stenographer to come with book and pencil. You must adjust the speed of your speech to her ability to take it down. Often you must wait for her to catch up. Your whole day's work is measured, not by *your* capacity, but by the capacity of your stenographer.

Dictate to the Dictaphone

and put an end to *waiting*, to the long hours of *getting ready*. Your typist begins work at *her* desk practically as soon as you do at *yours*. Your first letter dictated, she starts transcribing it, and from then on *all* day, no matter what you are doing, she is busy. She turns out twice as many letters because she is at her machine twice as long. She does them faster and better because she does not need to strain her eyes looking back and forth from her book. She does not stop to decipher illegible notes. She simply *copies* fast and easily what you have talked into the Dictaphone—what the Dictaphone talks to her.

You can dictate any time—get the idea out of your system while it is hot with enthusiasm—and you don't have to stumble along at eighty words a minute. There is no speed limit to the Dictaphone. You can talk fast, naturally, energetically, two hundred words a minute if you wish—just as you would if the man you wrote to sat beside your desk. Result: not lifeless formalities, but red-blooded letters that get results.

Don't worry about the cost of the Dictaphone. You can figure yourself that when it cuts your correspondence expenses in half it is going to pay for itself in a very few months.

Demonstration in your own office and on your own work. Reach for your telephone and call up "THE DICTAPHONE." If you don't find that name in the telephone book, write our nearest distributing branch

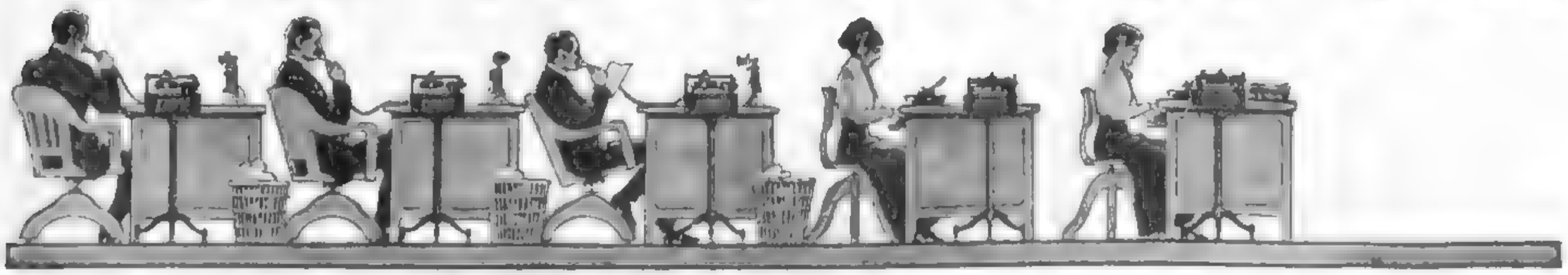
THE DICTAPHONE (Columbia Phonograph Company, General, Sole Distributors), 138 Tribune Building, New York

Atlanta, Baltimore, Birmingham, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cl[illegible] Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Rochester, San[illegible]

Exclusive selling rights granted where we are not actively represented

Dictate to the

DICTAPHONE



THE BELLED BUZZARD

Concluded from Page 5

"Well, suh, that's a funny thing," said the constable. "Early this mornin' Bristow's oldest boy—that one they call Buddy he heared a cowbell over in the swamp and so he went to look; Bristow's got cows, as you know, and one or two of 'em is belled. And he kept on followin' after the sound of it till he got way down into the thickest part of them cypress slashes that's near the middle there and right there he run across it—this body

"But, suh, it wasn't a cow at all. No, suh. It was a buzzard with a cowbell on his neck—that's what it was. Yes, suh, that there same old Belled Buzzard he's come back agin and is hangin' round. They tell me he ain't been seen round here sence the year of the yellow fever—I don't remember myself, but that's whut they tell me. The niggers over on the other side are right smartly worked up over it. They say—the niggers do—that when the Belled Buzzard comes it's a sign of bad luck for somebody, shore!"

The constable drove on, talking on, garrulous as a guinea-hen. The squire didn't heed him. Hunched back in the buggy he harkened only to those busy inner voices filling his mind with thundering portents. Even so, his ear was first to catch above the rattle of the buggy wheels the faraway, faint tonk-tonk! They were about halfway to Bristow's place then. He gave no sign, and it was perhaps half a minute before the constable heard it too.

The constable jerked the horse to a standstill and craned his neck over his shoulder.

"Well, by doctors!" he cried, "if there ain't the old scoundrel now, right here behind us! I kin see him plain as day—he's got an old cowbell hitched to his neck, and he's shy a couple of feathers out of one wing. By doctors, that's somethin' you won't see every day! In all my born days I ain't never seen the beat of that!"

Squire Gathers did not look; he only cowered back farther under the buggy-top. In the pleasing excitement of the moment his companion took no heed, though, of anything except the Belled Buzzard.

"Is he followin' us?" asked the squire in a curiously flat voice.

"Which—him?" answered the constable, still stretching his neck. "No, he's gone now—gone off to the left—jest a-zoonin', like he'd forgot somethin'."

And Bristow's place was to the left! But there might still be time. To get the inquest over and the body underground—those were the main things. Ordinarily humane in his treatment of stock, Squire Gathers urged the constable to greater speed. The horse was lathered and his sides heaved wearily as they pounded across the bridge over the creek which was the outlet to the swamp and emerged from a patch of woods in sight of Bristow's farm buildings.

The house was set on a little hill among cleared fields, and was in other respects much like the squire's own house, except that it was smaller and not so well painted. There was a wide yard in front with shade trees and a lye-hopper and a well-box, and a paling fence with a stile in it instead of a gate. At the rear, behind a clutter of outbuildings—a barn, a smokehouse and a cornerib—was a little peach orchard; and flanking the house on the right there was a good-sized cowyard, empty of stock at this hour, with feeding racks ranged in a row against the fence. A two-year-old negro child, bareheaded and barefooted and wearing but a single garment, was grubbing busily in the dirt under one of these feedracks.

To the front fence a dozen or more riding horses were hitched, flicking their tails at the flies; and on the gallery men in their shirtsleeves were grouped. An old negro woman, with her head tied in a bandanna and a man's old slouch hat perched upon the bandanna, peeped out from behind a corner. There were hound dogs wandering about, sniffing uneasily.

Before the constable had the horse hitched the squire was out of the buggy and on his way up the footpath, going at a brisker step than the squire usually traveled. The men on the porch hailed him gravely and ceremoniously, as befitting an occasion of solemnity. Afterward some of them recalled the look in his eye; but at the moment they noted it—if they noted it at all—subconsciously.

For all his haste the squire, as was also remembered later, was almost the last to enter the door; and before he did enter he halted and searched the flawless sky as though for signs of rain. Then he hurried on after the others, who clumped single file along a narrow little hall, the bare, uncarpeted floor creaking loudly under their heavy farm shoes, and entered a good-sized room that had in it, among other things, a high-piled feather bed and a cottage organ—Bristow's best room, now to be placed at the disposal of the law's representatives for the inquest. The squire took the largest chair and drew it to the very center of the room, in front of a fireplace, where the grate was banked with withering asparagus ferns. The constable took his place formally at one side of the presiding official. The others sat or stood about where they could find room—all but six of them, whom the squire picked for his coroner's jury, and who backed themselves against the wall.

The squire showed haste. He drove the preliminaries forward with a sort of tremulous insistence. Bristow's wife brought a bucket of fresh drinking water and a gourd, and almost before she was out of the room and the door closed behind her the squire had sworn his jurors and was calling the first witness, who it seemed likely would also be the only witness—Bristow's oldest boy. The boy wriggled in confusion as he sat on a cane-bottomed chair facing the old magistrate. All there, barring one or two, had heard his story a dozen times already, but now it was to be repeated under oath; and so they bent their heads, listening as though it were a brand-new tale. All eyes were on him; none were fastened on the squire as he, too, gravely bent his head, listening—listening.

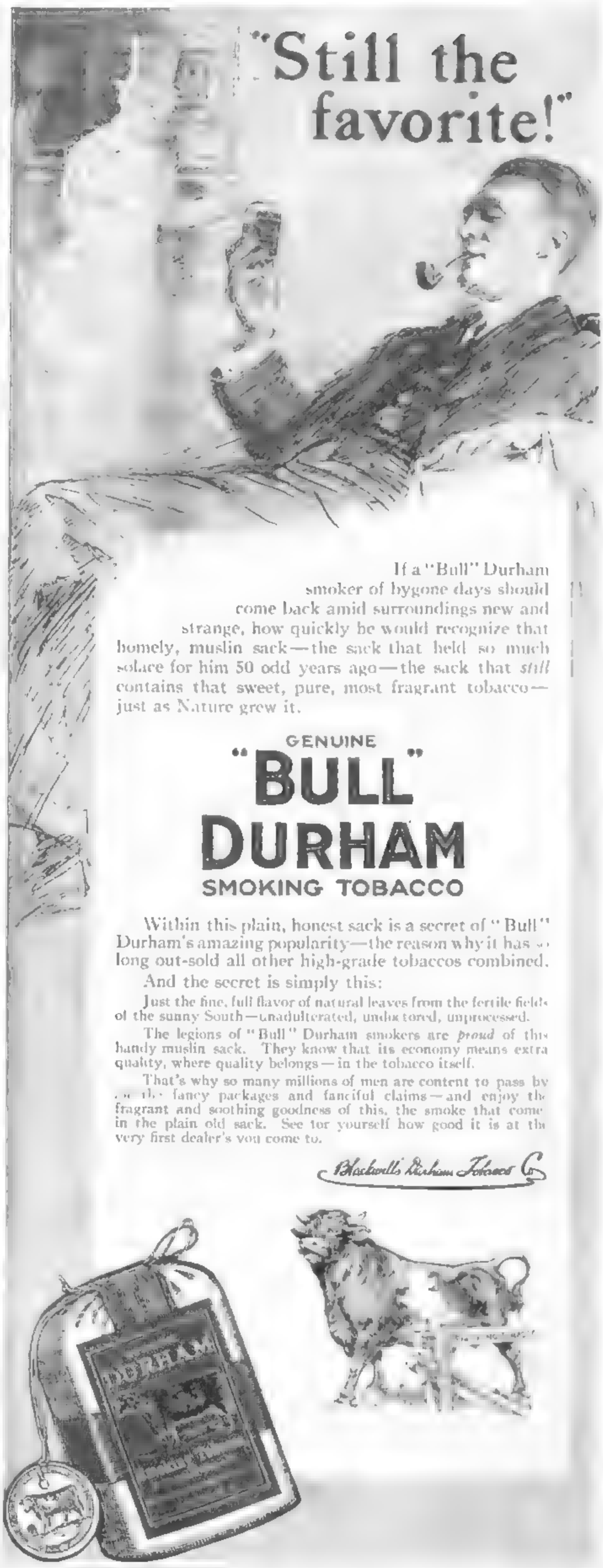
The witness began—but had no more than started when the squire gave a great, screeching howl and sprang from his chair and staggered backward, his eyes popped and the pouch under his chin quivering as though it had a separate life all its own. Startled, the constable made toward him and they struck together heavily and went down—both on all fours—right in front of the fireplace.

The constable scrambled free and got upon his feet, in a squat of astonishment, with his head craned; but the squire stayed upon the floor, face downward, his feet flopping among the rustling asparagus greens—a picture of shivering animal fear. And now his gagging screech resolved itself into articulate speech.

"I done it!" they made out his shrieked words. "I done it! I own up—I killed him! He aimed fur to break up my home and I tolled him off into Niggerwool and killed him! There's a hole in his back if you'll look fur it. I done it—oh, I done it—and I'll tell everything jest like it happened if you'll jest keep that thing away from me! Oh, my Lawdy! Don't you hear it? It's a-comin' clos'ter and clos'ter—it's a-comin' after me! Keep it away —" His voice gave out and he buried his head in his hands and rolled upon the gaudy carpet.

And now they heard what he had heard first—they heard the tonk-tonk-tonk of a cowbell, coming near and nearer toward them along the hallway without. It was as though the sound floated along. There was no creak of footsteps upon the loose, bare boards—and the bell jangled faster than it would dangling from a cow's neck. The sound came right to the door and Squire Gathers wallowed among the chairlegs.

The door swung open. In the doorway stood a negro child, barefooted and naked except for a single garment, eying them with serious, rolling eyes—and, with all the strength of his two puny arms, proudly but solemnly tolling a small rusty cowbell he had found in the cowyard.



If a "Bull" Durham smoker of bygone days should come back amid surroundings new and strange, how quickly he would recognize that homely, muslin sack—the sack that held so much solace for him 50 odd years ago—the sack that *still* contains that sweet, pure, most fragrant tobacco—just as Nature grew it.

GENUINE
"BULL"
DURHAM
SMOKING TOBACCO

Within this plain, honest sack is a secret of "Bull" Durham's amazing popularity—the reason why it has so long out-sold all other high-grade tobaccos combined.

And the secret is simply this:

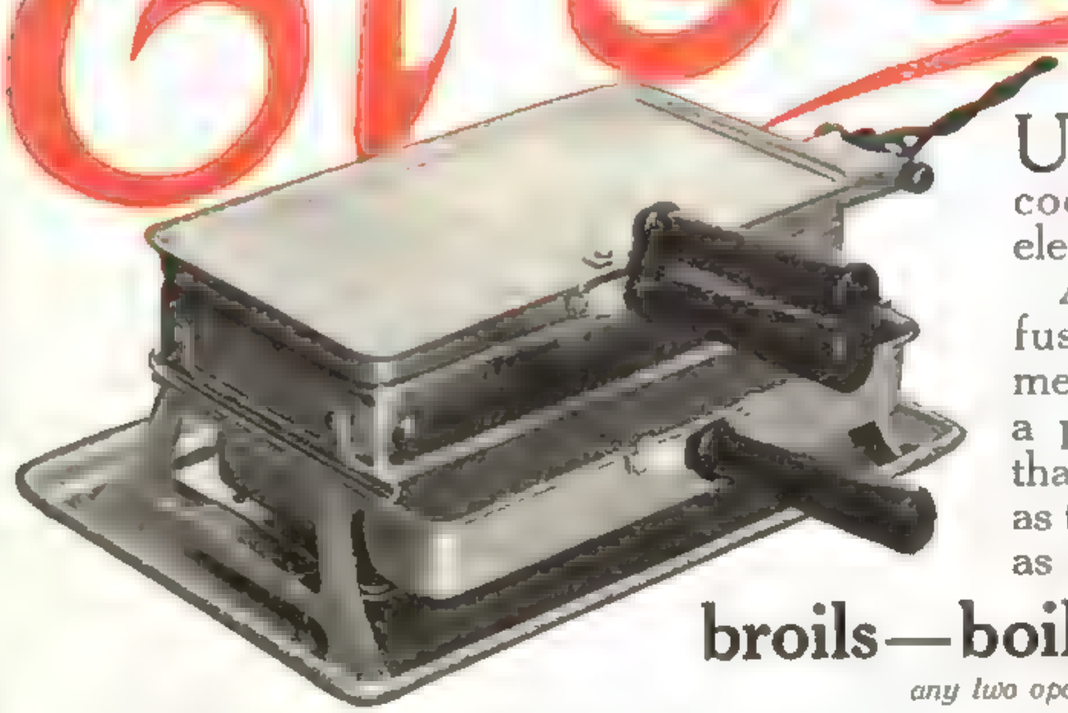
Just the fine, full flavor of natural leaves from the fertile fields of the sunny South—unadulterated, undoctored, unprocessed.

The legions of "Bull" Durham smokers are *proud* of this handy muslin sack. They know that its economy means extra quality, where quality belongs—in the tobacco itself.

That's why so many millions of men are content to pass by gaudy fancy packages and fanciful claims—and enjoy the fragrant and soothing goodness of this, the smoke that comes in the plain old sack. See for yourself how good it is at the very first dealer's you come to.

Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co.

El Grillo



USE this glowing electric cooker wherever there are electric lights.

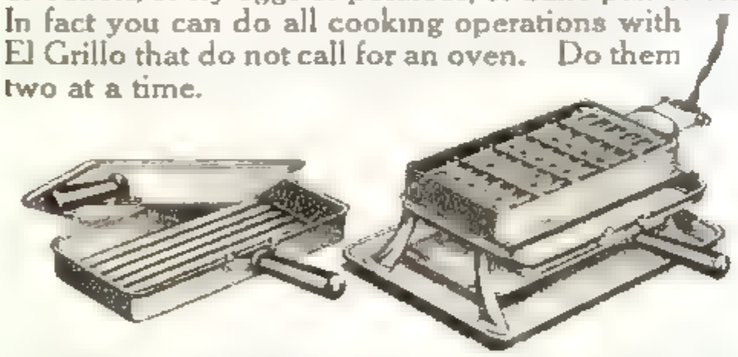
Attaches to any socket. No fuss or bother—no adjustments—no tricks to learn. Just a plain practical table range that any one can use, the same as they do any cooker, as soon as they see it.

broils—boils—fries—toasts

any two operations at the same time

The instant the switch plug is inserted the heating coils glow cherry red. The interchangeable dishes (furnished with El Grillo) are used both above and below these glowing coils and neither operation detracts from the other.

Take El Grillo to the breakfast table—broil bacon or cutlets, or fry eggs or potatoes, or bake pan-cakes. In fact you can do all cooking operations with El Grillo that do not call for an oven. Do them two at a time.



At dinner time it may be used in the kitchen for heavier cooking operations. A steak? Surely! A genuine grilled steak such as can be cooked in no other way except with the glowing heat over the meat. This over-heat draws the juices up into the meat—nothing drips into the pan. A thick tenderloin grilled to perfection in ten minutes or less. And at the same time potatoes are being browned or creamed in the pan over the coils.

You see you can produce a complete meal for two, done to delectation, right where served.

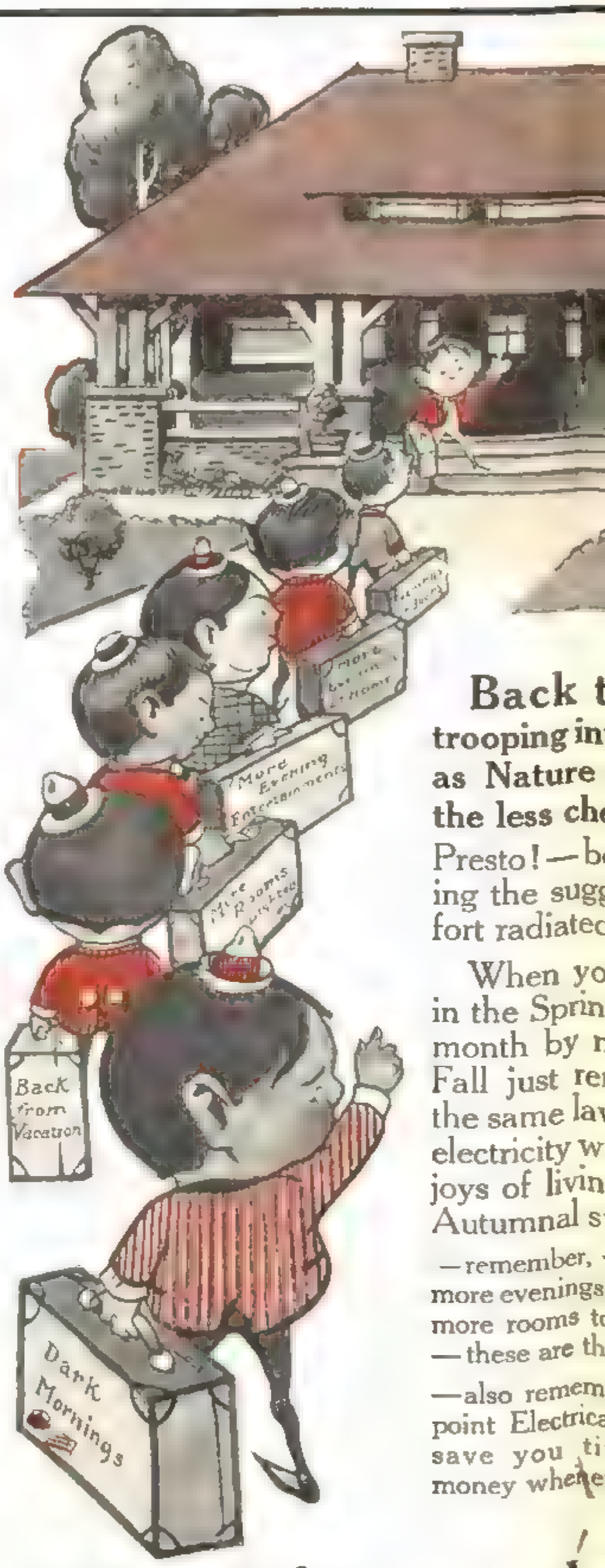
Then, perhaps El Grillo will appear next on the porch or other convenient place for the tea-time toast. Or its cheerful suggestiveness may serve to whet the appetite of the convalescent. The only limitation is that there must be an electric light socket within a few feet.

All these operations can be effected with the interchangeable dishes provided with El Grillo. But do not lose sight of the fact that El Grillo provides a glowing heat over which you can use any ordinary cooking utensils of small size—the tea or coffee pot—the double cereal cooker, etc.

El Grillo is made of pressed steel throughout, nickel plated and highly polished, with always-cool ebonite handles on the dishes and is furnished complete with switch plug and cord.

The heating element in El Grillo is guaranteed against burn outs for five years when used on the indicated voltage, and should it give out within that period will be replaced by us without charge.

Price complete $6.50. In Canada $8.50. More than three thousand lighting companies and dealers in electrical appliances throughout the U. S. and Canada handle our appliances, but since El Grillo is just now being introduced they may not have it in stock. Inquire first. If they do not have it we will deliver to you, express prepaid, on receipt of price.



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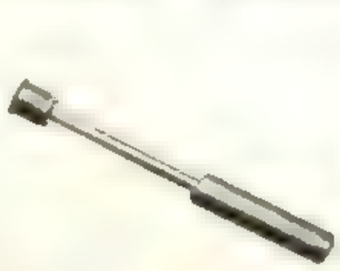

El Boilo

An immersion heater that is plunged directly into the liquid to be heated. Small size, for toilet use, $3.00—large size, for kitchen use, $4.00. In Canada $4.00 and $5.25.

El Stilo

Pot or Machine Style. Seven cup pot shown above furnished in nickel. Machine in copper or nickel. Pot $8.00, Machine $10.00. In Canada $10.50 and $13.00.

El Stovo

Electric Disc Stove. Heats quickly. 6 inch size attaches to any light socket—use on table or sideboard. Single heat $5.00. In Canada $6.50. Three heat $7.00. In Canada $9.25.

El Chafo

El Chafo Style 4 consists of a set of special nickel-plated chafing dishes to be used on El Stovo. Dishes only $5.00. In Canada $6.50. El Stovo described at the left.

El Chafo

Mission Style Electric Chafing Dish. Heavily nickeled—very handsome. Always ready. No odor or fumes. No fuel to spill. Price $15.00. In Canada $19.50.

El T

Famous Electric Toas
on the current, place
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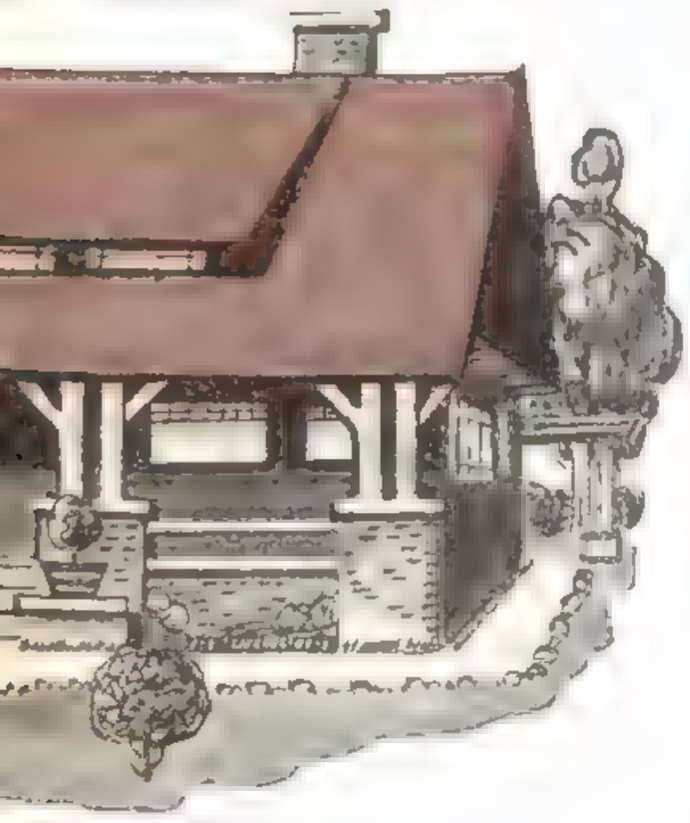
Price $4.00. In Cana

Hotpoint Electric Heating Co., Ontario, Cal

Succeeding Pacific Electric Heating Company

136 Liberty St., New York. 1001 Washington Blvd., Chicago. 1670 Pandora St., Vancouver, B.C. 73 Adelaide



hey come again—

to your home, one after another, swings the pendulum over to eerful half of the year.

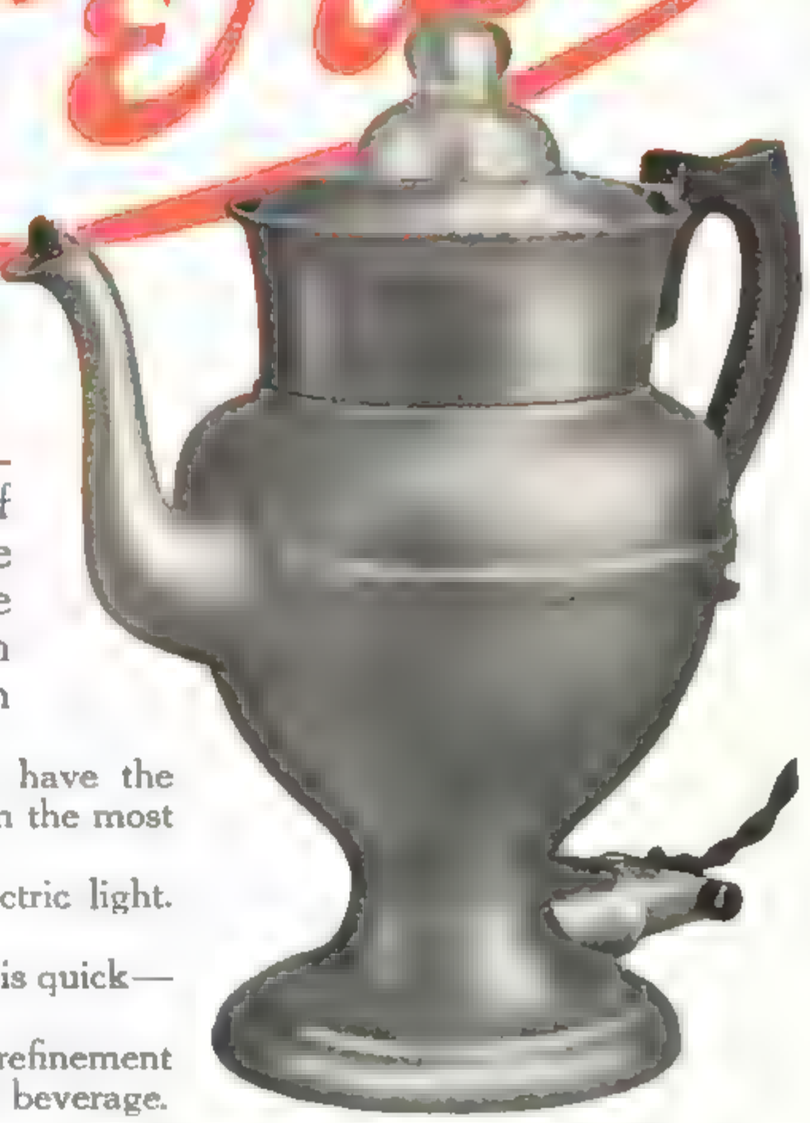
efore you realize it you are accept- gestions of good cheer and com- d by these whimsical Bill Raisers.

u paid your electric lighting bills g you noticed that they grew less nonth. When they increase this member that it is in response to w of the Seasons—remember that ill do much toward replacing those g which Nature withdraws in the wing of the pendulum.

vacations are over—twilight is earlier— spent at home—more entertainments— light—later bedtime—dark mornings e **real** Bill Raisers.

ber that Hot- l Appliances me, energy, ver used.

El Perco



ELECTRICALLY percolated coffee—does that sound attractive? For you of course appreciate that percolation is the correct way to extract the flavor—the aroma—all the desirable qualities from the coffee bean. It is the process which gives you the maximum in coffee satisfaction.

And El Perco is heated electrically. You have the satisfaction of brewing a perfect cup of coffee in the most pleasurable and interesting way.

You use El Perco anywhere there's an electric light. At any moment without fuss or bother.

The practical person uses El Perco because it is quick—economical—so generally satisfactory.

Enjoy using it because it expresses the last refinement in the method of preparing this universal table beverage.

How easy the El Perco way is.

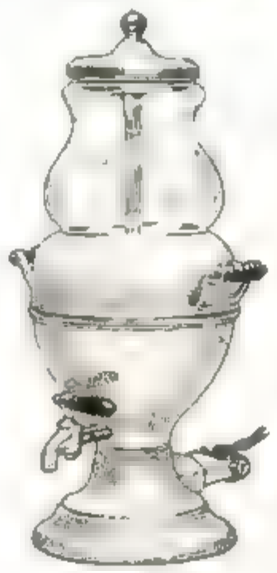
Measure cold water into the pot. Measure the coffee into the basket.

Reach up to the nearest lamp bulb and take it out of the socket, replacing with the plug attached to the end of the El Perco cord. Put the plug into El Perco. That is all.

Now watch it—(*you will soon become so interested in the operation of El Perco that you always WILL watch it*) approximately half a minute from the time you make the electrical connection, steaming hot water will shoot up through the center tube, fall back over the coffee and your infusion has begun.

In 8 or 10 minutes, according to strength desired, the coffee is ready to pour. Perfectly clear and full flavored.

The expense for electricity is trivial. And think of the satisfaction of making coffee right on the table—out on the porch—at the bedside—wherever most convenient.



More than 3,000 dealers are ready to show you the unique principle which makes El Perco so quick and so efficient and to demonstrate why they believe it is the best for you to buy. If the dealer to whom you go is not able to show you El Perco we will appreciate an opportunity to deliver one without further expense to you upon receipt of the price.

El Perco is low-priced, because a new principle is employed.

Pot style (*as shown in the large illustration*) in highly polished nickel or copper 5-cup size, $7.50—7-cup size, $8.00. In Canada, $9.75 and $10.50. Machine style (*as shown in the small illustration*) in highly polished nickel or copper—7-cup size, $10.00 –9-cup size, $11.00. In Canada, $13.00 and $14.00.

asure

er. Just turn the bread on lectable toast s and color. a $5.25.

and they are not luxuries, either

Hotpoint

Famous Electric Iron. Cool Handle Hot Point—Attached Stand. Highly polished 3 lb. $4.50; 5 lb. and 6 lb. $5.00. In Canada $6.00 and $6.50. Dull finished $4.50; in Canada $6.00.

El Casco

Electric Warming Pad. Takes the place of the old hot water bottle. Ready at an instant's notice. Single heat $4.00. In Canada $5.25. Three heat $5.50. In Canada $7.25.

El Egg

An Electric Egg Cooker that boils, poaches or scrambles eggs. May be used right on the breakfast table. A most unique and useful device. Price $9.00. In Canada $11.75

To The Trade

We are creating a strong demand for the Hotpoint iron and E. devices. If there is no representative in your community we would like to hear from you with particulars as to your facilities for handling.

To The Consumer

It is to your interest to buy electrical goods of your dealer whenever you can. If you cannot secure our devices send us order and check, and we will prepay express charges. Be sure to give voltage

lifornia

St., Toronto, Ont.

Kirschbaum Clothes $15, $20 and $25

MIGHTY few all-wool suits are on the market this fall at $15. The store that sells Kirschbaum clothes has them—acid-test all wool. Hand tailored, too! And the Kirschbaum retailer has exclusive patterns in beautiful all-wool fabrics at $20 and $25 that are as exceptional worth for the money as the $15.

These KIRSCHBAUM SPECIALS are offered to the clothes-buyer under guarantee as the Greatest Values in America. Our *Guaranty Bond* is given with each suit.

It pays to know the Kirschbaum retailer. His name sent on request.

This model, in fabrics to [illegible] effects, is included in the *Kir[illegible]*, made in grades up to $35 for the finest woolens produced [illegible]. It is style so perfectly thought out, so harmoniously related in all [illegible] continuous wear. We commend it to the [illegible]

Art Calendar Free [illegible]

A. B. Kirschbaum Co.

SOME EFFICIENCY SECRETS

Continued from Page 7

taking it out, and the arrangement of the work. A standard of definite practice for everything covered by this list was established. Not a detail was left to the judgment of the individual operator. Then came the instruction of the man who was to operate the machine.

"As I was about to pass on to the third machine the foreman remarked to me: 'Billy, this man has been doing only thirty-five units an hour; the makers of the machine insist that it's good for seventy. Even if you're up to your job you'll get seventy-five out of it.' That remark caused me to add another word—Measure—to my list of scientific principles.

"Eventually we put the average of this machine up to better than seventy-five, but it took the hardest kind of military driving. And that made me hated by every man in the shop! I was ostracized and then some! What hurt me about this was the attitude of the workmen toward the thing we were trying to establish, the thing that would lead to higher wages and better conditions every way. We must get the workmen with us heart and soul! The bonus system could do this, so I preached the bonus system to that foreman until he secured its adoption. It took hold almost instantly.

"Suddenly I found myself the most popular, instead of the most hated, employee in the shop. That was one of the most solid gratifications of my life, because it proved that the shopworker could be brought into line with the higher-efficiency movement by being given a direct, visible share in its fruits. Right there I extended my formula for scientific shop management to read: Standardize, Instruct, Measure and Reward!"

Billy Cuts Out a Career

"One day I confessed to the big foreman that I thought I'd fit myself to become a fine mechanical draftsman. His reply was: 'Son, three years ago I came into this place at a dollar and a half a day. I was then a man of forty, with a family. Soon I saw that the man who increases production is the man that gets the money. I decided then to become a foreman. Fit yourself to become a production engineer! Production is the end that pays.' From that moment there was no more wabbling in my mind as to what I would do after I had finished at the 'tech'; my cloth was cut for me and I could drive straight ahead to a definite end. Many boys who go to work young lose out and fail to get anywhere because they blunder into a job for the week's pay and stick there without ever finding out what they really want to do; and the same thing is true of just as many college men."

Billy next shifted his position so that he might work under an Englishman whose specialty was inventing machinery for fabric mills. He was an expert in devising methods for the more efficient driving of machinery by means of thinner belting. Uneducated and wholly without technical training, he was a wizard in his specialty.

"Bill," he would exclaim, "the way to work a factory problem is to ask yourself what you've got to do an' then take it up A B C! No use fussing round it—just do it. Common-sense is just as useful as oil round machinery."

Billy had a chance to see how this simple rule, backed by natural mechanical ability, was able to solve more than one intricate driving problem that had been too much for highly educated and expensive engineers. Still, he clung to the idea that he could not afford to miss a technical education; so he went to a big city, entered its best type of technology, and began a four years' course in mechanical engineering. He had enough money to pay for his first term's tuition, buy his books and have fifty dollars left.

"You are undertaking an almost impossible task," remarked the dean. "It would be much better for you to work another year before entering."

The boy, however, replied that he would get along all right. He had a theory that if he could provide for his meals the problem of a place to sleep would be easily solved. He went to boarding houses and finally found one that engaged him as a

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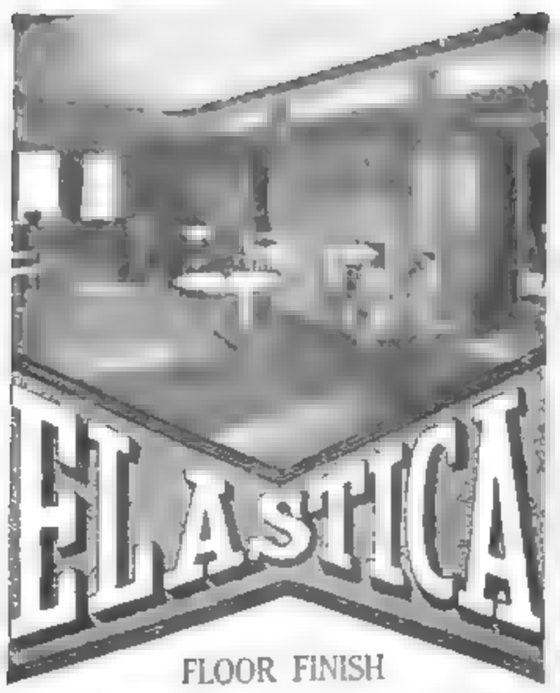

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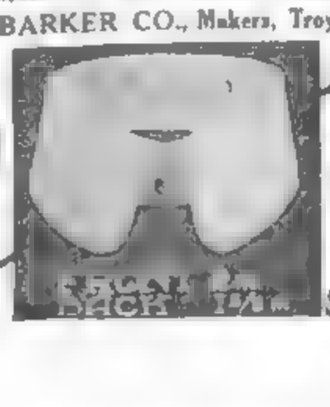

1/4 1/2 3/4 Sizes

waiter in exchange for his meals. Then he sought a church settlement that maintained clubrooms and secured the position of manager, which provided him with room, laundry, carfare and a dollar a week extra.

At last he was in a great technical school! And the strongest impression his studies made upon him in that first term was that they were curiously unrelated, in the main, to the actual work of the shop!

With the beginning of vacation he looked about for shop employment, and encountered a firm that represented itself as furnishing expert services to large shops. He was told to go to a certain railroad repair shop where he would be employed as a first-class machinist. Armed with a stop-watch and a small notebook, he filed his application and was immediately assigned to work. It was good to get back into a shop again! He took up his efficiency studies with the relish of a hungry man, and found them interesting almost beyond his expectations.

Then the eyes of the young machinist were suddenly opened to a new chapter in shoplife. He had joined the local labor union. According to the talk of the men there was something on of more than usual importance for the next meeting.

When he knocked off work that evening he was surprised to receive a call from the head of the concern that had sent him to this job.

"We want a careful and accurate report of what takes place at the meeting tonight," remarked his caller.

"So that's the game, is it?" responded Billy. "Well, I'm not in the spy business or in your employ any longer either!"

It was a keen disappointment to leave the railroad work; but he would get back to it sometime. Then he went out and found employment for the remainder of the summer in a very modern, progressive toolshop where highgrade men were employed and the work was done in the experimental spirit. Here was a shop that seemed almost ideal as a training school. It was what he had been looking for—a place where new devices were constantly being worked out to the end of increasing output and improving quality.

Billy Cuts His Sawteeth

The shop was a big profitmaker, and it gave Billy a thrill of pleasure when he discovered that the heaviest end of the profits was really produced in the experimental room. There were daily consultations between the engineer, the department foreman and the experiment foreman. Often the workmen were brought into the conference and urged to help with suggestions and criticisms. No detail was too small for thorough discussion.

Though this firm led the field in its line, it did so against keen and strong competition. The superintendent had one saying that almost every man in the shop knew by heart:

"Anything can be done that needs to be done. Meet competition by cutting cost or raising quality—or both."

Billy was privileged to have a hand in making this saying come true in a case that seemed to require little less than a miracle. This experience made an impression upon him so deep and vivid that he has hardly been able to admit since then that any mechanical problem can present an impossibility. The superintendent and the toolroom foreman were one day called to the general manager's office. They came back with serious faces. They had been told that the most resourceful competitor in the field had unquestionably developed a new process in the cutting of sawteeth that more than doubled their production at the same cost. This gave that house an immense advantage, because saws formed an important part of the output of the competing firms.

The idea of sending a spy into the competitor's shop was not considered. This firm did not do business on that basis, though spying was still quite the fashion. The way the management of that shop expressed it was:

"If we haven't ability enough in our organization to develop a process as good as or better than our competitor develops, then we'd better be beaten."

And the superintendent added:

"There is always something hampering about a process that is brought in by spying. It never carries with it the full benefit of the idea. I'd rather work with a much poorer idea of my own—aside from moral

"My daughter surprised me some time ago by telling me my teeth were beginning to show the effects of constant smoking.

"I didn't give the matter much thought, however, until one day at the office I noticed that Forsyth, my senior partner, had the cleanest, whitest looking teeth I had seen in many a day.

"Knowing that he was an inveterate smoker, like myself, I asked him about it.

"He turned to me with an engaging smile—I realized then that his teeth were what made that smile so engaging—and replied: 'Pebeco Tooth Paste twice a day.'

"I took the hint and bought a tube on the way home that evening.

"A few months later I made my annual sojourn to the dentist. His first remark was: 'Humph! must have quit smoking.'

"I smiled to myself, realizing that Pebeco had done it and that the dentist was giving a strong compliment to the preparation by his few words.

"Later he told me my teeth were in splendid condition and I have sworn by Pebeco ever since."

(Quotation from a letter to Lehn & Fink. Name and address of writer sent on application)

PEBECO TOOTH PASTE

This man discovered Pebeco in time. Most of us let the acids in our mouths weaken our teeth till toothache drives us to the dentist, in spite of the fact that all we have to do is to let Pebeco make these acids as harmless as water, while it keeps our teeth white and clean.

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Write for Acid Test Papers and 10 Day Trial Tube

Try your mouth for acid. Use the trial tube and experience the pleasurable feeling of freshness following the use of this true dentifrice.

Pebeco is the product of the hygienic laboratories of P. Beiersdorf & Co., Hamburg, Germany. Only a little is used at a time, extra large 50c tubes save money and teeth—sold everywhere.

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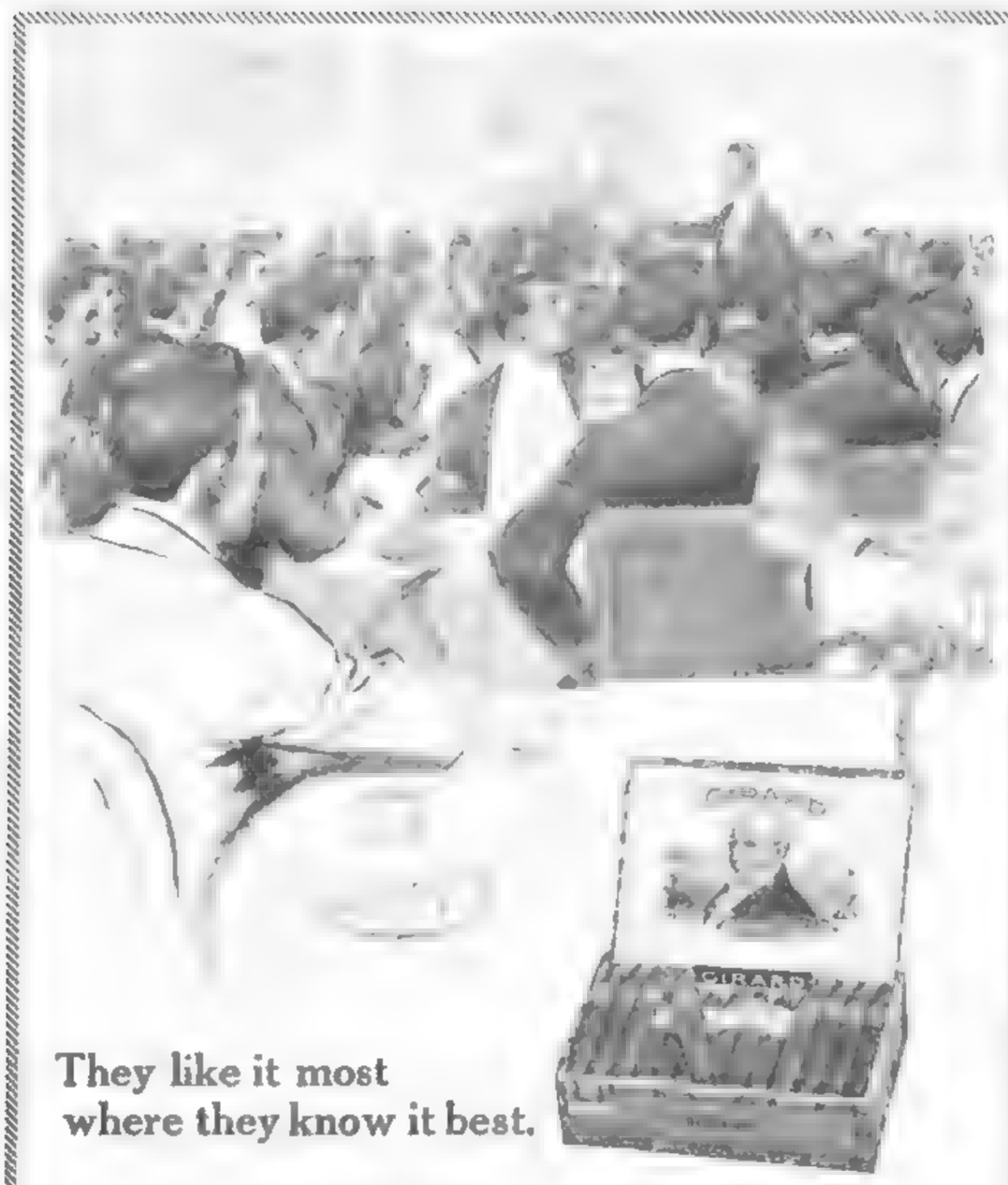

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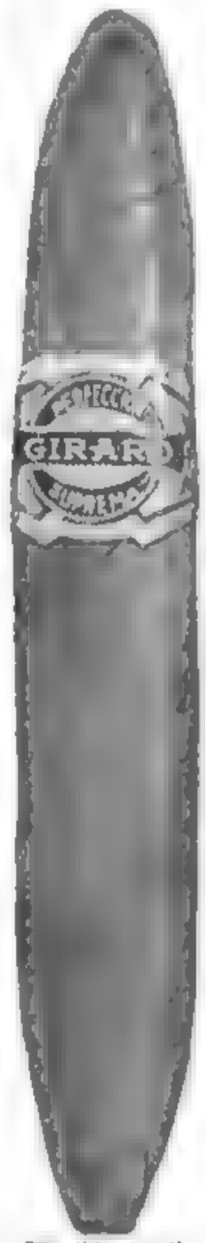

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The entire filler is Cuban-grown Havana tobacco. All the native aroma is retained by slow natural seasoning without artificial sweating. No other flavoring is used. And our advanced method of blending secures a result impossible by any other means—a cigar uniformly mellow and bland, yet completely satisfying.

We refund his money to any dealer who does not find a ready sale for Girard Cigars.

Remind your nearest dealer of this. And if he does not carry the *Girard* in stock urge him to get it for you.

If need be we will send you a trial box of ten for $1, or fifty for $5—And your money returned if not satisfied. But we'd rather you ordered through your dealer. Insist on *trying* the *Girard anyway*.

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considerations—for I can get better results from it; but it's up to us to get a better idea, not a poorer one. This house is not going to be outdone by any competitor when it comes to up-to-date processes. We're going to go at this thing from the ground up—starting all over again. I want every man of you to feel that our job is to invent a machine that will cut more than three hundred a minute, instead of one hundred and twenty, as we are now doing. And it's got to be done!"

Every man in the shop who had anything to do with sawcutting was called into the council, and every one of those men went to the task with a bound. They didn't stop work on the problem when they knocked off at night either. They took it to bed with them. In a surprisingly short time they had a machine that cut between three hundred and four hundred sawteeth a minute. The new method was revolutionary in principle—a rotary instead of the old up-and-down punch. As the men gathered about the perfected machine there was a glow of shop pride on every face. One old workman declared:

"I [illegible] this shop [illegible] and they won't have [illegible], so long as the Old Man's on the job with every hand in the place [illegible] with him."

To [illegible] this ordeal was as thrilling as storming a fort, and the results that followed it were almost as instructive as the achievement itself. The development of this machine made it suddenly possible to treble the output of one unit without increasing the investment or fixed charges; but to do this demanded a like quickening in all the other processes of making a handsaw. The device for setting the teeth had to be trebled in its speed. The hardening and tempering furnaces had to undergo a like stimulation; and this involved the overhauling of furnaces and equipment worth thousands of dollars. At last, however, these changes were accomplished—by calling in all hands and drawing out their latent creative abilities. What a lesson in coördination! In the end the total fixed expenses were reduced a trifle and the output practically trebled.

Here, too, Billy had his first lesson in the vital manufacturing element of overhead expense.

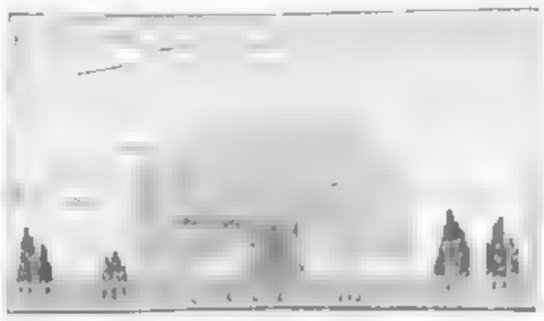
Overlooking Overhead Expenses

"The average workman and minor factory executive," he says, "have no realization of what overhead expense means. Many of them look upon the office end of the business as an unproductive drag, and figure that the only cost in an article is labor, and material. Frequently I have seen workmen estimate that if the material for an article costs fifty cents and the labor twenty-five cents it should be able to sell for a dollar and make a profit, when the overhead expenses ran as high as two hundred per cent on the productive labor. This factory maintained a costly experiment department that really kept them alive in the face of keen competition, and with thousands of dollars' worth of machinery the overhead expenses climbed to appalling per cents in some departments.

"On heavy forge and furnace work it was not uncommon to see a charge of seven dollars the productive hour, though the man on the machine or the furnace cost perhaps three or four dollars a day. This was met by the management with the differential bonus and piece rates—that is, a certain reasonable standard of output was fixed, as the work approached that standard the worker's pay increased with greater and greater increments—cutting overhead expense in direct proportion."

When Billy left this shop to return to the school of technology his apprentice days in the new calling of efficiency engineer were over—but that's another chapter!

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Forrest Crissey. The second will appear in an early issue



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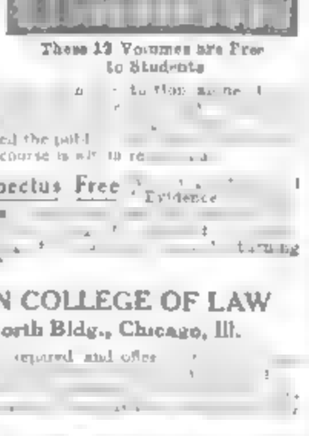

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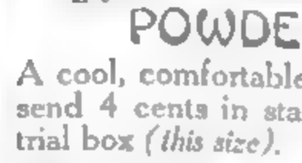

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There are other vital tests to which a storage battery is subjected. Important among these is the test of **Voltage Dependability.** It is no credit to a battery to deliver satisfactory energy output when stored full of current. The real trial comes as the end of discharge approaches.

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In the test of **Economy,** the **U-S-L** has created a new storage battery record. On a comparative basis it has been proved to require for a given energy output the least charging current of all storage batteries.

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These qualities bring the **U-S-L** up to the highest service standard known to battery engineers. It is made in the largest and best equipped plant in the world devoted exclusively to specialized electrical manufacture.

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A corps of experts operate from the fully-stocked service stations we maintain in eight large cities. These men are at the constant disposal of **U-S-L** customers and co-operate at all times toward the end of maximum efficiency. *Fill out the coupon and get valuable information.*

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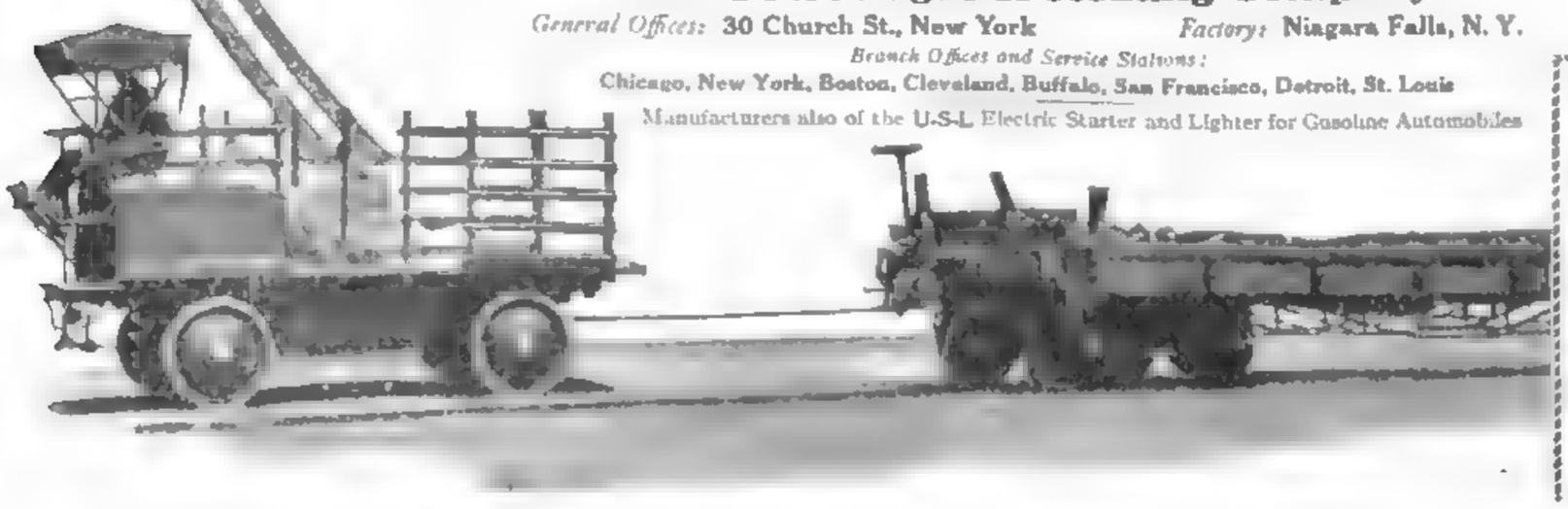

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Have you ever used a soap with the *real* odor of violets?

If not, you do not know how delightful a soap can be. Every time you wash with this sample cake, you will enjoy its fresh fragrance. In it we have caught the real odor of violets and the color of fresh violet leaves, a beautiful translucent green.

Send us a 2c stamp and we will send you this sample cake, enough to last several days. When you have used it, you can get it in the regular size from your druggist — 10c a cake, *three cakes for a quarter*. The violet fragrance is universally loved, is adopted more often than all other odors *combined*. Get your sample today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., Dept. P, Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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10c a cake — 3 cakes for 25c. For sale everywhere. Look for the name Jergens.

The New, Delicious and Really Nutritious Candy—

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—the product of a new candy-making formula that provides health-giving qualities in addition to rare deliciousness.

You can't eat too many of them—because no harmful ingredients are used. Nothing else in them but pure cream, sugar, nuts, pure fruit flavoring and delicious concentrated extract of malt—acknowledged by physicians to possess highest nutritive value.

A complete assortment: Caramels, Bon-Bons, Chocolates, Nougats, etc., in all flavors.

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WHERE ALL SIGNS FAIL

Continued from Page 15

There is no escape from it. Then will come the opportunity for the natural, the inevitable readjustment of parties in this country into their natural and inevitable positions—the conservatives of both parties will have a common cause and the radicals a common cause. The readjustment may not come before 1916. If the Democrats win they may hold together in a way until after that election; but the new alignment will come in time, and the present Roosevelt movement portends it with no greater certainty than will the election of Wilson, by an apparently united party, in case Wilson is elected.

The three parties have Western headquarters in Chicago. David Mulvane, of Kansas, is in charge of the Taft headquarters; Joseph Davies, of Wisconsin, is in charge of the Wilson headquarters; and Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, is the chief man at the Roosevelt headquarters. The Taft headquarters have the greatest calm and dignity, the Wilson headquarters have the finest rooms and the prettiest furniture, and the Roosevelt headquarters display the most enthusiasm. The Taft people take their stand on the sweeping claims made some time ago by Chairman Hilles. The Wilson people are supremely confident that their man will be elected. The Roosevelt shouters say it will be a landslide for them.

The inside of it is that the Taft people hope they may be able to get a greater popular vote for Taft than Roosevelt will get—and are working desperately to hold Republicans in line, without thinking Mr. Taft will be elected. The Wilson people, basing their calculations on the wide-open split in the Republican party, think they can hold practically the normal Democratic vote for Wilson and know they will have some accessions from among the old-line Republicans. The Roosevelt people are much encouraged by their reports and realize that their problem is to hold what they have. If Roosevelt doesn't slump they will get a lot of votes. If the Taft people see, along late in October, that the Roosevelt vote is likely to be dangerous the word will go out for the regulars to vote for Wilson to make the elimination of Roosevelt sure. In some quarters that word is going out now.

The Cobweb of Politics

The real problem of these managers, and the Eastern managers, is to get information. The day when the politician could come in and tell how things are going is past. The politicians today know less about what is going on than any other class of people. Old political standards of measurement and computation are worthless. Only forty per cent, on an average, of the Republicans voted in the primaries previous to the Republican National Convention, for example. What does that other sixty per cent intend to do? Nobody knows. That other sixty per cent is keeping its own counsel. The Taft managers profess to believe that the Roosevelt strength all came out in the primaries, and that his vote is practically a known quantity in these primary Republican states. That claim is based on hope, not on knowledge. There is no way of computing. For example, a man who is on good terms with the financial institutions in Chicago made a canvass of the Chicago banks not long ago. He found that the officials, from presidents down to assistant tellers, are mainly for Taft, with some for Wilson. And he found that the clerks are largely for Roosevelt, with some for Wilson. That means whatever you think it means, but there are more clerks than there are presidents and cashiers and tellers.

The states of North and South Dakota, Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois present conditions identical, practically, with the states farther west. The fight in all these states—except possibly in Illinois—is between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Roosevelt, as things stand early in September. There are some who hold that Mr. Taft is gaining strength slowly and may make a better showing than the situation now indicates. If he doesn't he will not make much of a showing.

In all the above states, as elsewhere, the state situation complicates the national situation. Each state has local wars. There is much backing and filling over the question of third tickets for state and legislative officials. Primary fights are bitter. Men who want to support Roosevelt and who want to run for state and local offices sometimes doubt the wisdom of third-party state tickets and sometimes urge such tickets. The Roosevelt supporters have been recruited, to an extent, from men who can't get office in either of the old parties, although there are many earnest, sincere, non-political Roosevelt men, of course.

In a general way the outcome of state primaries will not and does not indicate much on which to base national inferences. A state fight may or may not have a bearing on the national fight. It will be held to have a distinct bearing by those whom it apparently benefits, and none at all by those who lose.

The fact is that, in most instances, the national situation is largely independent of state fights and primary results. The voters have set apart the big questions and intend to do what they please in state contests and to vote according to their original determinations on national issues.

What the Vermont Vote Means

As this is written Roosevelt seems to have the better of it in North Dakota, and it is a close fight between Roosevelt and Wilson in South Dakota. The fight in Minnesota will be a straightout one. There will be Taft electors and Roosevelt electors on the ticket, and, therefore, no necessity for hedging. As this is written Taft has a slim chance for carrying Minnesota. The chances favor Wilson, but if the Roosevelt men make a vigorous campaign they may get a lot of results. There isn't much indication in Minnesota of the revenge spirit shown by the regular Republicans in other states. They seem content to go down with the ship, if they have to, and will rather generally vote for Taft. The Democrats are fairly well in line and have a good chance. Still they vote rather independently in Minnesota, and there are many radicals up there.

In Wisconsin much depends on the attitude of Senator La Follette. It is understood that he will make this campaign without reference to Taft or Roosevelt or, rather, without active support of either, but will fight for the maintenance of his organization and for the Progressive candidates for Congress and state offices. La Follette men say they have no use for either Taft or Roosevelt and are inclined to vote for Wilson, while supporting the Progressive Republican candidates for Congress and the state offices.

The primary that was held in Wisconsin on September third for the selection of candidates for the state offices had some bearing on the national situation in that state on the Democratic side. The present governor, McGovern, was unopposed for the Republican nomination. The two Democratic candidates were Karel and Schmitz. Karel ran on a platform proposing the repeal of the recently adopted income-tax law and Schmitz' platform demanded a fair trial of the measure. The progressive Democrats favored Schmitz, also the principal Wilson leaders in the state, or most of them. The old-line Democrats, supported by the old-line Republicans, were for Karel, and Karel won.

The Wilson men, or rather the progressive Democrats, claimed before the primary that the selection of Karel would be a grave menace to Wilson's chances in the state, notwithstanding whatever anti-Taft and anti-Roosevelt support Wilson will get from the La Follette men and others nominally Republican. Wisconsin is doubtful in two ways. Although a progressive state, it is not probable that Roosevelt will carry it, and the result between Wilson and Taft hinges on the shifts, one shift being La Follette's men to Wilson and the other being a combination of the men who made the nomination of Karel possible—Republicans and Democrats—for Taft. Roosevelt, as this was written, is in third place in Wisconsin, and Wilson seems to have the advantage, for although Roosevelt will get a considerable vote, he will take from Taft rather than from Wilson.

The mix in Illinois is a wonder. Progressive Republicans are supporting, as candidate for governor, Deneen, who is for Taft, and yet they are whooping it up for Roosevelt. The out-and-out Bull-Moose

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contingent has a third-party candidate for governor. The Democrats have hopes that their man, Dunne, may pull through for governor. Lorimer's friends will be for Taft. So will a good portion of the big business men. Meantime, Roosevelt is very strong, and all in all, though at this writing the chances seem to favor Wilson and though he has the apparent advantage, anything may happen and something undoubtedly will happen. One thing is certain, and that is that Roosevelt will get a lot of votes—a whole lot of votes.

The conclusions I have reached in visiting all the states from the Pacific Coast up to and through Illinois were well borne out by the election in Vermont. I have held that Roosevelt will get a large vote, and that was shown in Vermont, where he succeeded in getting more than 15,000 of the Vermont Republicans, who are of the rock-ribbed kind, to leave their party, virtually, and vote for the Progressive candidate for governor. This, taken in connection with the decrease of the Republican vote and the increase on the Democratic vote, means that Roosevelt and Taft will split the Republican vote, that Roosevelt will get a larger vote than many have anticipated, and that this split will make it much easier for Wilson.

If Roosevelt and a third-party candidate for governor can get over 15,000 in such a Republican state as Vermont, what computation can be made of the number of votes he will get in Kansas and Iowa and Minnesota and Nebraska and other states where party ties are not so close? If Roosevelt keeps on at his present great stride he will make a tremendous showing. The result in Vermont can be counted as nothing less than a victory, taking into consideration all circumstances, especially the supposedly durable Republicanism of Vermont.

The California primaries showed that Roosevelt has lost none of his popularity there. Indeed, the Republican National Committee has given up California, which is generous of that organization, for California has been lost to Taft a long time. The Taft men will pretty generally vote for Wilson, and the race will be between Roosevelt and Wilson, with Roosevelt having the advantage.

Many Taft men profess to think the President is growing in strength. Also they say the Roosevelt movement is beginning to recede. Taft may be increasing in strength slowly in some sections, but I have not yet found them. Roosevelt is holding what he has, which is considerable. The situation in a broad general way, in these states, is that the fight is largely between Roosevelt and Wilson with Taft third, and, as this is written, the chances seem decidedly in favor of Wilson's getting a majority of the electoral votes in this section.

Winged Victory

CONTINUALLY the aviator is in the hands of the builder; and that builder, enslaved by the need of strength in his fabric, none the less dares not put too much weight into that strength. Flying is all an art of adjustment. It is a continual compromise. It is a continual resultant. It is, in short, a continual attempt. It is not any conquest of the air at all. Nature was here first and will be here after we are not. The art of the aviator is not a conquest but a yielding; it is not a defiance of law, but a compliance with it.

The laws of gravity, of momentum, of action and reaction, of incidence and reflection—all are permanent institutions; and the best we can do is to compromise with them. Moreover, that compromise, in order to be successful, must be backed by faith in the integrity of the material which men put into their substitutes for wings and heart and muscles. Against these natural forces we must use metal wires, woven fabrics.

Whereas the bird balances by its head and neck, we balance by damper or ruddertail or back keel. We assure our direction by a rigid vertical plane, not by flexible vertebræ. Rudely and crudely we attempt to bend the tips of our wings, warping them down by wires. Rudely and crudely we endeavor to make ourselves a part of our inanimate instrument. The welding is a difficult thing; but to that welding and that blending, which alone can mean success in flying, we bring what the bird has not—the reasoning mind and the audacious soul of man.

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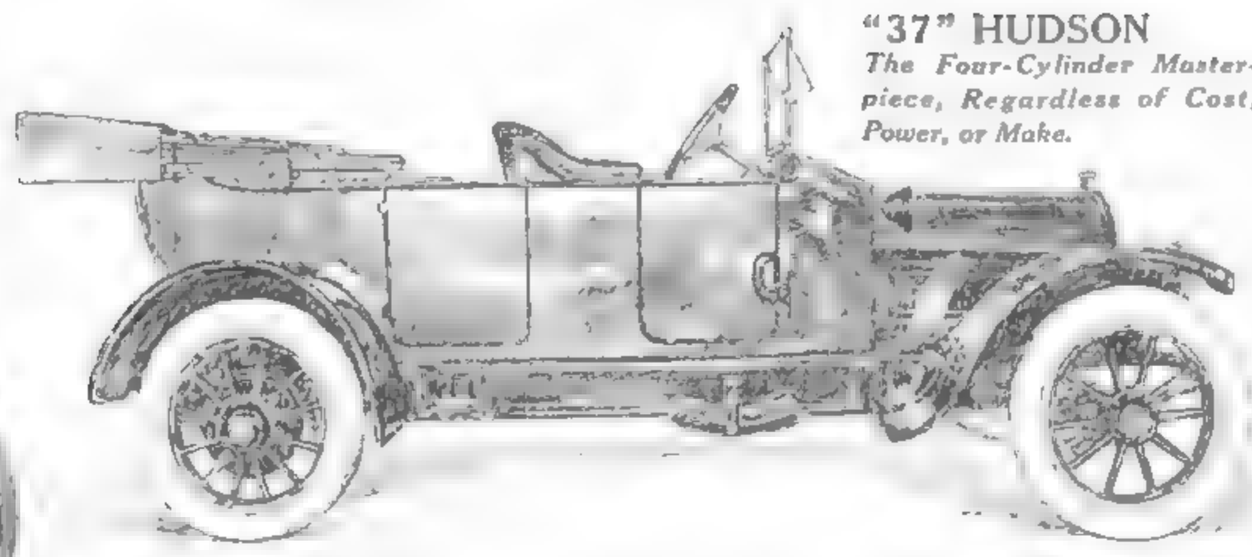

"37" HUDSON
The Four-Cylinder Masterpiece, Regardless of Cost, Power, or Make.

The 48 Engineers Who Designed the HUDSON

The 48 engineers whose portraits are reproduced on these pages make up the staff who combined in designing the HUDSON "37" and the "54" HUDSON—a six.

These men have had experience as engineers, designers, etc., in 97 of the best known American and European automobile factories; combined they have had a hand in building more than 200,000 cars.

We should like to publish in this advertisement the complete engineering record of each of these experts. Space will not permit that, but we will send such a report to anyone upon request.

Each man has exerted the influence in designing these cars to which his experience and ability entitle him. Some are not exclusively identified with this company, but because of their unusual knowledge of some feature of design have been utilized in a consulting and advisory capacity.

The foremost engineer in the industry, the leader of these experts, is Howard E. Coffin, builder of six famous cars and creator of devices used on 80 per cent of the leading American automobiles.

Some of these men were engineers with famous European factories such as the Fiat, Panhard, Renault, Napier, De Dion, Mercedes and others.

Two members of this staff have served as President of the Society of Automobile Engineers. One has headed the Rules Committee of the Manufacturers Contest Association and was Chairman of the Committee on Tests of the Association of Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.

Another man is now consulted in the building of United States Submarine boats, because of his expert knowledge of gasoline motors. He raised a 1000 horsepower motor to 1300 horsepower and thereby increased the speed of the boat eight knots an hour.

This body of engineers, trained in the leading schools of technology, as apprentices to famous engineers, and in the leading shops, combined know practically all that is known in motor car building.

They all join in saying "these are the best cars we know."

Do you think it likely that cars built under such conditions are apt to lack any detail essential to the performance, comfort, quality, or general satisfaction?

Don't you think it much more likely that cars built by such skilled men are more apt to be the standard of the future?

See the HUDSON, for in either the "37" or "54" you will find what 48 experts have declared to be their masterpiece.

See the Triangle on the Radiator

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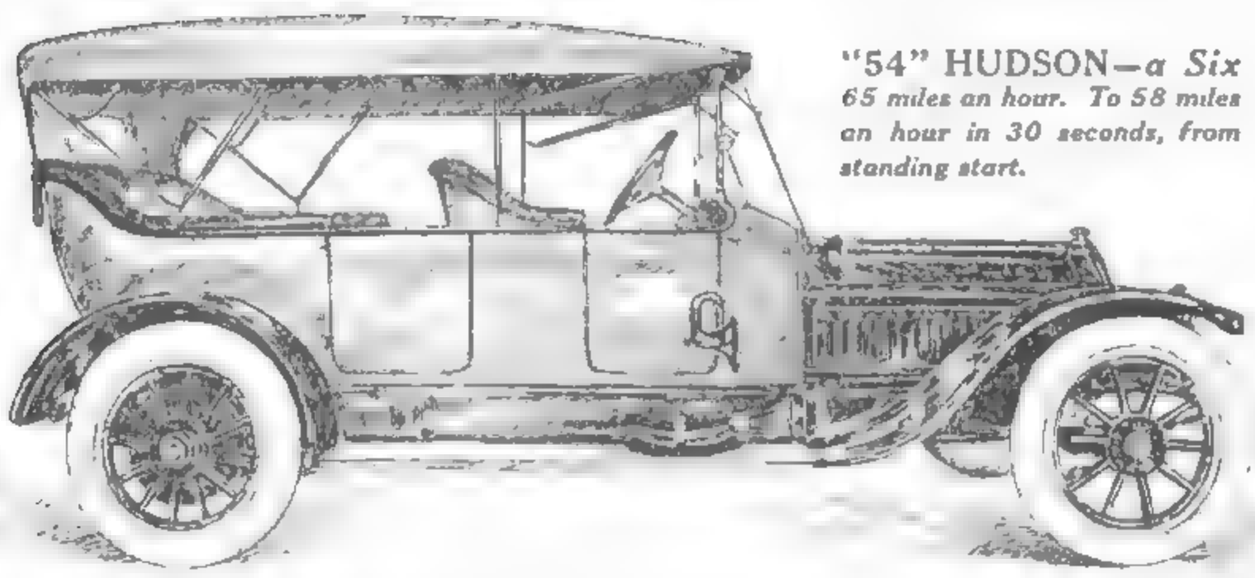

"54" HUDSON—*a Six*
65 miles an hour. To 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds, from standing start.

Their Two Great Cars

The Six

The "54" HUDSON supplies every demand made of any automobile in speed, get-away, safety, power, luxurious equipment, distinctive appearance and comfort.

It is not merely a "Six" made so by the addition of two cylinders to a good four-cylinder car. It is capable of a speed of 65 miles an hour with full equipment and will jump to a speed of 58 miles an hour in 30 seconds from a standing start.

Its equipment is complete in every detail, which includes electric self-cranking, electric lighting—dynamo type—and ignition system known as the Delco, patented. Illuminated dash and extension lamp, mohair top, curtain, rain vision windshield, speedometer, clock, demountable rims, 36 x 4½-inch tires, 127-inch wheel base, etc.

The seat-cushions are 12 inches deep. The finest materials are used throughout. No detail of finish or equipment is skimped or overlooked.

The Four

No man need be told that Howard E. Coffin leads all in building four-cylinder cars. No designer has built as many successful automobiles.

In building the HUDSON "37" all his skill and experience contributed to its perfection. But in addition there was also worked into the car the skill and experience of his 47 expert associates.

Thus was produced a car such as no one man is capable of building. It is truly a composite masterpiece.

The "37" combines all that these experts know in the art of automobile building. Its detail of comfort, beauty, distinctiveness and equipment is precisely the same as that furnished on the "Six."

The car has sufficient power for every requirement. It is quiet and free from the degree of vibration common to most automobiles.

It is a simple, accessible, durable car—the best our 48 engineers know how to build, therefore we unhesitatingly recommend it as the Master of any four-cylinder car, regardless of cost, power or make.

"54" HUDSON Models: Five-passenger Touring Car and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster, $2450 each, f. o. b. Detroit. Seven-passenger Touring Car, $150 additional. Limousine, 7-passenger, $3750; Coupé, 3-passenger, $2950. Open bodies furnished with Limousine and Coupé at extra charge. Canadian price, either Touring Car, Torpedo or Roadster, duty paid, $3200, f. o. b. Detroit.

HUDSON "37" Models are Five-passenger Touring and Torpedo and Two-passenger Roadster at $1875 each; Limousine, $3250; Coupé, $2350; f. o. b. Detroit. Open bodies with Limousine and Coupé, extra. Canadian prices either Touring, Torpedo or Roadster, $2425.

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WHEN you go to the Queen Quality Dealer in your town, you go to the *best* shoe store there.

It may not be the handsomest store—it may not have the finest fixtures and show windows or the largest number of clerks, but it is really the *most important shoe store in town* because it represents the greatest organization in the world making women's shoes.

The Queen Quality factory is the result of twenty-one years of successful shoe making. The capacity of our factory is 17,000 pairs of shoes every working day. Over a million women are wearing Queen Quality Shoes at this minute.

Such a success would not be possible if the shoes did not give satisfaction—if the business were not built up entirely on recommendations from satisfied customers.

Queen Quality is recognized everywhere as the standard shoe for women.

We stand behind every Queen Quality Shoe that is made. We know it is right in workmanship, design and materials. We employ the best shoe artists in the world. Our styles are leaders. Women everywhere recognize in Queen Quality Shoes a daintiness, shapeliness and grace that is distinctive.

They also appreciate the fact that all of these good qualities are offered at moderate prices—$3.50, $3.75, $4.00, $4.25, $4.50 and $5.00 per pair.

If your dealer does not carry Queen Quality Shoes, write us at once and we will send you a handsome Style Book showing the latest Fall and Winter Models. Try your dealer first.

See that the trade mark is stamped on every pair.

Thirty-eight hundred dealers handle "Queen Quality" shoes. Below we give you the names of a few in the leading cities for your convenience.

Albany, N. Y.—Specialty Boot Shop.
Atlanta, Ga.—M. Rich & Bros. Co.
Boston, Mass.—James A. Houston Company
Buffalo, N. Y.—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson Co.
Cincinnati, O.—Jos. Pietzuch Company
Cleveland, O.—The Pocock & Wolfram Co.
Columbus, O.—The Holbrook Shoe Co.
Denver, Col.—The Fontius Shoe Company
Detroit, Mich.—The Shockey Shoe Company
Hartford, Conn.—Brown, Thomson & Co.
Houston, Tex.—Krupp & Tuffly, Inc.
Indianapolis, Ind.—H. P. Wasson & Company
Kansas City, Mo.—Holland Shoe Co.
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Mexico City, Mexico—[illegible]
Montreal, P. Q., Canada—John Murphy Co., Ltd.
Nashville, Tenn.—[illegible]n, Cooper & Geary.
New Orleans, La.—[illegible]son Blanche Company
New York, N. Y.—Queen Quality Boot Shop
Philadelphia, Pa.—A. H. Geuting Company
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Joseph Horne Company
Providence, R. I.—[illegible]nder, McAuslan & [illegible]
Rochester, N. Y.—[illegible] Lee & Webster, Inc.
San Francisco, Cal.—B. [illegible]hmas.
St. Louis, Mo.—J. G. Brandt Shoe Company
Springfield, Mass.—[illegible]
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Queen Quality SHOE

$3.50 TO $5.00

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THE KEY OF A FLAT

(Continued from Page 13)

"Sure thing. He's crazy about my voice and playin'. I sang fer him yesterday after hours."

"Rosey Slatts, I always said you ought to go on the stage!" Mayme spoke slowly to restrain her emotions.

"Don't tell anybody yet. I don't want everybody knowin' it right away. Ain't it grand, Mayme?"

Miss Tutt giggled in an upward arpeggio. "Grand? Well, I guess yes. I always thought I could go on the stage, Rosey. I used to be dandy on elocution."

"Wait till I get a start, and I'll see what I can do fer you, honey."

"Wouldn't it be swell if we could both go on—wouldn't it, Rosey?"

They embraced in ecstasy of anticipation.

"Don't spill the news, Mayme."

"Leave it to me."

They embraced again.

Ten minutes later a new excitement thridded the basement of the Sixth Avenue store. Every member of the floor from Cash to Rooney knew sub rosa that Rosey was booked for Broadway.

At closing that night her admirers and well-wishers bore down upon her and glutted themselves upon her recital, which was largely autobiographical; regarding her the while as if Midas had placed his hand upon her turbulent yellow curls.

Mr. Hassybrock skirted the crowd, his face wearing a hang-dog look of appeal, but Rosey's eyes were hard and bright and as blue as a noonday sky. Mr. Hassybrock might have been a newel post and the appeal a message in a dead language.

Thus did Rosey depart from the Sixth Avenue store, a Titian-haired envoy of a gold-toothed Thespis.

For five days after the departure her name and achievement were tossed from counter to counter, laces and hardware conferring alike. Only Mr. Hassybrock, whose mouth had taken on the droop of an inverted crescent, remained aloof from the various symposiums. At intervals his tired eyes, gazing at the usurped piano stool, would take on the look they had worn when Rosey, spurning him and his cough drops alike, had destroyed the note and his spirit.

The sixth day Rosey herself stepped out of the elevator into the basement of the Sixth Avenue store, a modish Eurydice irresistibly drawn back to her Hades—a radiant Eurydice, with a new twinkle in her eye and a new twenty-dollar tan suit. A hat shaped like a May basket fitted down over her yellow curls and wreathed her face in tan frills and pink cotton rosebuds. She was also wrapped in an invisible ephod of assurance, which straightened her back like a pair of braces and tilted her chin.

The knit-underwear department to the right of the elevator rose to a man, Mayme and Mr. Percy Snuggs, assistant buyer, pouncing upon her simultaneously.

"Hello, Rosey!"

"Hello, yourself," replied Miss Slatts, twirling her pink parasol and sending a score of smiles up and down the aisle.

"You're a sight for sore eyes, Rosey." Mayme leaned across a bin and kissed her friend resoundingly. "Believe me, you're some Christmas tree in that rig!"

"Quit your kiddin'," giggled Rosey.

"Well, what's the news overhead, Lillian Russell?" inquired Mr. Snuggs, leaning ten fingers on the counter and hunching his blue-serge shoulders.

Mayme pushed him aside with the point of her elbow and scowled till her eyebrows met.

"She's my company, Mr. Snuggs. The word 'manners' ain't in some people's dictionary."

"Ain't I the buttinsky!" agreed Mr. Snuggs, regarding Mayme in undaunted admiration.

The conscious cynosure of all eyes, Rosey perched herself on a revolving stool and let her pumps, showing to advantage a pair of sleazy silk hose, swing and dangle.

"Honest, Rosey, sure as my name's Mayme Tutt, I wouldn't 'a' known you if I'd 'a' seen you on the street. What is that?" She reached across and felt the tan sleeves. "Sort of a summer silk, ain't it?"

"It's æolian cloth, Mayme; all the swell models come in it. There ain't nothin' like bein' in the profesh fer a inside line on clothes—the ready-made department ain't in it."

"Are you actin' now?"

"No, I open Monday night down at the Gem on Twenty-third." Miss Slatts raised her voice a trifle; it floated down past the white goods even as far as the candy. "I want you all to come down Monday night and see me open. I got as pretty a little number as there is on the wheel, if I do say so myself."

"You don't say!" breathed Mayme.

"Can I have your company fer the Gem Monday night, Mayme?" inquired Mr. Snuggs.

"Sure," replied Mayme.

"Is the Gem a swell theayter, Rosey?"

"It's a ten-cent house, but that's where all the big acts get their start these days. The Gem's put over more than one thousand-dollar act. The grand opera queens ain't got no palate when it comes to some of the warblers I have heard there."

"Well, well!"

"Yes, it's all in getting a start in the business; after you get past the green ticket it's easy."

"Gee, I wish it was Monday night!" said Mayme. "And don't forget what you promised when you get a start, Rosey. What I'm beginnin' to think of knit underwear wouldn't look good in print."

"Never you mind, Mayme, there's better times ahead," reassured Mr. Snuggs gently.

"Shucks!" said Mayme.

At that moment Rosey puckered her brow as if in pain.

"The way that girl at the piano plays Put Your Little Hand In Mine gets on my nerves, it does. I got a friend singin' it in some style over at the Bijou this week."

"I'm crazy about your hat, Rosey."

"If you like me now, wait till you see me Monday night."

"I'm goin' to wear my pink crêpe waist, Rosey; I wanna turn out right and do you proud."

Miss Slatts slid off the stool.

"So long, Mayme, I'll see you later." She nodded her head in such fashion that all the pink cotton rosebuds were set a-jumping, and tripped lightly down the aisle.

Before the white goods she paused with her back to the counter and called over her shoulder to her enraptured friend: "Don't forget, Mayme, Gem Theayter Monday night."

Then with an adamant glance at the white goods special sign above Mr. Hassybrock's head, she sailed past his counter round a curve to the hair goods.

A geological eon of suspense, anxieties, hopes and then came Monday night, starry and cool-breathed.

In the tenth row of the Gem Theater Mr. Charles Hassybrock sat gazing with fascinated eyes at a small black-and-white announcement which two pages in gold-braided uniforms placed on easels at the right and the left of the proscenium.

MISS ROSALIND EDGMONTE

FIRST TIME IN AMERICA

ECCENTRIC MUSIC FEST

A scattered pat of applause passed round the house. The knit underwear, the candy, the hair and other lesser departments were represented. Mr. Hassybrock's collar again tightened about his neck until his face slowly deepened to the apoplectic purple, and he inserted three helpful fingers inside his neckband.

The orchestra burst into a rapid overture; from somewhere behind him came a nervous giggle like an upward arpeggio; then the conventional curtain rose slowly. Two uniformed attendants dragged an upright piano with the manufacturer's name printed in gold letters on the side out before a drop curtain which displayed a corner drug store with a striped awning and a conspicuous sign heralding a new headache powder.

A moment of exquisite delay, the house lights winked out, the yellow calcium spot danced over the stage and finally focused, a reflected sunbeam, at the right-wing entrance, and Miss Rosalind Edgmonte stepped into it like a golden mote. The knit underwear, the candy and the hair gave out a long, thrilled sigh and settled deeper in the red-plush chairs.

In your hand you hold a five-cent piece.

Right at the grocer's hand is a package of Uneeda Biscuit. He hands you the package—you hand him the coin. A trifling transaction?

No—a remarkable one—for you have spent the smallest sum that will buy a package of good food—and the grocer has sold you the most nutritious food made from flour—as clean and crisp and delicious as it was when it came from the oven.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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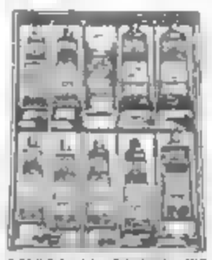

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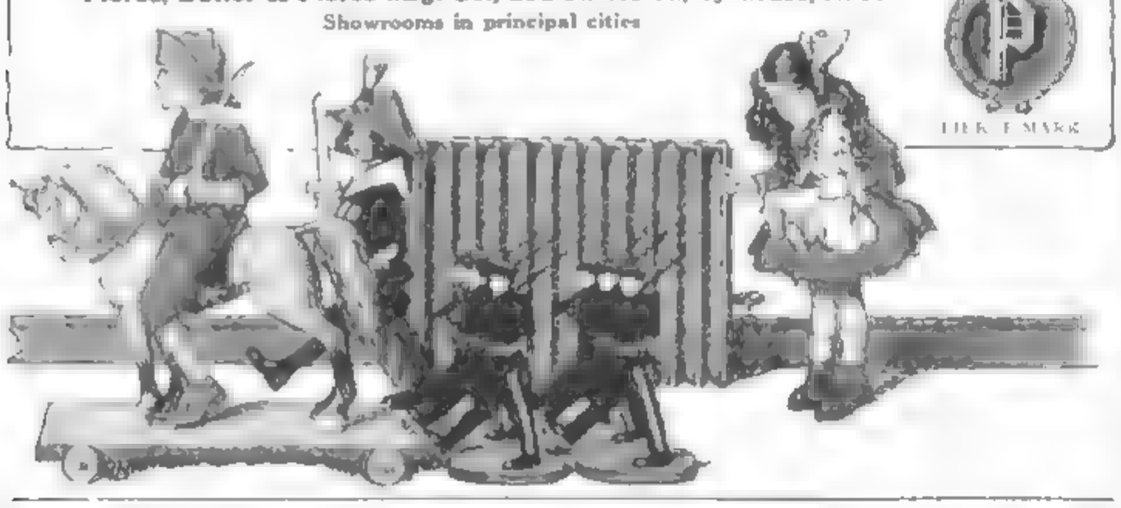

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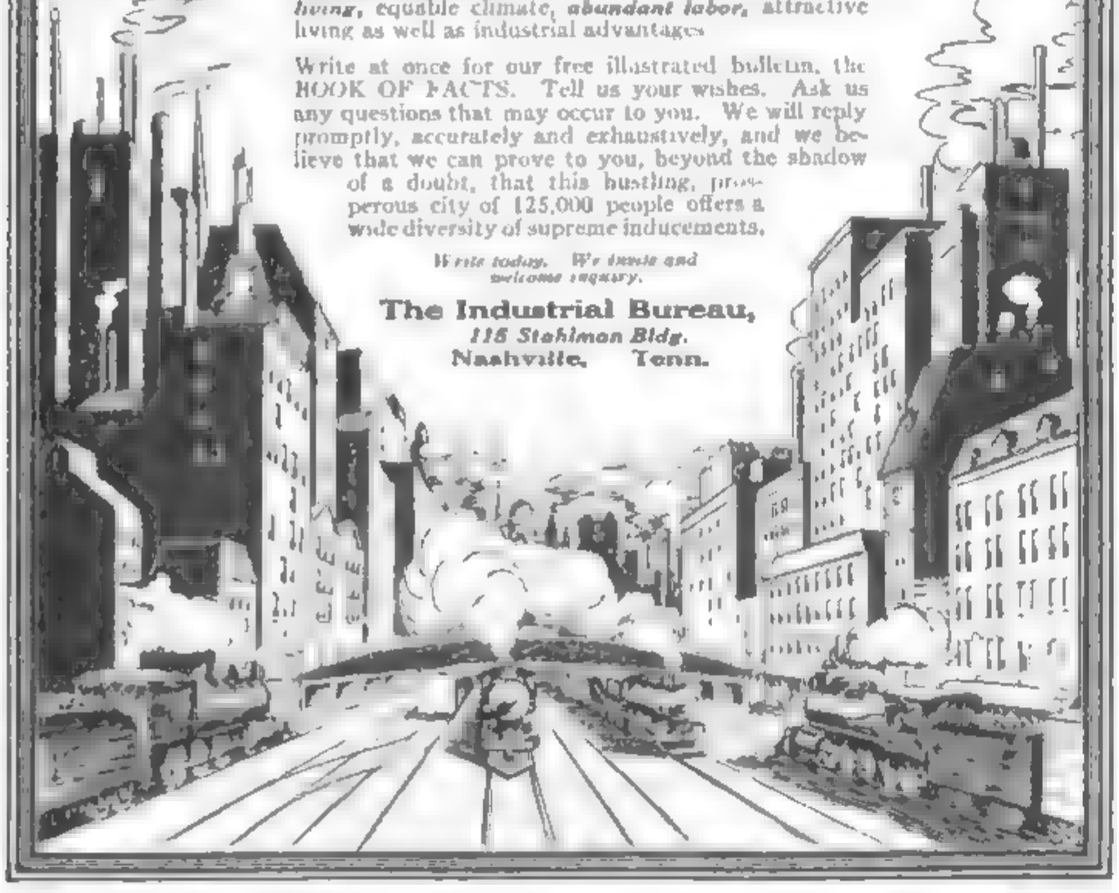

Rosey, in the briefest of spangled skirts and the longest of silk hose, flitted across the stage; her arms hugged her body close and her hands, spread horizontally, were prettily poised as if she contemplated flight. A thousand sequins glinted from her bosom and her teeth flashed in a conscious smile.

Rosey played, standing upright before the piano and jiggling her little twinkling feet to the accompaniment of a delirium of decidedly nervous ragtime. What her fingers lacked in sureness, however, she supplied in speed, her feet, fingers and yellow curls gaining momentum until she was an iridescent blur. The music rattled down the keys like an avalanche, joining forces with a torrent of popular airs the orchestra took up the refrain, and Rosey came down harder and faster with a final spurt at the two lower octaves, which ended in a rumble of tum-tums and r-r-r-r-s.

Rosey swung round to her audience, right hand raised in a military salute and the smile inviolate. Then she sang a ditty calculated to impress upon her audience the incalculable advantages of mental aberration. After each pithy verse she reverted to the theme of her lay:

It's great to be crazy! (Flourish and kick)
Gee, ain't I a daisy! (Flash of skirts)
I may be a loon, [illegible]
But it's great to be crazy! (Expert gyration)

She brought her little stilted heels together with a click, nodding her curls and kissing her hands. There was an excruciating pause; some one toward the rear jeered, "Get the hook," and a girl in a pink-crêpe blouse clapped her hand over the offender's mouth. There was an additional uncertain second, and all the while from the tenth row came the lone but insistent clapping; the panicky candy and hair goods took it up in a disorganized fashion, but it soon died out. Only the tenth row persisted.

Rosey stood with her lips quirking dangerously at the corners, but she flashed her smile at the spat of applause, flirted her skirts backward, kicked one heel according to the rule for the soubrette exit and disappeared into the wings without a recall for her last number.

The lights flashed up, the attendants shifted cards, the music flared, a pair of black-faced comedians bounded in from opposite sides of the stage and the house burst into a thunder of applause. Mr. Hassybrock felt under his chair for his hat and groped blindly out.

When Miss Rosey Slatts came out of the stage door of the Gem Theater there were red rims about her eyes and splotches of rouge still on her cheeks. She carried a heavy suitcase with a green tag attached to the handle and she breathed with the jerk that is the aftermath to tears. In the shadow of the building she paused for a moment to steady her trembling limbs and brace herself to meet the throng on Twenty-third Street.

Even as she stood there, sick and trembling, she saw her friends, Mayme Tutt and Mr. Snuggs, come out of the theater and turn toward Broadway. Their arms were interlaced and their backs expressive.

She waited until they were lost in the stream, and then with a quivering intake of breath she took up her suitcase. After her first faltering steps Mr. Hassybrock stepped out of a shadow and closed his hand over the handle of her bag.

"Give it to me, Rosey, you're done up."

She almost swayed toward him.

"I don't need your pity, Charley Hassybrock. There's many a gurl don't get her act over the first time. If I'd had the right kind of a theayter and the right kind of a manager, instead of that old gold-toothed dummy, I'd 'a' made a—made a —— I don't need your sympathy ——" Her voice trailed off.

"Who's givin' you sympathy, I'd like to know? That there act of yourn was all right, it was. I just thought I'd stop by and tell you that tomorrow bein' Decoration Day we might go over an' look at that little flat under Annie's. I was over this afternoon, and it's got a swell plate-rack in the dining room and electric lights. I got the key in my pocket now."

The weight of her suitcase shifted to him, he could feel her fingers cling to his coat sleeve and her head drooped toward his shoulder like a tired flower.

"Did you notice whether there was a three-burner gas stove in the kitchen, Charley?" she asked, trying to keep the hysteria out of her voice.

Smoke Five With Me

Here is the sweetest smoke that I ever knew, and I've smoked for 40 years.

It was handed me once by a connoisseur, who told me where to get it. Later I had it made specially for me made as a Panatela, the size of this picture, for a short, sweet smoke. It is made entirely from Havana leaf. So are many others. But I call this the finest-flavored leaf that ever came from Cuba.

All my friends think likewise. Now I order these cigars in 50,000 lots to keep my friends supplied.

It occurs to me now that countless men would be glad to share this discovery. I am going to let some of them do it. Not for profit so much as a hobby.

I will supply a few men, who love good cigars, at **$4.50 per hundred,** mail or express prepaid. That's not far from my cost.

If you must have [illegible]

Five Cigars Given Away

[illegible] 10 cents to pick out the right sort of people.

If you like them, order as wanted [illegible] time. I will send them prepaid [illegible] for $2.45, and if you prefer [illegible] charge it out with you. **Write now for the five cigars.**

(5) **J. ROGERS WARNER**
523 Marine Bank Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

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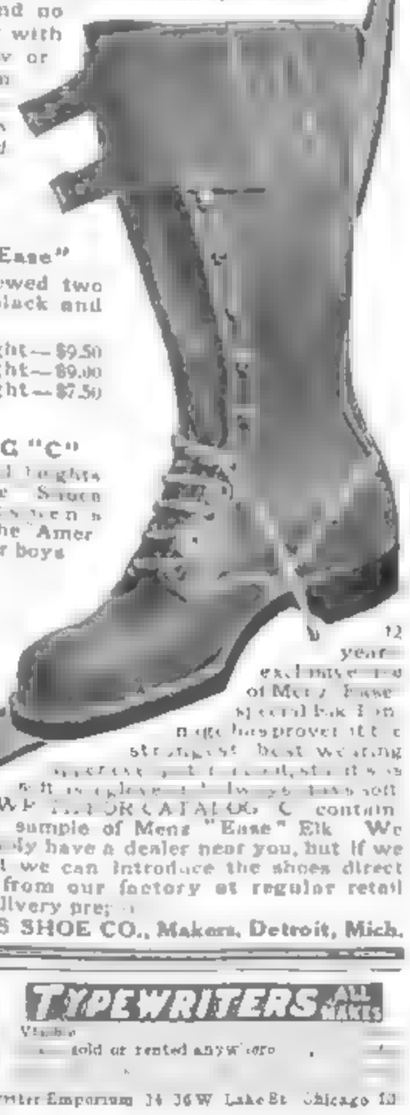
ALWAYS COMFORTABLE on an all day's tramp, is a prominent characteristic of Mens "Ease" Hunting Boots. Known as the "glove fitting" boot around leg, ankle, instep and [illegible]. And furthermore, you will find that your shoe-maker can take them apart piece by [illegible] and find no fault either with their [illegible] or [illegible] construction. Note always the [illegible] yellow label



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Goodyear Sewed two full soles, black and tan

16 inch height—$9.50
14 inch height—$9.00
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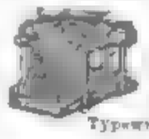
CATALOG "C"
[illegible] Mens "Ease" Shoes and Storm Rubbers Boots also the "American Boy" for boys

[illegible] 12 years exclusive [illegible] of Mens "Ease" special Elk Tan [illegible] has proven it the strongest best wearing [illegible] soft as glove leather, yet [illegible] WRITE FOR CATALOG C containing [illegible] sample of Mens "Ease" Elk. We [illegible] have a dealer near you, but if we haven't we can introduce the shoes direct to you from our factory at regular retail prices, delivery prepaid.

MENZIES SHOE CO., Makers, Detroit, Mich.



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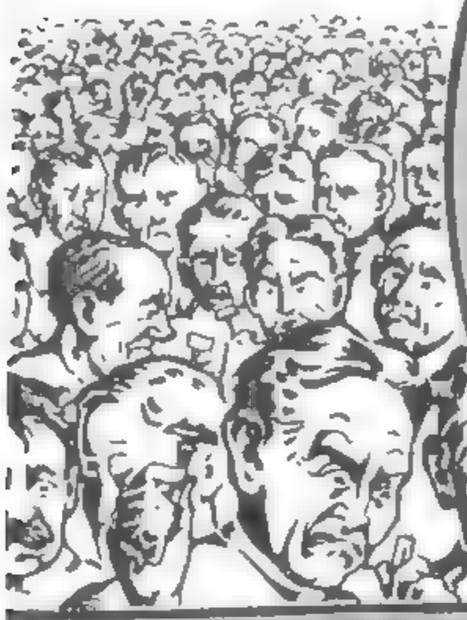

The Improved ZIG ZAG

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Automatic Stropper

$1.50 Complete with Fine Strop

What comfort can compare with the satisfaction of a shave with a perfect plane [illegible] over the face, leaving behind it a path of velvety, cool smoothness?

That's the comfort you can enjoy every day with the ZigZag in your [illegible]

Men who [illegible] ZigZag [illegible] know [illegible] [illegible] but [illegible] them [illegible] to the ZigZag.

[illegible] razor blades [illegible] [illegible] Automatic Stropper. You know that from experience [illegible] what [illegible] claims may be made for them.

[illegible] the [illegible] that is important, but [illegible] with the [illegible] ZigZag puts an end to [illegible] for new blades.

One Model Strops ALL Standard Safety Razor Blades

Our new model, just out, has a number of improvements, including a device that makes it impossible to cut the strop. The best possible leather is used, and a [illegible] assures as long life as your safety razor.

This Guarantee Is Behind Every ZigZag

The new improved ZigZag is warranted not only to give full satisfaction, but is guaranteed mechanically perfect. If, after trying the ZigZag, you do not find it very well satisfied [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

No Better Stropper, No Matter What the Price

The ZigZag has achieved its wonderful success not on account of its low price but because it is the handiest, quickest and surest way of putting a perfect shaving edge on any standard make of safety razor blade. Men who use the ZigZag daily with so much comfort and satisfaction, wonder why anyone should pay twice its cost for a stropper that, to say the least, can [illegible] to better [illegible] the ZigZag.

"The Curve Cut Strop Gives the Barber's Stroke"

The ZigZag is strong, compact, light, and will last for [illegible] Weighs [illegible] 4 ounces, and folds to pocket size [illegible] into a corner of your grip. The [illegible] loop at end of strop makes it convenient to hang anywhere. [illegible] Slip blade into the hollow [illegible] [illegible] and forth a few times [illegible] has an edge that an expert barber could not improve.

Sold by leading druggists, [illegible] and dealers [illegible] [illegible] $2.50, or [illegible] [illegible] $2.00 [illegible] prepaid [illegible] receipt of price. Put up in [illegible] case, [illegible] for travelers or [illegible] packing [illegible] extra.

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289 WATER STREET, POPLAR BLUFF, MO.

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THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN

(Concluded from Page 20

times were—her hours of employment did not average more than forty a week.

Velma had returned and was repeating her sordid tragedy of a year and a half before. Her husband had left her—this time, so he told her, forever. And, as before, she wept at night and worked sluggishly in the daytime until she was discharged. Then, as before, she went to the Settlement House and finally to the Cook County Hospital. This time her baby lived, and she loved it passionately. Her Settlement friends found her a place with a family on the North Side where she could act as nurse to a baby and keep her own child.

"That," remarked Marya, the Cassandra cynic, "will not last."

Nor did it. Velma came, weeping, to tell them that the family where she lived was afraid she would neglect their baby and had made arrangements to put hers in an orphan asylum. She was afraid to refuse for fear of losing her place. She was told that she might go and see it often.

Another change was that Hudak's wife at last succumbed to drink and her various colds, and died. The eldest of the four children was five. Hudak clung to his little ones as determinedly as Velma would have done to her baby had she had the power. He got nightwork, and so he was able to give the children their supper and put them to bed before he left in the evening. In the morning, when he returned, he waked and dressed them, got their breakfast for them and put out bread for their lunch. Then he went to bed, the five-year-old girl keeping a kind of watch over him as he slept. Once Susanka found him trying to make a dress on his wife's sewing machine for little Magdalena. She took the work away from him.

"That ain't man's work," said Susanka. "You get steady sick, by gosh! You work too much."

"By gosh!" was an exclamation Susanka had begun to use in moments of surprise or disgust. She had acquired the expression about the time she began to chew gum.

Velma Kidnaps Her Own Baby

One Sunday Susanka met Velma, pale and anguished. Velma explained that several weeks before, when she had visited the orphan asylum to see her baby, she had found it gone. The authorities told her that they had been informed that it was for adoption and they would give her no further information. She must consult the gentleman in whose house she lived. He told her the baby had a good home and she must devote herself to her little charge. Susanka, had she been in America only a few months, would have accepted the situation as something that had to be; but she had been in America two years and a half, and she said: "By gosh! You see the Settlement ladies!"

It almost seemed as if chance had become a corporate thing, ready to stand on the side of Susanka and poor Velma; for the very next Saturday afternoon, when Susanka, work being slack, had gone to the North Side to see Velma and the two were walking in the park, they came upon a baby carriage tied to a bench. Inside it lay Velma's baby and the keeper was nowhere to be seen. Velma fell on her knees before the carriage and wept, and the baby held out his little, longing arms. Susanka chewed gum hard; her mind was slower than her jaws, but presently she said:

"You take that baby! You go to the Settlement ladies. I will take this other baby to his father. You tell me where. You better walk steady fast."

Velma snatched up her child and fled, Susanka wheeling the other baby rapidly after her. At the corner of the park Velma gave the necessary directions and Susanka proceeded to take the baby home.

On the way Susanka's slow Slovak brain began to work. She had begun to assimilate rather rapidly the atmosphere of America. She knew that people with power can do things—law or no law—that people without power cannot do; but Velma's baby was Velma's! When there was no father it was the mother who supported it, and no one had the right to take it away from her. This was America!

When she reached the house of Velma's employer her placid blue eyes were lit with an underlying flame.

She rang the bell, and when the maid came to the door she said:

"I will see the man! I give this baby to the man."

The maid screamed and called to her master that a Hun was stealing the baby. He came anxiously to the door.

"I ain't steal your baby," said Susanka; "but, by gosh, you ain't steal Velma's baby!"

She poured a stream of voluble Slovak upon him, telling him her opinion in detail of what he had done; and as her indignation cooled she added in English:

"This America; Velma American girl; Velma's baby American boy. *Tak, ye!*"

As Susanka walked away, stolidly chewing gum, she did not know that a big thing had happened to her—that she had made her first American declaration of independence and that the Slovak marks upon her bade fair to be no more than an envelope.

The Kingdom of America

A year later the Settlement nurse and Susanka sat side by side at a Slovak wedding which was being held in the back room of Helegda's saloon. The young people were popular and the eating and drinking promised to last as long as two days.

"If a girl ain't got plenty friends," said Susanka, "she ain't to have a big wedding like this. When I get married I wear the wedding dress to see my friends—*tak!*—but not to throw away money. This is a nice wedding—not a fight yet!"

"Are you going to be married, Susanka?" asked the nurse.

"*Tak*—Hudak," said Susanka. "There is now enough money with my father to send over two little sisters. There will always be some to send him till he dies."

"Hudak is a good man," the nurse said.

"He not steady drink or steady fight," agreed Susanka, "and he was steady good to Magdalena." She chewed her gum consideringly.

The nurse looked at Susanka and from her to the dancers on the floor. These Slavs of rugged physique and docile temper, who walked with great strides as if stepping over fields, were pouring into America as once the Irish and the Germans did. At home they were expert and versatile in all handicrafts, from pottery to embroidery; yet when they came here, because of their illiteracy, some alarmists dubbed them incapable of assimilation. Illiteracy, however, does not mean that their minds are incapable of cultivation; they are slow, but not necessarily stupid. Their innate goodness is undoubted. They are honest, kind and uncomplaining. They are reserved, but not auspicious. They are peaceable except when they get drunk, and honest except when American politicians and their own sophisticated countrymen teach them dishonesty. They come over ready to form American habits; and even the women, if they are under forty, become Americans.

The nurse smiled on Susanka. She saw how it would be. Hudak's children would go to the public schools and learn "the salute to the flag." They would visit the Settlement House often and in time would belong to some of the clubs. They would not be incapable of organization, like their elders. Possibly they might even go to high school and thence to work as clerks and stenographers. One thing was certain—they would not work in the yards! Susanka and Hudak, the Huns, as the race is sometimes contemptuously called, were willing to form the bottom rung of our economic ladder; but they looked for something better for their children. In body they would remain Slovaks; but in spirit Susanka and Hudak, in their dumb, unself-conscious way, were fast becoming real Americans.

Suddenly to the nurse that plain, gum-chewing face was sweet.

"Good luck, Susanka!" she said.

"*Tak, ye!*" replied Susanka.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Maude Radford Warren. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

REGAL SHOES

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REGAL SHOE COMPANY, 269 Summer St., Boston.

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Solid Oak Vertical File

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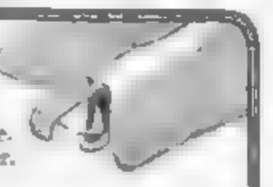

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Hupmobile

This Car Seeks First Honors in Its Class for 1913

Long-stroke motor, 3¼ x 5½ inches	Unit power plant	Center control	Quick detachable rims	Gas headlights
Multiple disc clutch	Three speeds forward	Zenith carburetor	Mohair top with envelope	Oil side and tail lamps
Enclosed valves	Sliding gears	Bosch magneto	Windshield	Tools—horn
Three bearing crankshaft	Full floating axle	106-inch wheelbase	Rear shock absorber	Trimmings black and nickel
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Magneto and camshaft driven by silent Coventry chain

Here is a car at $975 built in accordance with the high code of honor which marks the manufacture of the best cars—cars far above it in price.

It claims close relationship with those cars—not in size, because it is a car of lesser dimensions, of course—but in all of the ingredients which constitute integrity of construction.

It asks to be set apart and judged, not by the standards its price would suggest, but by that more microscopic analysis you would apply were a larger monetary investment involved.

We have pictured in book form some of the processes which justify our belief that this Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world

You are conscious, of course, that two cars sold at the same price can be far apart in real value.

And you are aware that the difference in value arises from what is in the car; and not what is on it.

In the matter of men, machinery, material, and manufacturing methods we claim kinship for this car, as we have said, with the very best.

And in the matter of watchful workmanship; and processes calculated to produce precision we claim first honors in the Hupmobile class.

We believe the Hupmobile to be a car of longer life and less friction; a car of fewer repairs; a car of greater care in small details; a car of greater efficiency and greater value.

We have caught with the camera a volume of evidence which we believe establishes our case.

It has been published in booklet form and we want you to see and read it.

We also want you to see and ride in the car—

Samples are now in the hands of Hupmobile dealers

We believe that you will agree with us that 1913 has produced no car more meritorious.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY 1229 Milwaukee Avenue DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Hupmobile

$975

Completely Equipped

Like the Beans We Baked In the Olden Time

Back in the Sixties, when our fathers began to bake Van Camp's, the finest materials were plentiful and cheap.

Then we bought the choicest beans that grew. And we picked out by hand just the whitest and plumpest. All the average beans were discarded.

Then we used whole tomatoes, ripened right at our door, to make the delicious sauce. And rare grades of spices were used for its flavor.

Our Kitchens Grew Famous

Because of this dish, the Van Camp kitchens grew famous. The fame spread slowly, from home to home—solely by word of mouth.

Year after year our patronage grew. Our fame became nation-wide. And there came a day when a million homes were wedded to this dish.

Then Trouble Began

As the demand increased the best beans became rarer. Their cost to us was trebled.

But we bought the best grades, and we picked out the choicest, just as we did at the start.

Vine-ripened tomatoes became harder to get. But we refused to make sauce from tomatoes picked green, and ripened off the vines.

And we insisted always on whole tomatoes, not the cuttings left from canning.

Our tomato sauce costs us, as a result, *five times what some sauce sells for.*

Housewives Compelled It

Our profits shrank with this added cost, for our prices could not be advanced.

All that saved us at all was a mammoth and constantly increasing output, which cut kitchen cost in two

But a million homes had been won to Van Camp's by a certain grade and flavor. They expected beans large, ripe and plump. They expected a sauce with a sparkling zest.

We had taught them to want it, and we had to supply it. We had to live up to our standards.

That's how it happens that Van Camp's today are like in quality to Van Camp's of the olden times. *A million housewives compelled it.*

"The National Dish"

Van Camp's
BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE
PORK AND BEANS

"The National Dish"

Modern Improvements

But some old-time methods have had to change, in the light of advancing knowledge.

Food experts found that beans were hard to digest. So we had to adopt steam ovens, and bake these beans with super-heated steam.

We now apply 245 degrees. And we bake in small parcels, so the full heat goes through.

Yet, because of steam ovens, the beans are not crisped. And the coats of the beans are not broken. The beans come out nut-like, mealy and whole, as you know if you know Van Camp's.

Folks Prefer Van Camp's

Van Camp's beans digest without fermentation. They do not tax the stomach.

By scientific baking, the beans are brought to you with a fresh oven flavor. And the tomato sauce is baked with the beans, so it permeates every atom.

Folks may *like* baked beans that are half as good, but they delight in Van Camp's.

It is difficult now to find beans which approach them, for the old-time standards are rare indeed.

But you get them always when you get Van Camp's. When we can't bake beans like these are we'll use another name

Three sizes: 10, 15 and 20 cents per can

Made by Van Camp Packing Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

Established 1861

(220)

DIVORCING LADY NICOTINE

(Continued from Page 11)

remark, usually of the purport that death was about to claim me. "Something awful's the matter!" I exclaimed to poor Jane. "Do something—quick!" She did—she got me back to bed, where I was at once asleep again; but soon the performance was repeated, and then again and again. Finally I got up with a most frightened look on my face, clutched at my heart, and in an agonized tone gasped: "I am gone! It's all over!" In the morning I remembered nothing of this, except what Jane told me, and her tired face told that she had passed a bad night.

So it continued, week after week, month on month. I was sleepy in the daytime and wakeful at night—and the struggle against tobacco seemed to get harder instead of easier. If any one imagines that it is a playful experience, or that a funny story can be written round it, let him try it. Cutting out alcohol is a different proposition. I've tried both—and I know! There is something inherently humorous about the struggle to hold a seat on the water-wagon, but quitting smoking is nothing more or less than a tragedy while it lasts. For a discouragingly long time it seemed as if the fight would go on forever unless I yielded.

Perhaps the most horrible experience was the sight—actual or in picture—of contented-looking men blowing out long, cool ribbons of smoke. Nothing in the world looked so inviting. Windows where tobacco displays were made seemed to be everywhere. Next to tobacconists, candy dealers and saloonkeepers ran a close second, with legitimate business dividing the balance of the mart. That is the way it appeared to me.

I experienced some relief after I passed the stage of insomnia. Then I became sleepy all of the time. I could go to a dinner party—Borah, Beveridge, Clapp, Dolliver and La Follette round the table with a battle of wit raging, and fall sound asleep in my chair! I remembered particularly one of Senator Bristow's dinners. We were to go afterward to a White House musicale, but I went to sleep at the dinner and dropped a strawberry on my shirtfront. So Jane had to take me home instead of my taking her to the reception. At this time I would go to bed at eight o'clock and sleep until eight the next morning. This lasted for three months.

The Smoker's Substitutes

About the same length of time I was a gum-chewer. After you quit smoking you discover that part of it is a nervous habit; many times you smoked without knowing it—did not really get any conscious effect of the tobacco. As soon as you break off smoking you find a disposition to hold something in your mouth. Some perverse imp puts it into your head to chew gum. You chew and chew until your jaws ache—another manifestation of nervousness. Finally you punch Mr. Gum over the ropes.

The best defense I had against the craving for the weed was to attend public functions. Before I stopped smoking I was avoiding church attendance, the theater, public meetings—every place, in fact, where smoking was proscribed. After quitting, when I went into church and sat down I found the fact that I was not permitted to smoke a help to me. The same was true of theater-going. Every man present was in the same boat, and I seemed to gather courage from those about me. As soon as I made this discovery I went in for public entertainments—sacred, secular and saccharine. In my downward course I didn't stop at vaudeville; I patronized "the movies"—any place where there was nothing to suggest the use of tobacco.

In comparison with this tendency to run away from tobacco I offer a mental quirk which I uncovered. I suppose there are those who, if they gave up the weed, would think it wise to dig a hole in the back yard and bury their smoking paraphernalia, including the favorite pipe. I did nothing of the kind. What may seem most surprising, I kept my pipe and tobacco pouch constantly with me, so I could feel them in my pocket. On several occasions I have got halfway to the Capitol when the craving for tobacco would strike me. Reaching in my pocket I would find my pipe gone—left in the pocket of another coat. Straightway I would return home, procure my pipe and tobacco, put them in my pocket and go up on the hill without fear of yielding to the temptation of smoking. The craving to smoke almost invariably passed with this performance. As long as I could feel the pipe in my pocket I could withstand the desire to use it!

This I don't attempt to explain, except on the theory that irregularity in habit will send one back to smoking—or drive one in that direction. My pipe had always been in my coat pocket just as my reading spectacles were in my waistcoat pocket. For years this had been so, and when I felt the pipe missing from its accustomed place things were out of gear. Perhaps the thought that I couldn't smoke, even if I decided that I must smoke, accentuated the craving for tobacco. Anyhow, I was never comfortable during the struggle against the habit unless the pipe was with me.

With this peculiar quirk I do not attempt to harmonize another fancy of mine. The Christmas before all this trouble started Jane had given me a smoking set. It was one of those ornamental brass affairs designed by some non-smoker and intended to attract the attention of the guileless woman buyer. It consisted of a tray, a cigar holder, ashtray, receptacle for matches, and a particularly deadly-looking cigar cutter. There was no mistaking their purpose.

Exit Mr. Hyde

For months after I was presented with this first-aid-to-the-smoker I utterly neglected it. I carried my cigars in my vest pocket and the reserve stock in the box that originally contained them. Matches I also carried in my pocket—pockets. And—I make the confession with bowed head—I bit off the ends of my cigars! Of what use, therefore, was a tobacco-user's ready helper? It was a luxury to which I was unaccustomed. I never came to use it freely, though for Jane's sake I tried to; but I never was graceful about it.

After I had abjured the weed that smoking set was always under my nose. I could not move without running into it. How that smoking set irritated me! Obviously somebody ought to give it something to do. An idle smoking set was the most shiftless, useless-looking article of furniture that any well-ordered household could have, I thought; but I said nothing. Finally it disappeared. I have no idea where it went; but I am sure that Jane, knowing intuitively what was troubling me, put the cursed thing out of sight. But why should I object to a smoking set and yet insist on having my pipe always in my pocket? I give it up!

About the time you are getting discouraged there are certain signs that indicate the battle is tending your way: First, you will go a whole hour after breakfast without thinking of a cigar. When you wake up to the fact that you have not missed tobacco you are surprised, then pleased. Skipping over the intermediate stages, there comes a time when you go a whole day without once thinking of smoking. Then you realize that your emancipation is complete—almost; but the most curious thing about quitting tobacco remains to be revealed to you. I have inquired of many men who have conquered the habit, and every single one had identically this same experience. It is the culminating paroxysm—the last stand of Mr. Hyde.

You go to bed with pleasant thoughts in your head. All day long you have not once experienced a craving for tobacco. You fall asleep. You dream—such an awful dream! You are in a company of people and every eye is upon you. In your mouth is a big cigar—it is lighted—you are smoking the cigar! Everybody sees you in the act of smoking! Everybody grins derisively at you—for you have "fallen down," surrendered, quit. Your humiliation is the most acute you have known in your whole life. You can't imagine how you came by that cigar. You can't understand, to save you, how that cigar ever got lighted. You can hardly believe that you are smoking—and yet you are smoking! So all your resolutions are broken—the fragments Mr. Hyde is stuffing into his pipe. They will go up in smoke. Then you wake up. You are in the dumps. The real and the unreal are blended and you are conscious of having broken your word to yourself.

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Codfish Balls, Fish Hash, Creamed Fish and many other ways of serving—Tempts the appetite—It's good for you—nourishing and tissue building—it is more economical than expensive meats or chicken. Maintains health and strength too.

A 10c Tin is Plenty For 4 Persons

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Do You Walk Like This or This

Showing impression of your foot on hard yielding sole of the ordinary shoe—*your weight uneven*

Showing impression of your foot on soft, conforming Dr A. Reed Cushion Shoe Insole—*your weight evenly distributed.*

MOST people walk like the impression shown in the first picture. That's why there are so many sore, tired, crippled feet. It is quite different with those who wear Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes. Here are the reasons:

In the ordinary shoe your foot rests upon a hard, unyielding leather insole, and as this insole cannot give, the principal points of contact—your heel, the ball of your foot and your toe joints—must bear the entire weight of your body. The arch of your foot has no support and is constantly under the strain of the weight of your body. This constant strain weakens your arch which may eventually *break down*, causing untold misery. In the

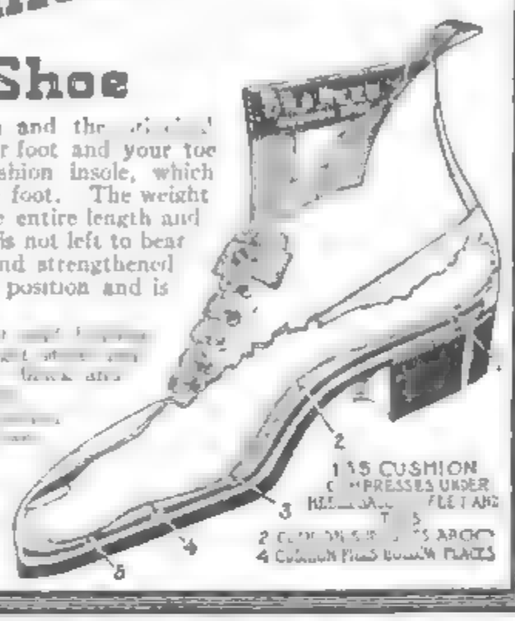
Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe

TRADE MARK

your foot rests upon a soft, pliable cushion and the principal points of contact—your heel, the ball of your foot and your toe joints—sink down luxuriantly into the cushion insole, which immediately conforms to every curve of the foot. The weight of your body is distributed uniformly over the entire length and width of the bottom of your foot. The arch is not left to bear your weight without support, but is upheld and strengthened by the cushion insole. It retains its natural position and is *not* in danger of breaking down

You not only get the [illegible] in the Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoe [illegible] will also tell you [illegible]

The genuine are identified by the name of the makers woven in the pull strap.



J. P. SMITH SHOE COMPANY
Makers CHICAGO

This horrible dream marks the end of the long struggle. Never again will you crave tobacco. That which was habitual you will miss—long for at times—but the actual craving for the weed is gone. In other words, you are rid of the appetite for tobacco itself; but you long for the habit.

Don't be misled into thinking that the craving for the mere habit isn't bad enough. I would start in to write a speech and run along without any thought of tobacco, then get stuck; and immediately my first idea would be: "Smoke up!" The realization that smoking was proscribed left me up in the air completely—and no speech.

When in company with other men I craved the habit in another form. Smokers looked so comfortable—most of them that it seemed like a deprivation of creature comforts to forego a cigar. I felt as if I were condemned to sit always in a hard-bottomed kitchen chair, while men all about me were lounging in heavily upholstered furniture.

After I had ceased to bother about tobacco, and was conquering the yearning for the habit, a friend of mine at the other end of the Capitol offered me a cigar. When I told him I no longer smoked he asked me why I had given it up. I explained that I thought it was doing me no good, if not real harm; that I had quit because I thought it the sensible course to take; and that I really was benefited by my self-denial.

"No doubt you're right," said the senator, with a trace of condescension in his tone, "but, for my part, I'd rather die ten years sooner and enjoy life while I live!"

That's the only thing that annoys me about tobacco-users now—they seem to think that I quit merely to get a new lease on life! Stuff and nonsense! If it meant that and nothing more I would take up smoking again.

Filching From Father Time

It isn't a matter of longevity. It's really living while you live. Insomnia isn't fun; stomach trouble isn't fun; nervousness isn't fun. Good legs, sound wind, sound heart—you would not buy a horse without them. Cut out tobacco and you have a mortgage on them. There's joy in a beautiful spring morning, with the sun shining and the birds singing—provided you don't wake up with your mouth tasting like the kitchen sink.

I wake up clear-headed and with the energy to kick the footboard off the bed. My food is more palatable, though we haven't changed cooks. I don't have to rely on a cigar to lift me up to concert pitch. My judgment, like my head, is clearer. Before I quit smoking I was postponing the consideration of problems. Now I have decision. I tackle things when they come up and settle them. I have at least three hours more a day in which to accomplish something worth while. I've filched ten years from the scythe of Old Father Time—not ten years tacked on to the end of my life, but a decade inserted in the middle, where it counts most.

My wife has more expensive hats and my neckties are of better quality, but I'm not saving money by the swear-off—that's a fallacy. What I spent on tobacco goes for something else. However, the coin is not invested in the stale odor that clings to the parlor curtains.

And no habit has got me. This may sound self-righteous, but it isn't. I don't give thanks that I am not like other men, but that I am not so nervous.

There's no telling when the tobacco habit will get you. A constit' of mine came to a realization of this rather late in life. He was an old friend who presided at a political meeting in my congressional district one time. John Bing was his name. I remember that before the meeting opened he and I had a heart-to-heart talk.

"Mr. Bing," I said to him; "I've quit smoking—quit for good!"

"Have you? That's what I did."

"I did not know you smoked."

"Smoked for forty-eight years!" said Mr. Bing—rather proudly, I thought.

"And then you quit?"

"Yes, I quit—after almost fifty years of smoking and chewing."

"Why did you quit?"

"'Twas this way," said Mr. Bing: "I was sitting on my porch—sitting there in the starlight—alone with my pipe. All at once I took a puff and said to myself: 'I'm going to quit tobacco, for if I'm not careful this thing will fasten itself on me as a habit!'"

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Send 6c. the mailing cost of complete, working, architectural plan for building a model house, a sample of non-[illegible] Wall Board [illegible] Book. The [illegible] Free Sample [illegible] all who are thinking of building. It will give you ideas. It may save you money. Don't fail to get it. Write today. (76)

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A remarkable polish and cleaner for automobiles, furniture and all kinds of polished and varnished surfaces. A new discovery. Send your dealer's name and **$2.00 for Gallon Jug** (prepaid).

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Built in perfect proportion throughout, in many high power calibres, they are quick handling, powerful, accurate rifles for all big game. Ask about our new .33 High Power special light weight rifle.

Every hunter should know all the *Marlin* characteristics. Send for our *free* catalog. Enclose 3 stamps for postage.

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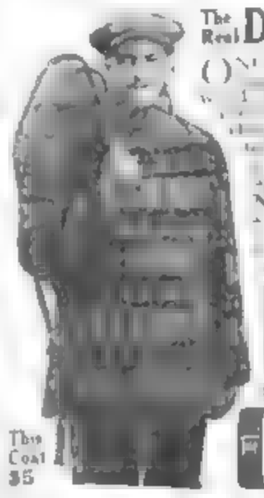

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AGENTS

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By R. E. Olds, Designer

I have built to date over 60,000 cars.

For 25 years I have watched their performance. I have found out and corrected a myriad shortcomings. I've acquired a world of caution.

Some say I'm "old-maidish"—too careful, too slow. But I call these things standards. I've made them my code.

My Latest Extreme—Big Tires

The new Reo the Fifth—out Oct. 1—is equipped with 34x4-inch tires.

That is 22 per cent greater tire capacity than I ever have used on a car of this size. Yet this car was always much over-tired, compared with usual standards.

These oversize tires add 30 per cent to my tire cost. But they add 65 per cent to the average tire mileage. They should save you in tire waste some hundreds of dollars during the life of the car.

Remember this fact when you come to compare cars. The tires on Reo the Fifth are now 34x4.

Make Some Other Comparisons

In judging cars, in these days of close prices, it is very important to make other comparisons.

There are dollars saved sometimes which cost buyers ten dollars. What you want is final economy.

Watch points like these:

Reo the Fifth has *190 drop forgings*. All makers use some of them to get lightness and strength. But Reo the Fifth has 190. And its racy lines, its lightness and strength are due largely to those costly forgings.

My springs are *two inches wide*. Each spring has *seven leaves*. The front springs are 38 inches long—the rear are 46.

I use *fifteen roller bearings*—11 of the Timken, 4 of the Hyatt High Duty.

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For safety's sake I use *14-inch brake drums*. I use a centrifugal pump.

I use a $75 magneto, to insure a hot spark when the car runs slowly. You can start on this magneto.

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I take no chances on any part of this car, for chances sometimes cost dearly.

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Parts are ground over and over. Our factory system insures a thousand inspections.

Petty Savings

I abhor petty savings. I could save, perhaps, $50 to $75 per car in the finish and upholstering if I cared to skimp.

But I put on this car a special body which costs more than wood or metal. I save by this 50 pounds in weight, and the body takes a wondrous finish.

I give 17 coats to each body. The fenders, radiator, hood, etc., have two coats of rubber enamel baked on.

The upholstering is deep, and of genuine leather. It is filled with the best curled hair. The backs as well as the seats are filled with springs, to give you the utmost comfort.

Every part shows the final touch. Even the engine is nickel-trimmed. I believe that folks like these perfections.

Center Control

Reo the Fifth has my center control—a single light handle, out of the way, which does all the gear shifting by moving *three inches* in each of four directions.

Both brakes are operated by foot pedals. So there are no levers to clog the front doors.

The driver sits on the left side, as in electrics, close to the cars he passes. Yet the gear-shifting lever is at his right hand. Note how many great cars are following me in this. The old way of driving will be soon out of date.

Do These Precautions Pay?

The result of all this is that Reo the Fifth sells on a mighty small margin. I am keeping the price under $1,100, with all the new features, including these big tires.

Our profit per car is now a very small item, despite the fact that we make every part ourselves.

Yet there are cars which, at passing glance, seem to undersell this car.

I have told you the facts, so you may judge for yourself if these are things which you care to go without. Would you wish me to save you a little on price by trebling your cost of upkeep?

I am sure you'll say no. I am also sure that the time is coming when most cars must be built like this. Men won't have them otherwise.

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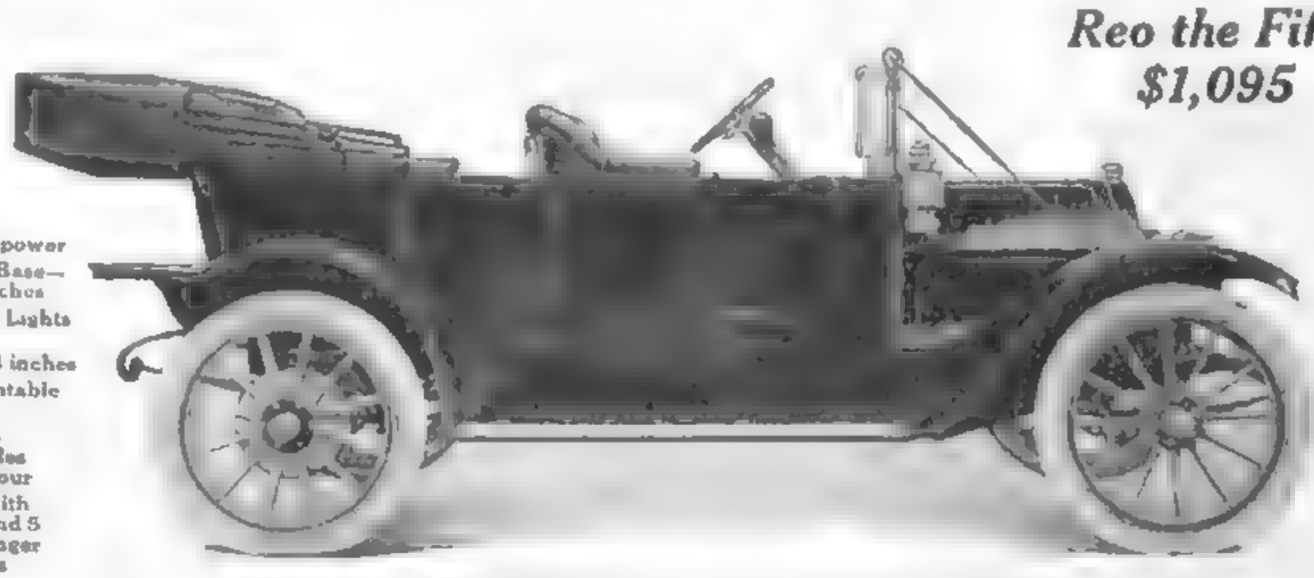

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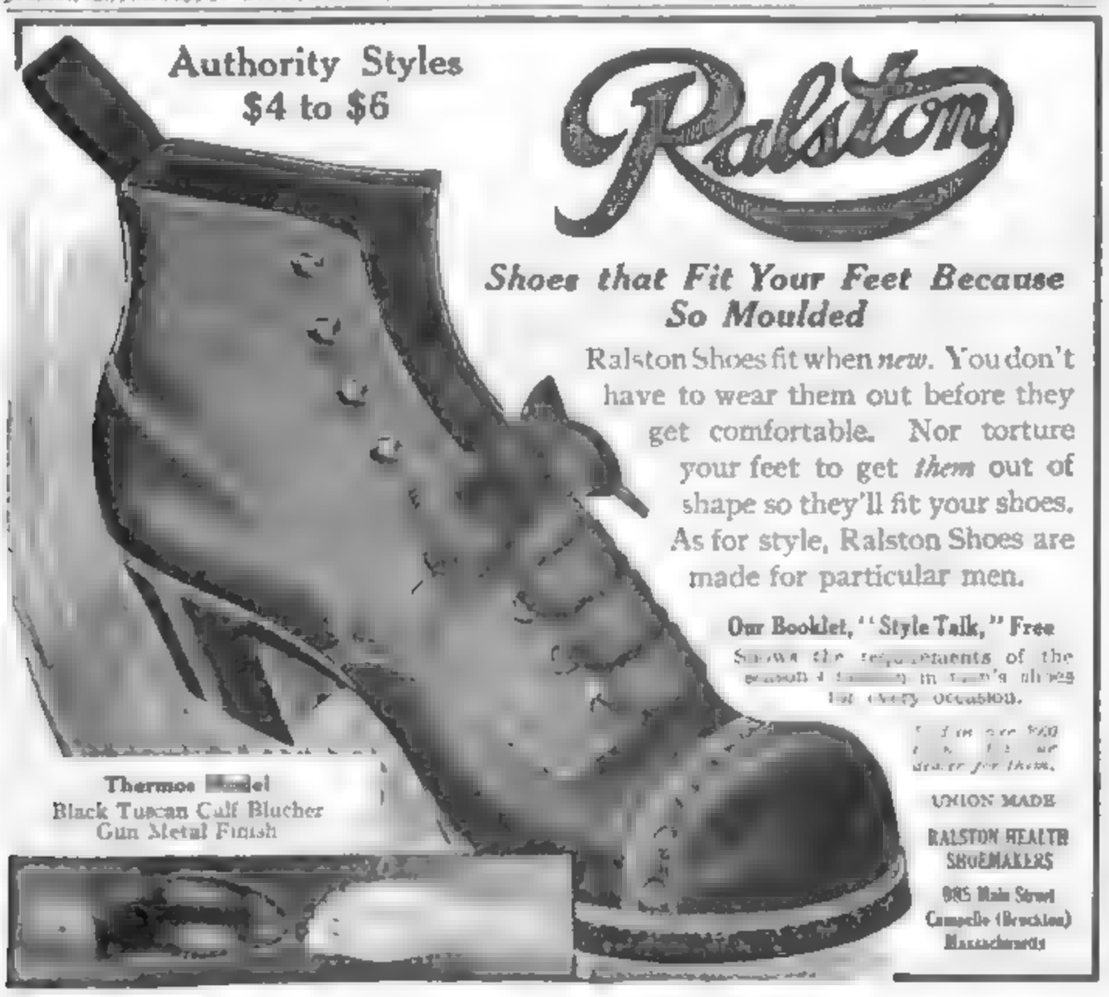
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MANAGING RAIMUND

Continued from Page 9

"It may be business, but it is not art you are talking," mademoiselle protested.

They continued the discussion and Raimund found himself unable to convey the information regarding the game that he had obtained from the clerk, so he devoted himself to his breakfast. Van Dorn finished his and left the table, and when, a few minutes later, Raimund looked for him he was gone. It was nearly dinner-time when he returned.

"Did you get the tickets?" Raimund asked eagerly.

Van Dorn seated himself in one of the big leather chairs and lit a cigar.

"Now I'll tell you about that game, my son," he said. "I didn't make any promise about that. I said we'd take a taxi ride, but the ball game was maybe. Hold on, now! Don't go up in the air. We're going to take that taxi ride—you and me and mademoiselle. I'm going to show you Euclid Avenue, which is one of the sights of the world—like Piccadilly and Fifth Avenue, and—er—the Rue Rivoli, and—and the Lake Shore Drive—only different. You can see a ball game any old place, but you can't see Euclid Avenue anywhere but in Cleveland. Understand?"

"I understand," said Raimund bitterly. "You're trying to crawfish. Well, I tell you, it doesn't go!"

"Don't make rash statements, dear little lad," Van Dorn said soothingly. "Anything I say goes. So do you. This is business—an engagement. A lady who lives on Euclid Avenue is giving a little Sunday afternoon musicale and you're booked. Do you get me? Booked! You warble a little lay for the kind lady and her guests, and when you're asked what you think of Euclid Avenue you won't have to hang your head in shame."

"You know what I think of you? You're a four-flusher!" declared Raimund passionately.

"Now you're acting foolishly!" returned Van Dorn. "See here—I meant to take you to that game, and I'm sorry I can't—honest! And I'll make it up to you. But there's fifty dollars in this, and you get your share of it."

"I don't," said Raimund. "The old man may, but that doesn't do me any good."

"Be reasonable," urged Van Dorn. "The lady's Mrs. Payne-Shebler, and you made a big hit with her last night. If she takes a notion to you there's no telling what she may do for you. She might send you to Europe when you're through with us. You don't know. She's rich and she thinks you're a wonder. Now you be sensible."

Raimund pondered this. His face looked ugly. "You won't take me to the game then?" he asked.

"I'm sorry, but I can't," replied Van Dorn. "It isn't because I don't want to. I'd like to see a game myself. Now you're going to be good—aren't you?"

"All right," said Raimund, getting up. "You're on. I'll go and sing for her."

"Fine!" said Van Dorn enthusiastically.

. . . . . .

In spite of his star's acquiescence the manager felt a certain uneasiness. From the moment of his victory he noticed something peculiar in Raimund's manner. It was not the ordinary sulkiness, but rather an air of resolution. Once or twice during the drive on the celebrated avenue the boy smiled to himself, and to all conversational overtures his replies were hardly more than monosyllabic. Still, on arrival, his demeanor was faultless, and his sweet responsiveness to the gushing greetings of his hostess and her guests left nothing to be desired. Van Dorn breathed a sigh of relief.

It was a beautiful music room, with perfect acoustics, and furnished with a pipe organ in addition to the ordinary equipment. Mrs. Payne-Shebler had secured a 'cellist of more than local fame, as well as a good organist; and Raimund, seated between his manager and mademoiselle, listened with appreciative interest until, at a smile and a nod from Mrs. Payne-Shebler to Van Dorn, mademoiselle rose and went to the piano.

"Master Raimund will sing for us," announced Mrs. Payne-Shebler.

Raimund followed mademoiselle for a few steps, then stopped and turned to his hostess.

"If you don't mind I'll sing something to a guitar accompaniment first," he said sweetly, indicating the instrument.

"No," interposed Van Dorn decidedly. "No, Raimund." He shook his head at his charge and it was as if he shook his fist.

A chorus of protests arose: "Oh, please let him!" "Please!" "That would be lovely!" "Do, dear Mrs. Payne-Shebler!" "Oh, why not?"

Mrs. Payne-Shebler hesitated a moment. "I'm sure that would be delightful," she said, "if ——" She turned to Van Dorn, who was surrounded by a beseeching throng. And Van Dorn shrugged his shoulders in unwilling assent. Raimund picked up the guitar and, seating himself, crossed one silk-stockinged leg over his knee and began to tune up, smiling at his audience the while in his most engaging fashion. Then he strummed a moment or two a lively pink-a-pong and began to sing, in a voice at once raucous and nasal:

"I'm suthin' uf a sportin' man; I often make a bet.
Stand a chance ter lose it, but I haven't done it yet.
Suthin' of a wrastler ——"

Van Dorn started up, but was restrained by a ruddy-faced man who sat beside him. "Let him go on," grinned this person. "I'm paying for this!"

Raimund had turned the accompaniment to a minor:

"It's a little bit of pleasantry occurred de udder night.
Went to see a wrastlin' match what ended in a fight—
A Scotchman, a Dutchman, an English and a Mick;
It's poor John Reilly got slugged wit' a brick."

There were ripples and guffaws of laughter and some exclamations of horror and dismay. Mrs. Payne-Shebler half rose from her chair as an elderly lady of severe aspect left the room. Raimund's expressive eyes were dancing with malicious enjoyment. He was now swinging away at the rollicking chorus:

"Nobody knows de racket dat was dere;
Nobody knows, I sol'mnly swear;
Nobody knows de racket dat I see—
Nobody knows it but de gang an' me."

Again Van Dorn made a movement toward the singer, and again the red-faced, chuckling man next him restrained him.

"This is the first one of my wife's musicales I've ever enjoyed," he whispered as two more of the guests unobtrusively retired, taking with them several young persons.

Raimund had detailed the progress of a difficulty between one Jerry McIntyre and a certain Tom Mohan, in which the former gentleman lost an ear under peculiarly painful circumstances.

"You don't know what's yet to come, I do!" said Van Dorn, shaking off the red-faced man's detaining hand.

The next moment he had taken the guitar from Raimund and, with a strained effort at dignified utterance, made a brief address.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have to apologize to you as well as to Mrs. Payne-Shebler for this unfortunate incident and to assure you of my personal regret—which, in course of time, I think Master Raimund will share." He bowed and then, with a hand on Raimund's shoulder, left the room.

Grim was his look as he got into the taxi, pushing the boy before him; sour and significant was the smile that he bestowed upon mademoiselle; devilish was the roll of his eye from time to time—but never a word said he.

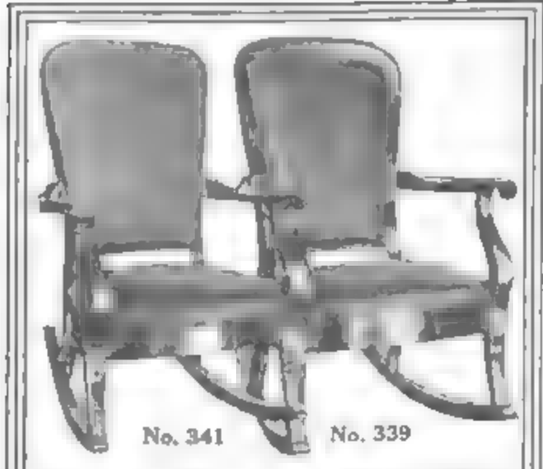
They alighted at the hotel, and in the same ominous silence the manager conducted Raimund to his room.

"Well?" said the boy, coolly defiant. "Get it off your chest and then give me my ticket home."

Van Dorn breathed hard.

"Oh, no, Raimund, my pet!" he replied in a rasping voice. "Not that—not that by any means!"

His diabolically rolling eye encountered a hairbrush upon Raimund's dressing table. It was a particularly large and heavy brush, with a handle and a perfectly flat back. Raimund's thick, brown tresses required something a little stronger than ordinary.



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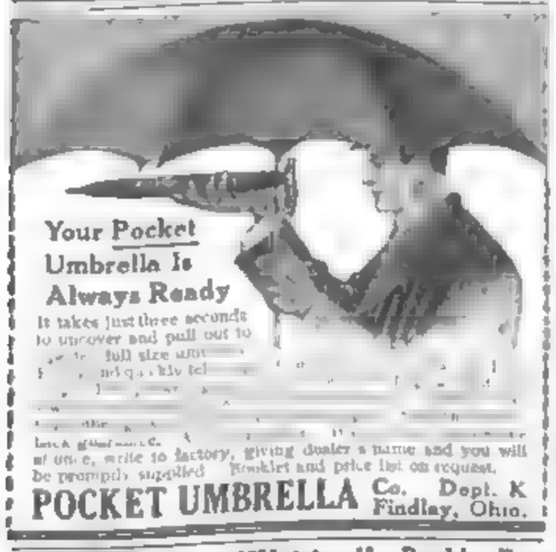

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PATENTS that PAY BEST

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Mr. Van Dorn picked up this toilet article and, with a sudden and violent movement, laid Raimund across his knee.

. . . . . .

The next morning Van Dorn sat in the office, smoking a cigar and smiling. One of his thumbs was bandaged, and at times when he changed the position of his legs he was conscious of some abrasions of the skin on his shins; but he smiled, nevertheless, for his soul was at peace. It was his belief that his troubles with his young star were at an end and he looked forward through a blue Havanan haze to a prosperous second season with the Human Flute. If any difficulty should arise by reason of Master Lanchester's temperament, he, Van Dorn, would know how to deal with it. Properly managed, Raimund was docile enough after all. The secret lay in the management. There were managers, and then there were managers. The successful ones drew down the big salaries and eventually became impresarios. Van Dorn's smile broadened and he almost forgot the throbbing of his thumb.

"How's the kid this morning?"

Van Dorn turned. It was a heavily built, ruddy-faced man, with a horseshoe of brilliants in his cravat and a slight tilt to his derby hat, who was settling himself in the next chair. The manager instantly recognized him as his neighbor at the musicale of the day before.

"Good morning!" Van Dorn returned. "Mr. Payne-Shebler, isn't it? Why, as to Raimund, he's all right." The manager smiled complacently. "He's upstairs now, singing. I'm mighty sorry that he acted up the way he did at your house, but he won't play that kind of a trick again. I've discovered a cure for it."

Mr. Payne-Shebler chuckled at the remembrance.

"That was great!" he said. "Great!" He chuckled again and then, becoming serious, laid a hand on Mr. Van Dorn's knee. "But that boy is a wonder," he declared enthusiastically. "I'm strong for him. An ab-solute wonder!"

"You heard him at the concert?" Van Dorn interrogated.

"Naw!" ejaculated the other, grinning. "Concert not at all! I leave all that to the lady. No; I saw him Saturday afternoon. He wasn't singing—he was scrapping; and, believe me, it was the prettiest thing of its size I ever saw, and I've seen some scraps. It was like this: I was back in my warehouse, and the alley ——"

He stopped as Zapatoff, the basso, approached them, twirling one point of his Mephistophelean mustache as he came.

"Well, Van," said Zapatoff, with ill-concealed exultation in his tone, "I regret to report that our Child Marvel is what you call all in. He is done—ended! His voice has broken, my friend—broken!"

Van Dorn clutched the arms of his chair, turned pale and stared dumbly.

"You must be mistaken!" he muttered at last. "Probably a cold!"

"Broken!" Zapatoff reiterated with assurance that carried conviction. "Irretrievably broken. Not five minutes ago—but it is for keeps. No cold about it. His professional career is at an end!"

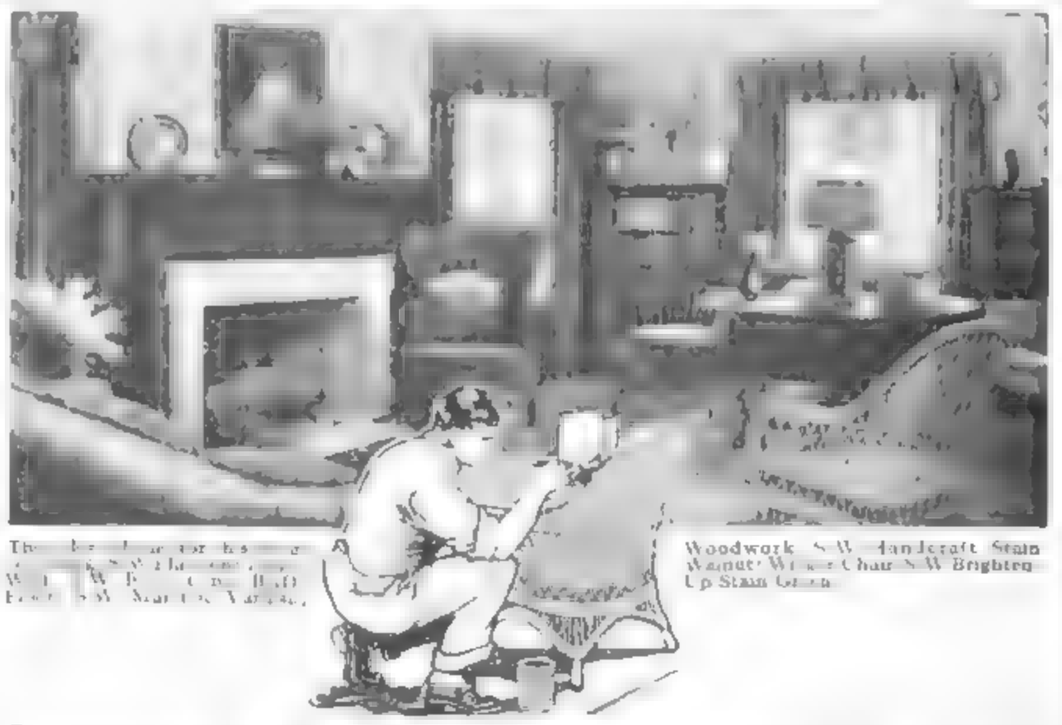
In the silence that followed Mr. Payne-Shebler looked with concern from one man to the other. Then his face brightened and he addressed Van Dorn.

"See here," he said consolingly, "you don't want to feel too bad about this. It does you credit, of course; but that boy is all right, by Jove! He's got the punch and he's scientific, considering; and his footwork—why, say, you don't know what you've got! Now I'll tell you: I'm something of a sporting man myself when business isn't too pressing—keep up a little stable and all that sort of thing, don't you know; and if the kid hasn't any friends, and you want to turn him over to me, I'll back him and see that he gets the right kind of training. Talk about his professional career being ended! Why, it hasn't begun. There's the making of a champion in that chap. What do you say?" He looked at the manager quite anxiously.

Van Dorn laughed ruefully and then sighed.

"Well," he said, "it certainly might be something for me to brag about in after years. And I quite agree with you about his footwork." He bent to ease his trousers from his contused shin, and in that sad moment bade farewell to future greatness on the basis of the Boy Soprano.

"I guess I'll turn the management over to you," he concluded.



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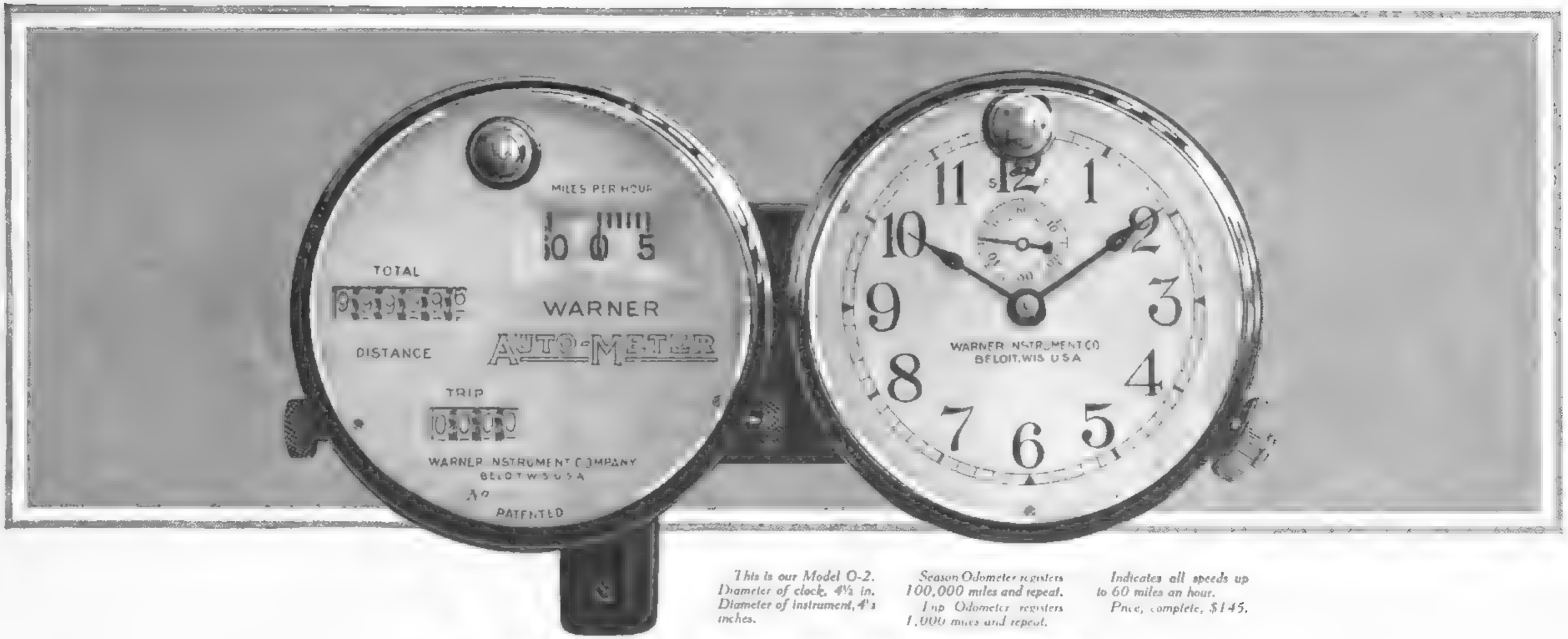

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The net result of these decisions is summed up in the long list of prominent names on this page. This, after all, is the very highest compliment and honor we could receive. While all of the others were loudly clamoring, claiming and complaining about the "greatest this," the "greatest that" and the "greatest other thing," we went ahead and secured, on the basis of downright quality plus accuracy, most of the best and largest contracts in America. We could not take all of the business that was offered us.

Here are several big facts that will always endure. If we did not have the finest speed and mileage indicator made we could not have secured the quality and quantity of business that we did. If we did not have a reputation that was the equal of the reputations of the highest priced cars made, we could not have become a part of those same cars for 1913.

It must be acknowledged, by any fair minded and reasonable man, that if we were not up to the level of the business we were after, we could never have secured it. And, as our prices are about double those of others, it must stand to reason that, at least, we had double to offer. These shrewd automobile manufacturers are not paying us 100 per cent. more than others ask, unless we have 100 per cent. more to give.

No man deliberately wastes money—especially in his business. So if the majority of the high grade and highest priced cars are equipped with Warners—the Warner must be the highest grade instrument obtainable. All of which only furnishes further evidence and establishes beyond doubt our recognition as the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. As you judge a man's character by his likes and dislikes, so can you judge a car's quality by the things that are on it, and so can you judge a speed indicator's standing by the cars that equip with it.

Another point—and one worth considerable attention. Every single manufacturer, who is equipping with Warners for 1913, conspicuously mentions the fact. He is proud of it, and takes pains, space, and money, to inform the public. He advertises the fact. He points to it with pride and satisfaction. On the other hand—those manufacturers who are listing some other speedometer as equipment—fail to mention the name of it. Pick up their 1913 catalogue and turn to the page of specifications. Find the heading "Equipment" and buried in this paragraph you will find in small type the single word "Speedometer." The name of the speedometer is omitted.

But pick up any catalogue describing a car equipped with a Warner speedometer and you will find the Warner mentioned as a big feature.

Right down in their practical hearts, the producers, who are not equipping their cars with Warners, know the high quality and high standing of this speedometer. This has never been questioned. Why then are they equipping with instruments that failed to pass the scrutinizing and exacting tests of the high priced car makers of America?

The Warner Auto Meter is the most highly developed speed and mileage indicator in the world. It has been keeping accurate registration on tens of thousands of cars for over eight years. We have never known one to wear out. Those that were first made eight years ago are still giving perfect, accurate and reliable service today. We have not flopped around on our patents and principles. We are making the same instrument, fundamentally, today, that we did back in 1904.

The Warner instrument is the simplest instrument made. Inside of the handsome heavy brass case you do not find an intricacy of moving parts that are bound to continually get out of order.

The construction of the Warner is on a par with the very highest priced watches. It is a thoroughly jeweled instrument. All jewels used in the interior construction are genuine sapphires. The ball bearings used are the famous imported Hoffmans. The Warner factories are the model of the industry.

Be sure that the car you buy is Warner equipped. Make a point of this. If you fail to find it, ask the dealer why his car is equipped with any instrument that cannot measure up to the high Warner quality. Take this precaution and safeguard your entire automobile investment, for a Warner on a car indicates the quality of the entire job.

Warner instruments are priced from $50 to $145. These prices are rigidly maintained. They are never cut. For sale by leading dealers all over the world and at our own branches listed below. Handsome catalogue on request.

Here is a partial list of the well known and famous cars that carry Warner Instruments for 1913. These cars represent the best of the American Automobile Industry.

Packard (Optional)	*Stevens-Duryea*	*Matheson*	*Knickerbocker*
Stearns	*Simplex*	*Jenkins*	*Cino*
Cadillac	*Garford*	*Grant*	*Austin*
American	*Overland*	*Brewster*	*Cunningham*
Premier	*R-C-H*	*Republic*	*Ohio Electric*
National (Optional)	*Marion*	*Haynes*	*Hupp-Yeats*
Pierce-Arrow	*Oakland* (Optional)	*Staver*	*S. G. V.*
	Stafford	*McFarlan*	

The Warner Instrument Company, Beloit, Wisconsin

BRANCHES:—Atlanta, Buffalo, Cincinnati, Denver, Indianapolis, Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Portland (Ore.), Seattle, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, New York, Pittsburg, San Francisco, St. Louis
Canadian Branch:—559 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

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UNITED STATES NAVY

THE SURAKARTA

(Continued from Page 23)

"I would not say wilful murder," McAdams returned importantly. "It is possible to imagine, of course, that some member of Baraka's suite concealed himself in the room and made an attempt to get possession of the emerald, and that in the midst of this attempt Baraka shot him; but that is unlikely. What really happened, as it looks to me, may have been this: Baraka did not sleep alone in the room, as he says, but had with him one—or, it may be, more—of his attendants. Baraka was undoubtedly greatly disturbed and continually uneasy over the safety of the emerald; and, imagining in the night that there was an attempt being made upon it, he discharged his revolver in the dark, killing one of his attendants. Imagine now Baraka's position! He has in his possession a jewel the safety of which requires that he must keep it continually under his own eye. He is in a strange land and is unacquainted with its laws; but he must have known that he would have to give some account of the death of his attendant, that he himself would be temporarily arrested and separated from the emerald. He cannot keep the whole matter secret, for the hotel has been roused by his shots. In an agony of anxiety he conceals the body of his attendant, takes the jewel from the box and conceals it somewhere about his person until he shall have the chance to deliver it to Miss Regan; and, to account for the disturbance he has made, he claims to have been robbed by a thief who opened the box—as we have just seen no thief possibly could have done—and escaped."

"But it seems to me," Max Schimmel objected doubtfully, "that to awake in the night and fire a revolver at nothings—that iss a strange thing!"

"Not at all," McAdams denied. "A precisely similar affair occurred only the night before. That is what put me on the right track in this matter. A foreigner of some sort—I don't know what nationality—rooming in a North Side boarding house, fired four shots from a revolver in the night. The police were summoned and found that he had fired at nothing at all—only excited because he was in a strange country and imagined that some one was trying to get into his room."

McAdams now plainly appeared to have roused Max Schimmel's admiration. The little German threw himself back in his chair and raised his hands.

"Ach!" he exclaimed. "What a wonderful thing iss the mindt of a great detective! He remembers efen the least thing—efen so small a thing as this foreigner that fires at nothings! And why? Because sometime it may be that fact will prove to him useful. But no! I mistake! A great detective would haf remembered also the address of this foreigner. But Mr. McAdams says only 'a North Side boardting house'; so I would bet efen a dollar he does not know that address."

"You lose," said McAdams with a smile of gratified vanity; and gave the address.

Max pressed a silver dollar hard down upon the tablecloth in front of McAdams with his thumb.

"You think, Max——" Hereford inquired curiously.

"The Javanese hass told the truth," Max Schimmel asserted with a contemptuous look at McAdams—"the emerald hass been stolen—Mr. McAdams, with his exblanations, iss a great dunderhead—und I haf bought something with my dollar that iss worth hafing!"

And then almost immediately, to their surprise, he left them.

VIII

WADE HEREFORD, after an extraordinarily busy afternoon, the incidents and interviews of which were quite out of the ordinary course of business in a Chicago banking office, took an automobile to his apartments on the North Side. He had a five-room suite in a large and fashionable apartment building near Lincoln Park, looking, from his windows upon one of the upper floors, across the park to the lake.

Hereford, who, when he dined at home, usually had his table set either in the restaurant on the first floor or in the roof garden, almost equally well could be served from the restaurant in his own dining room and waited upon by his man. There he took dinner alone this evening. He refused the newspaper reporters who, in turn and en masse, demanded over the house telephone to see him; and half an hour later he sent his man to refuse to converse with the city editors over the city 'phone. He excused himself to the four or five of his friends and twice as many of his acquaintances, curious about it all, who dropped in or telephoned; but these interruptions made his dinner progress slowly—between them he ate leisurely, and he was not through until after eight o'clock.

He had risen and was selecting an after-dinner cigar when he was halted by a knock upon his outer door and a woman's voice inquiring for him in his reception room.

He listened, heard no other voice except that of his own man, and flushed with annoyance—which he told himself was only that of the trustee—that she should have come alone.

He halted at the door of the reception room.

He knew his ward only through the newspapers, a correspondence with her that had ranged from the purely business to the bitterly personal, and the one visit he had paid her at her hotel. In none of these did he find a clew to the meaning of her present manner. Lorine plainly had stopped upon her way to some evening entertainment. The opera cloak had slipped from her white shoulders. She controlled herself with difficulty to answer his greeting in a tone like his own; but now, as she advanced toward him, looking him squarely in the face, she was rather pale and her small hand clutched the opera cloak tightly about her.

"When my father found he had underrated—or overrated—a man's ability," she began evenly, "he told him so; it was the only kind of apology my father ever made."

Hereford smiled.

"I remember that as a characteristic of your father."

"It is also mine. I thought, Mr. Hereford, that an emerald which had been kept in safety for six hundred years among an intriguing and savage people, to whom it represented not only wealth but power, could be kept with equal safety for twenty-four hours in Chicago, where it had only an intrinsic value. I find I was mistaken; that I underrated—that I formed a wholly false idea of your ability from my correspondence with you. Now that I have admitted that, does that satisfy you?"

"I do not understand," said Hereford honestly.

His pulses had quickened at the sight of her here in these rooms of his, which never before had known a woman's presence.

"However, I make it quite plain, I think."

Not quite," he forced her on.

"You are ungenerous." She bit her lip, which whitened under her small teeth, then turned to deeper red. "Yesterday, when you threatened to prevent me from receiving the emerald, I answered you with—with a sort of challenge, did I not?"

"Exactly."

"Today I withdraw that challenge. If what I said yesterday has piqued you into doing something which you otherwise would not have done, I——"

She flushed painfully; but he did not feel that sense of triumph which comes to a man in the presence of a woman who concedes something against her will, which is not roused by any other form of contest. He noted, quite coldly and speculatively, it seemed to him, the changes of her face and skin.

"You wish me to put aside my pique and consider, in what might be called a normal state of mind, what I have done?" he helped her.

She nodded.

"Very well. I have considered."

"And it makes no difference?"

"None. I have done nothing yesterday or today or last night, as you seem to think"—he smiled strangely—"that I would not do again now after hearing what you just have said."

"At least," she said, pale and proud again, "you will not deny to me that you have the emerald? It is perhaps flattery to myself to believe that you got up your extremely effective campaign to learn the secret of the box, and afterward planned some still more clever method of taking the stone, solely to oppose me; but, from whatever motive you acted, the action itself can scarcely be questioned. There are only two

possible explanations of the disappearance of the emerald. Only two persons—yourself and Baraka—could possibly get into the box. Baraka tells me there is a total of seventy-two manipulations, eighteen of which must be chosen and performe in their right order to raise the cover. The complete impossibility of any one's hitting by chance upon the correct eighteen in the correct order proves perfectly who it was that opened the box last night—even without that!" She pointed to his bandaged hand

"If it is proved," he said with the same strange smile, "there is no use in my denying it."

She wrinkled her smooth brow in what seemed to him perplexity.

"You have seen Baraka?" she asked at last.

"Won't you sit down, Miss Regan?" he urged. "This conversation is stretching to a length I never expected."

He placed a chair for her with his uninjured hand; but she completely disregarded his action and only repeated her question.

"You have seen Baraka?"

"Baraka and myself, Miss Regan," he assured her with a short laugh, "appear to be upon the closest terms of social intercourse. I called upon him twice yesterday; he called upon me twice this morning. I returned his calls about noon and he paid me another visit at three o'clock this afternoon at my office."

"And the object of this last visit?"

"Some remarks of a friend of mine a naturalist—Max Schimmel, whose name fails to conceal his nationality, appear to have removed Baraka's last doubts, if he had any, as to what has become of the emerald; and he came to request me to return it."

"Within how many hours?"

"Really, Miss Regan, I have forgotten his exact language; but the time set falls, I believe, at seven o'clock tomorrow night."

"In default of which ——"

"Miss Regan—really you should have studied for the bar. Do not think I am impertinently mocking in saying that your faculty of cross-questioning is an unusual ability either in man or woman."

She studied him long and impersonally, and in her fixed scrutiny he seemed to detect dimly a new respect.

"Mr. Hereford," she said simply, "I know why Baraka visited your office this afternoon and what the very private message was he left there with you. I have been disingenuous in pretending I did not, for Baraka himself sent me word of it quite frankly. That is why I came here tonight. Baraka gave you, as you have said, something over twenty-four hours in which to return the emerald; in default of which he assured you of your death. He left upon your desk when he went away a knife as witness of his purpose and the method. Am I not right?"

"You seem to have the facts," Hereford returned.

"His threat has not frightened you?"

"It did not find me mentally unprepared. I suspected, this noon, when I saw that Baraka had changed halfway from the European clothing in which I saw him first, to the native jacket—the cabaya, I believe it is called in your future country—that in his bewilderment and terror he had reverted to primeval ways in more than dress alone. I expected to receive some such message. However, Miss Regan, we are not in Java. We are in Chicago, where, surrounded by a strong and reasonably efficient force of police, assassination is not easily carried out."

She looked at him keenly.

"Are you counting upon that in your refusal to return the emerald?"

He smiled again quietly.

"The circumstances of the case, Miss Regan, have made it quite impossible for me to return the emerald."

"Mr. Hereford," she said earnestly, "you do not know these men. I myself have just seen Baraka. Rulogi, one of the most devoted of his servants, has gone from him. Rulogi is instructed to keep watch of you and, I have no doubt, to carry out his master's threat at the appointed time if any steps you take prevent Baraka himself from performing it. Rulogi would be absolutely reckless of any consequences to himself—a Malay running amuck against you. Consider, too, that if by any chance news of this has reached the Soesoehoenan today, and Baraka hears that the sultan has been killing one or two of his children, or a wife, as an indication of what further will happen if Baraka cannot recover the emerald, he may not even await the time he himself appointed."

"The Soesoehoenan may be killing Baraka's children—that interesting and attractive gentleman, as you described him to me yesterday?" Hereford asked caustically. "And the Soesoehoenan would not regard this as a possible objection on your part to marrying him?"

"You misunderstand me."

"I beg pardon then."

"I did not say the Soesoehoenan would be killing Baraka's children. I said merely that word might come to Baraka that it was being done—the effect of which would be the same for you."

"For Baraka, if now I understand you rightly, being on close terms with the Soesoehoenan, would find nothing necessarily unconvincing in such news?"

She seemed to change before his eyes, losing suddenly this strange, new, earnest manner of hers which had surprised and held him. She drew the opera cloak over her shoulders. She was no longer pale—no longer intent. She flashed upon him the daring, adventurous smile of the girl who, to shock the discreet world that refused her, was to marry the Malay Sultan of Java.

"Then that is all," she said lightly. "I will not keep waiting longer the friends who came here with me."

The sudden change in her angered and pained him—he did not know why.

"Your visit does not seem to have accomplished much," he could not resist saying.

"I have freed myself from any responsibility for the danger that you run," she returned promptly. "I do not know—or ask or care, since nothing I can say appears to have effect—what motives make you resolved to keep this emerald. You have interfered in an affair that concerns only myself in a manner uncalled for, unwarranted even by your trusteeship of my estate. I came to clear my conscience of blame for your fate; and that is fully cleared now, since, after letting me lower myself to apologize and request, you answer me only with levity."

He frowned perplexedly. Had she really come there, as she had said, only to make plain his peril to him? Or had she come, as he all along had thought, to scare from him—if he had it—the stone, the loss of which was endangering her defiant plan?

"If I thought ——" he began.

His anger rose as she moved toward the door

"Miss Regan," he said, "you began this interview with a reference to your father. Let me end it in the same way. In spite of your father's private generosity, I never knew him openly to yield a point, as you would have me think you just have done, except to gain some subsequent advantage for himself. Great as are my gratitude and respect for him, I know this to have been the case."

Her eyes flashed angrily now.

"You mean you think I resemble him also in that?"

"That is it."

Then he closed the door behind her as she went out.

IX

HIS rooms, still redolent of her presence, seemed strangely altered now that she had gone. Their wholly masculine furnishings and air gave back to him a look of cheerless emptiness. "What is the matter with me?" he asked himself. From the door he crossed quickly to the window to watch her come out. He told himself it was merely to see whether, as she said, she had come with companions or alone. A man and a woman, apparently both middle-aged, left the building with her and entered the motor waiting in the street.

Wade Hereford, seeing other men he knew fall in love and marry, had sometimes asked himself why, after his youthful, brief, but wide experience of women, they had suddenly lost interest for him. It was because he found his chief pleasure in contest. He had felt that contest was too easy with a sex taught from earliest infancy that the chief duty is to love—and therefore vanquished from the beginning. So there had been a strange piquancy for him from the first in his relations with his ward. She, at least, it appeared to him, was not to be classed among those women who ask only to be loved; for she defied all men—himself most particularly—as openly and frankly as she appeared also in all other ways to defy convention. He was obliged to admit that in their correspondence she

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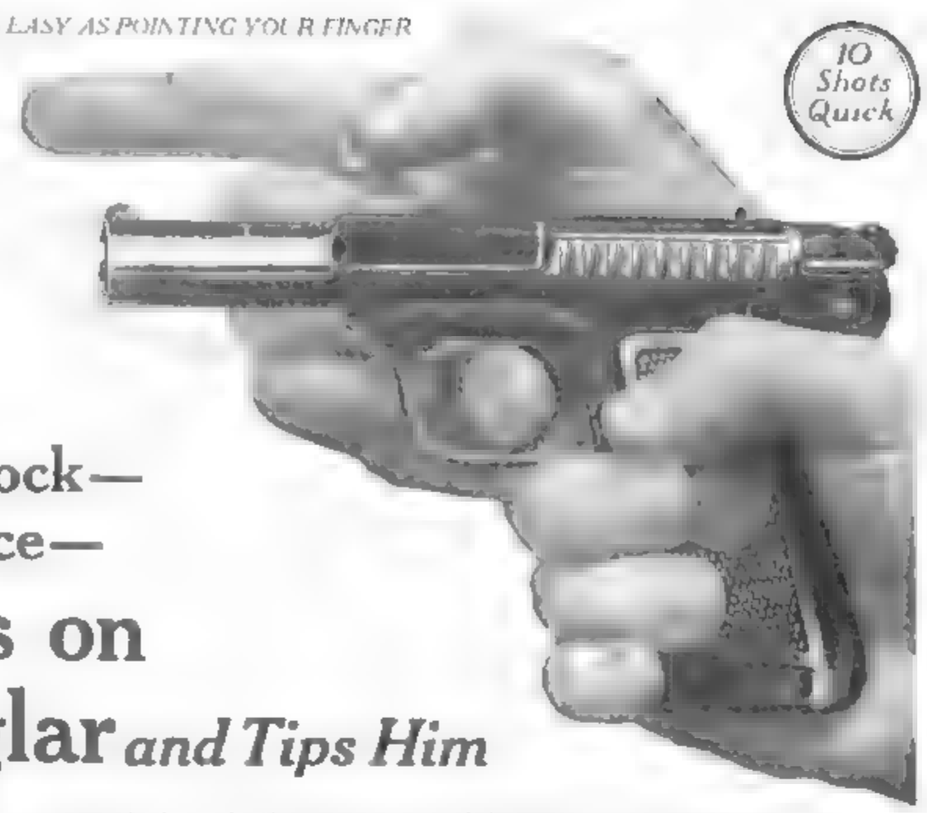

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a Novice—
Fires on
Burglar *and Tips Him*

"ON August 10th, I was in Washington, my wife being alone at our isolated summer place in Watch Hill, R. I.

"About ten minutes before midnight she heard ominous foot steps downstairs. Seizing my Savage Automatic she backed into the bathroom where she got a plain view of the burglar below. She fired and must have tipped him as on the shot he nearly went down, but, recovering, disappeared in the darkness.

"When it is considered that Mrs. Dock had never touched the gun before and her little daughter, frightened terribly, was clinging at her knees, it seems to me that the work was excellent in every way.

"Mrs. Dock had given me the Savage Automatic for Christmas, and through neglect I had never taught her to use it, as I never expected her to be forced to a position where she would have to use a gun. That she was apparently able to hit the burglar *the first time she ever had the gun in her hands* indicates that the Savage Automatic really does aim as easily as pointing your finger, as you claim."

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When are you going to get a Savage Automatic in *your* home? 'Phone your dealer to send one up before tonight.

Books by police authorities telling what to do when a burglar gets in, sent you for 6c in stamps.

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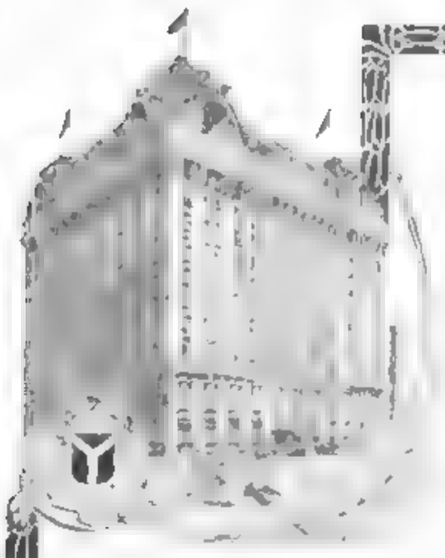

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had usually had the better of it; and he felt now that she had bested him in the only two personal interviews he had ever had with her.

He flushed as he recollected that in both these interviews he—Wade Hereford, whose reputation was that he never lost his temper—had ended by being furiously and impotently angry with her. He watched the red light of the departing motor until it was hidden by the jutting front of the building.

It was now later in the evening than the time when most pedestrians were upon the street and when the vehicles for the theater were passing.

No other motor waited in the lighted space in front of the apartment building, few passed. Hereford could count the walking figures that crossed under the street lamps. On the other side of the street and a little farther down the block he saw the tall figure of a man appear and vanish, appear and glide forward, and again retreat. With an unconscious quickening of the pulse Hereford turned out the light behind him and went back to the window. The same figure, always keeping in the darker shadows, could just be seen. Hereford's impulse was to rush down and see the man; next he thought it would be enough to send his man down to see whether the watcher were a Javanese. Then he argued himself out of both ideas, pulled down the curtain, lit his reading lamp and took his cigar.

He could not read, however.

Presently, stooping to a low shelf under his table, he pulled out a thick book of tough paper pasted three-quarters full of newspaper clippings. As he laid it upon the table it flew open to a Sunday newspaper's colored half-page portrait of his ward in lurid costume.

He drew back angrily at sight of it and with hands behind his back paced up and down the rug until his cigar was half gone. Coming back to the book then as abruptly as he had spun away from it, he sat down and, holding it on his knees, turned page after page proclaiming the many adventures, risks, proclamations and other doings of Lorine Regan—all illustrated. Here and there he stopped and read carefully some considerable section of the text accompanying the pictures; but over most of the clippings he stopped only long enough to recall the nature of the adventure it chronicled—then he turned on.

Thirty months before, when he found himself the only one who could be considered in any way responsible for the girl, he had amused himself—after finding how vain it was to check her—by subscribing to a clipping service for all published information about her doings, which he had pasted in this book and kept. Sometimes he and his friends had laughed over them. They had meant to him—until this moment—only the successive mad acts of a foolish, headstrong child. Since he had learned that in mind she was not a child, but a woman—and a beautiful woman whom he felt he did not understand—he was not quite sure what they actually meant to him now.

He was relieved when the striking of the clock and a light knock upon his door recalled to him that he had an appointment for the evening with McAdams.

In the midst of his conversation with the detective Max Schimmel entered. The little German was excited—he seemed even triumphant—and carried his suitcase in his hand. He stopped short and frowned at sight of McAdams.

"Come in, Max," Hereford invited.

Max shook his head.

"No; since you are busy with Mr. McAdams—it iss nothings. I am too busy und it iss late already." He looked at his watch. "I came only to tell you that in case you want me I haf changed my address."

"You're giving up your present quarters, Max?" Hereford asked his friend good-naturedly.

"No—no; you misunderstand. It iss only I, not my family; and for the time only." He looked again doubtfully at McAdams, but seemed to reassure himself. "Just now," he concluded, "I lif here on your North Side—yes, in the very next room but one to the foreigner who, as Mr. McAdams hass told us, fired pistols at nothings the night before the Surakarta wass stolen."

He went out again, swinging his suitcase.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

She Prefers One Box of Johnston's to Three of Another

Remember to take her Johnston's. Sweetheart, wife or mother alike would rather have an *occasional* box of "The Appreciated Candy" than *many* boxes of lesser quality.

Chocolates

"To Suit Every Taste"

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Chocolates Extraordinary
Original Dutch Bitter-Sweets
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High-class dealers sell Johnston's. If you cannot be supplied locally we will send an 80c or $1.00 package of any of the Johnston favorites, express prepaid, upon receipt of stamps or money order.

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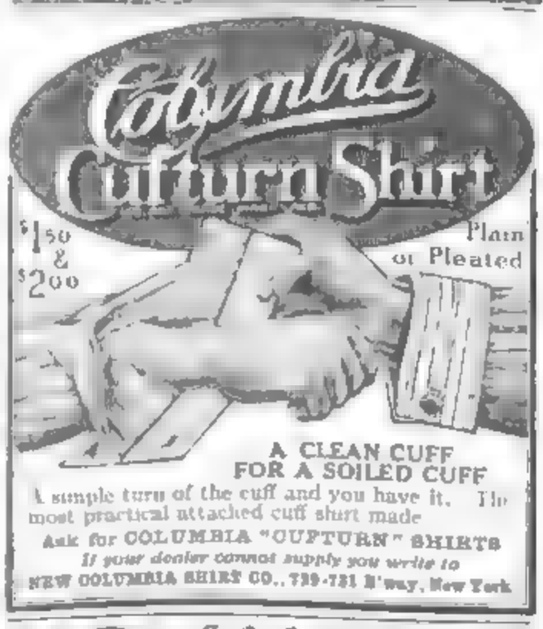

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A simple turn of the cuff and you have it. The most practical attached cuff shirt made

Ask for COLUMBIA "CUFFTURN" SHIRTS
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Booklet containing 1000 names for boys and girls with meanings, sent postpaid for ten cents, stamps or silver. Address
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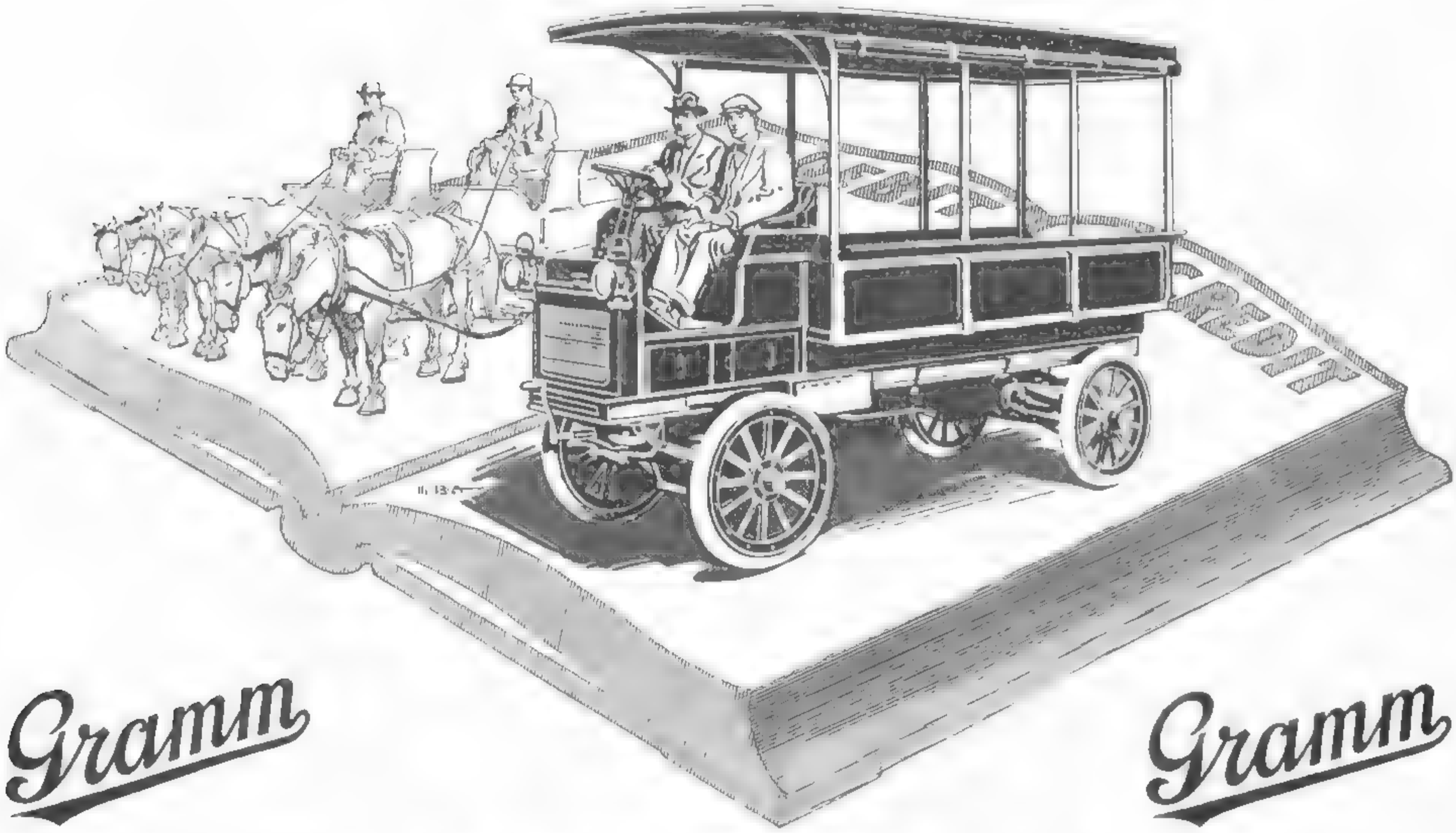

Gramm

Gramm

On which side of the ledger is your hauling department?

IS it a credit to your business or does it stand out as an ugly debit? Does the old out of date horse and wagon come up to the high business standard and maximum efficiency you are trying to maintain? Are you arriving at all of your delivery points, with the least possible hauling cost, in the very shortest amount of time? Are your deliveries rapid enough to satisfy your growing customers? Are you meeting competition?

Do you know to a certainty what your present method of hauling goods is costing you? Is your delivery system handled in a haphazard way or is it definite and clear?

Through the installation of Gramm trucks, many large concerns have solved the above perplexing questions.

For years these problems stumped and stalled the entire commercial world. Every time a merchant picked up his delivery cost sheet, he wore a long face. There never was anything definite, clear or fixed about the cost of hauling merchandise until the modern American gasoline truck was developed into a commercial success.

The Gramm Trucks have done more to solve the delivery problem than any other means yet employed. Once used it is invariably pronounced a practical necessity. For ten years it has been in the hands of all kinds of business organizations. Dry goods houses, breweries, wholesale houses, department stores, express companies, manufacturers and merchants of all kinds—all are using Gramm Trucks to advantage.

The Gramm Motor Truck is to your delivery department what the modern typewriter is to your office.

Take note of the motor trucks you see on the streets of your city. In most every case you will find they are the property of your most prominent and progressive concerns. If the best and biggest houses believe in and find the Gramm Truck an economy, it surely must apply to your business. Whether you need one truck or one hundred trucks, Gramm Trucks will cut expenses and develop your particular trade.

The Gramm Truck will put your business on the level of the commercial progressives. It will not only permit you to deliver more merchandise with more rapidity and at less cost per package, per stop, but it will give your business prestige and a standing that will be of a tangible value.

A line to us will bring you all the preliminary information. We can give you all of the initial and upkeep costs of either one Gramm Truck or a fleet, for your particular business. We can advise you as to the size and number of trucks your business will require. We can give you the kind, the style and give you the number of stops and mileage each truck can make in a day. Just drop us a line, and we will send you some very interesting information and literature on the hauling problem.

Every merchant or manufacturer should at least investigate this without further delay. Our information is the result of a ten year study on transportation problems, and is worth considerable. It comes from thoroughly seasoned and practical truck men who have been up against the very problems that confront you. Start corresponding with our factory today. All information is gratis.

The Gramm Motor Truck Company, Lima, Ohio

The Gramm plant is the largest individual truck factory in the world devoted exclusively to the production of trucks

The Plain Truth About the High Cost of Living!

LET US look this question of the "high cost of living" fairly in the face.

Let us find out—if we can—WHY prices are high; WHO is getting the high prices; whether or not a return of low prices might upset our present prosperity.

* * *

YOU—Mr. American Citizen—are facing a grave danger.

You are being told, in effect, by self-seeking politicians, that the present administration at Washington and the present tariff are more or less directly responsible for the "high cost of living."

Your ears are filled with plausible promises of marvelous benefits that will come to YOU *if* you elect to office these men who seek to upset and tear to pieces existing conditions.

You—an intelligent, common-sense thinker—are asked to believe that *one man*, or a group of men, can readily change conditions that affect the whole civilized world!

Can pass laws that will neutralize natural forces, turn black into white, and make water run up hill!

Are you *unwise* enough to believe it?

Having only recently been saved from the deep waters of panic and poverty, are you foolish enough to jump out of the life-boat and dare the danger *again*?

Are you anxious to exchange the *certainty* of present prosperity for the risky experiments of those who *must* adopt radical measures in order to appear to make good their wonderful promises?

We think NOT!

We believe the good, sound common-sense of the American people will cause them to go slowly when *danger threatens*. To "look before they leap."

* * *

WHY—then—are prices high?

Instead of filling a page with bewildering figures and statistics let us put this thing in *plain, simple words*, that ALL may easily understand and remember.

The price of everything in the world is measured in gold. The influence of a scarcity or abundance of gold on the price of food and clothing is difficult for many people to understand. Yet it is none the less a very REAL THING.

Voting against Mr. Taft and putting someone else into the White House will not change in the slightest degree the production of gold.

The population of the whole world is rapidly increasing. And this increase is much greater in the cities and towns than in the country.

There are *fewer people producing* food, clothing and other necessities of life. And more and more people who are *consuming* them.

There is no more free, rich land to be given away to new farmers and settlers.

The great cattle ranges of the west were practically abolished by the policies of administrations BEFORE Mr. Taft entered the White House. And millions of acres of grazing land are lying idle; the cattle are gone!

In short—*population* is increasing faster than *production*. Fewer people are growing wheat, raising cattle, and supplying wool. There are more eaters and wearers than there are growers and producers.

And this is so ALL OVER THE WORLD.

Here are examples. In England the price of meat of all kinds, butter, eggs, fuel, clothing and furniture has advanced one-fifth during the past five years. And note that ALL THESE ARTICLES are *duty free*.

In Germany almost every article of food, clothing and shelter is very much higher in price than it was five years ago. In many cases the advance is over fifty per cent. Many workmen eat no meat, but live on black bread, soups and potatoes.

In France beef is twenty-two per cent higher, fish fifty per cent, dry vegetables thirty per cent, coal thirty-four per cent, milk almost fifty per cent.

In Italy, generally believed to be the home of cheap living, eggs cost double what they did five years ago, beef is twenty-five per cent higher, milk one-third higher. A few years ago Italy was an exporter of beef-cattle, now it is an *importer*.

Other countries show similar conditions of high prices.

Mr. Taft and the Tariff are not to blame for conditions that exist in all the countries of the world as well as in the United States.

* * *

WHO are getting the benefit of the high prices?

Primarily the *producers*. The wheat-growers, the men who raise cattle, hogs, sheep, poultry, eggs, wool and cotton. Also the manufacturers and their employees, who make clothing, shoes, furniture, machinery, and other things we all need and use.

Wages depend on the high or low prices of manufactured products and these wages in all lines are *steadily increasing*.

There *may* be *some* middlemen who are still benefiting more than they should, but the *relatively* small amount of their profits is *infinitesimal* compared with the flood of money that is reaching the men who *produce* the goods.

Only that nation can be happy and prosperous where the tiller of the soil is liberally rewarded for his labor! Because on the land and on the crops depends the *entire fabric* of all prosperity.

The farmer buys from the retailer; the retail dealer from the jobber or manufacturer; the factory gives employment to millions of men in shops and mines and forests; the railroad fills its cars with freight, and pays wages to hundreds of thousands of families; railroad and factory earnings return dividends to vast numbers of small capitalists; who in turn buy more goods and create more need for the fruits of the farm and the field.

Thus, *when prices are good, prosperity rules. All* benefit. *All* have work.

Of course living is higher than in times of panic and of stress. Abundance of work brings abundance of employment; no man who wants work lacks a job; he *earns more* and *lives better* than when prices are low, work is scarce and uncertainty and anxiety prevail.

And remember that prices are never so low as when panic rules in the land.

* * *

Now—can we *gain* anything by *experimenting* with our present prosperity?

Is it *wise* to "play with fire"?

We can easily create another panic such as devastated the country *the year before Mr. Taft was elected.*

We can easily disturb the present healthful activity of farm and factory.

We might—by adverse and drastic legislation—cut down the high prices of food and clothing—

BUT—in so doing we put agriculture back in its old impoverished condition; contract the trade of the rural districts; reduce the output of field and factory; turn millions of men out of their jobs; bring want and poverty in place of abundance and prosperity.

Is it *wise* to *experiment?*

* * *

Voting against President Taft and the present administration exposes us to a return of the days of frightened capital, restricted production, fewer jobs for the workingman, lower prices for the producer—to all the doubts and sufferings from which we are now so happily free.

Things may not be *perfect*—but they are *good* and getting *better*. The wise man—with McKinley—"holds fast to that which is good."

"Better to bear the *(lessening)* ills we have than fly to others that *we know not of.*"

Republican National Committee

CHARLES D. HILLES, Chairman

JAMES B. REYNOLDS, Secretary

GRANDMOTHER'S BOY

(Continued from Page 17)

strong tincture of make-believe seems to be as necessary to show people as it is to a child.

Over in Illinois a couple of days later I met a bill car ahead of one of the big circuses. The manager could not give me a job, but the boss billposter told me hot opposition was looked for between two of the largest shows that summer and advised me to try for work in Chicago, naming the hotel at which the proprietor of one of the shows stopped.

When I got to Chicago I sent my order for ten weeks' circus wages, given by the car manager, through a savings bank. It came back in a few days, with the statement that a country bank clerk had asked for the money, but had been told that it was held because I had taken some of the show's property. That bank clerk was easy! I never got the money.

I got something far better, however. Taking the boss billposter's tip, I called on the circus proprietor. He talked with me, found I had had but little experience and said he was sorry, but he wanted the best billposters he could get for opposition fighting. Luckily I happened to mention the fact that the little circus was to show in certain towns through Missouri and Iowa. He was interested immediately.

"Do you know what towns?" he asked.

"There's the route," I replied, showing him a list of two dozen places.

The route of a circus is secret almost sacred. Very often performers with the show will not know where they are to be the next week, and the billposters are often ignorant too; for if the route of a circus gets out it invites opposition, little shows scooting in ahead of a big one a week or so and getting the benefit of its advertising. My list of towns had been taken from the railroad transportation, which I had to show to conductors; and this use of it seemed fair enough to me in view of the way my wages had been held back. The big circus man asked permission to copy my list, for his own route included several of those towns, which he had not billed yet. A small crew of billposters, called a box brigade, was immediately sent from the nearest advance car to bill them and take the wind out of the smaller show's sails. In view of my furnishing this information he gave me a job, naming a town about a hundred miles from Chicago, where one of his advance cars would be a certain day, and telling me to join it. He gave me a letter to the car manager.

I Take Kindly to a High Collar

I was in that town and down at the railroad station to see every arriving train on the day named; and it seemed as though that circus car, coming in round a curve at the tail of a passenger train, was one of the finest sights in the world, because it meant so much to me! The car manager read my letter and told me to come along to supper at the hotel. After supper we cooked a batch of paste. I had brought along a nice new suit of white overalls, and the billposters immediately dubbed me Reggie, because I made such a contrast beside them in their worn, dirty paste-clothes. This was only by way of getting acquainted, however; and as I turned to and helped carry water—we had to bring it some distance in pails—they soon stopped chaffing. After the paste was cooked I took them all uptown, bought a few drinks—and we were friends.

That was a glorious summer. My car was the fighting car—six weeks ahead of the show. Our circus was in the Middle West and a rival circus was on the Pacific Coast. They were expected to meet soon, and we covered towns in what might be disputed territory, securing all the posting space we could. Ultimately we came together in Texas that August and I got a taste of circus opposition with one of the sturdiest fighting shows on the road.

The bill car was very different from the one on which I had gained my initial experience. The men were more skillful and confident billposters, and most of them came from cities where they worked on the advertising staffs of theaters in winter. Real money was paid to all who wanted it every Saturday night; and the show was so sound financially that each man drew only a dollar or two and left the rest of his wages on account until the end of the season. The very posters were bigger and better. The crew had pride in themselves and our organization, and always spruced up to eat at the hotels, which were of higher class than those I had known with the little show. Up to that time, I remember, I had never worn a standing collar—but they soon had me wearing one to the hotels; and I bunked with a young fellow who loved good clothes and could turn himself into a dandy in ten minutes with a fifteen-dollar ready-made suit.

We worked hard. It was creditable to work with that outfit, and our measure of a man was the number of sheets of paper he could put up in a day. I worked hard too; the manager liked me and the boss billposter was glad to teach me things I had not been permitted to learn with the other show. At first, I went posting bills with him in the towns. One day he let me try my hand at a streamer. This is a long narrow strip of paper with the name of the show on it, and goes at the top of a display, eight to twelve feet from the ground. To put it up you roll it first, like a strip of wall paper. Then you daub paste along the wall as high as you can reach, balance the roll on your brush, lift and fasten one end of the streamer to the pasted part, and unroll it carefully. My first streamer was a little crooked, but I soon did better, and before a month passed was skillful enough to be sent on a country route in charge of another billposter, who taught me the business.

A Circus Without Animals

Posting circus paper on country routes is fine fun, too, and I should like to do some of it now. The contractor who travels ahead of the first advance car, securing feed, show-lot, license and other essentials, goes to a local liveryman, lays out several routes covering all the towns and villages within thirty or forty miles, and engages livery teams to take the billposters over them. We would be up at five o'clock each morning in a new town, and after breakfast at the hotel the livery teams would be waiting at the car. Driving the circus billposter was always an event, and the liveryman picked drivers who knew the country and who on the appointed day were on hand in their best clothes, with new whips tied with ribbons. Each billposter who was to go would find his team, load a can of paste, his brush and a supply of paper into the wagon, and start out. The route was written on a blank giving distances to each town, population, and so forth; and as it was covered and paper posted in each place, and on blacksmiths' shops and barns between towns, the billposter would report the amount of paper posted at each daub. I found two hundred sheets a big day's work, but some of our crew could put up three times as much. Daubs were paid for with orders for tickets to the show. We did most of our posting on barns, shops and fences ragged with old circus paper, and many such landmarks were known by the old billposters because they had covered them so often in previous years.

It is interesting to see a circus billposter drive up to a country blacksmith's shop, so old that it is almost falling to pieces, and infold it in circus paper from end to end, pasting right over windows, doors, projections and holes—and do it in the high winds of Texas or Kansas! We usually attracted quite a crowd of spectators. If a big poster is torn and scattered by the wind the lookers-on can be depended upon to bring you all the pieces. They will also bring water for thinning the paste and for the billposter to drink—and make comments.

One evening in a little town I was putting paper on a long stable made of smooth boards, which took the paste in great shape; and, as I had to stay in that town all night, I determined to keep on posting until I had covered the entire wall. The stable must have been two hundred feet long. When I got half of it covered a farmer who was watching me suddenly asked:

"Say, hain't there no animals with that circus?"

Looking back, I saw that I had put up a thirty-two-sheet circus exterior, a sixteen-sheet title bill, a twenty-sheet circus interior, and smaller posters showing clowns, aërial acts, and so forth; but there wasn't a single piece of paper with an animal on it!

AGENTS Send Today For Free Trial Offer

Investigate this exceptional opportunity to make money. Actual experience not necessary. 100% PROFIT AND MORE ON COST TO YOU. Unusual selling proposition. I want live Agents and General Agents at once, everywhere. No charge for territory.

Benedict, Minn., sold **RECENT SUCCESSES—TIME TO START** Read every word of this

450 machines during the past three months—profit $750. [illegible] cleaned up $150 monthly during April, May and June—spare time only. Nicodemus, Pa., **earned over $547 during May and June alone.** Sworn statements if desired. It's great—one of the biggest, easiest lightning sellers of the age. **Simply show and generally sale is made.** A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener **absolutely guaranteed.** The thing all men have dreamed of. Perfect in every detail—under every test. The machine that brings to a keen, smooth velvety edge any style of razor—safety or old style—all the same. **Handles any and every blade automatically.**

extraordinary offer [illegible] an opportunity to get [illegible] of their own. No experience necessary [illegible] profit and more on [illegible] Every body enthusiast[illegible] every day. You [illegible] an all or spare [illegible] **you will be your own boss.** Men are eager to [illegible] Sharpener. They are greatly enthu[illegible] perfection. **Roller bearings—remarkable easy runner.** It saves money, saves time, saves extra expense going to barbers because of dull razors—**saves buying extra blades.**

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You ought to do equally as well. An unexcelled opportunity presents itself for your recognition, and the possibilities for your making big money are limited only by your individual ability. All I require is that you make an honest effort. Get busy. **Make big money.** Attain a sweeping success. Let's get together NOW. I've got the plan and the goods. Everything to help you succeed—prompt shipments—**absolute square deal.** It costs you nothing to learn about this opportunity. Don't [illegible] territory is going fast.

THE ONLY AUTOMATIC MACHINE THAT HONES AND STROPS ANY RAZOR—OLD STYLE OR SAFETY

Guaranteed to sharpen every razor safety or old style

Absolutely perfect in its work. Has proved its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of the U. S.

$100.00 Reward [illegible] other that cannot be [illegible] and keen by the Hollenbeck [illegible] the VERITAS, provided the blade does not need grinding.

Free Special Advertising Introductory Plan starts you. You must succeed. High class work, fascinating, permanent.

SEND NO MONEY Send name and address at once and get complete information, together with **Free Trial Offer**

You have nothing to risk and everything to gain. INVESTIGATE. It only costs you a postal and you have a life chance here to get in business for yourself.

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Issued by the ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Connecticut the largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance.

In extent and variety of protection this policy is without a rival.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

For $10 a Year (In "Preferred" Occupations) **this policy pays:**

$2,000.00 for death from Travel, Elevator or Burning Building Accident.
1,000.00 for death from Ordinary Accident.
2,000.00 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Travel Accident.
1,000.00 for loss of limbs or sight as a result of Ordinary Accident.

(The above amounts increase Ten Per Cent. each year for five years without additional cost.)

$250 FOR DEATH FROM ANY CAUSE—making a **$3,250** payment possible for **LESS THAN THREE CENTS A DAY.**

In addition, weekly indemnity payable for total or partial disability from accident.

Our opinion of this Contract has been endorsed by thousands of satisfied purchasers. Send in the coupon today

Ætna Life Insurance Co. (Drawer 1341) Hartford, Conn. Sat. Eve. Post Tear off

I am under 55 years of age and in good health. Tell me about ÆTNA Ten Dollar Combination. My name, business address and occupation are written below.

All the Joys of the Crisp Out-doors invite your

KODAK

EASTMAN KODAK CO.,
ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

"Oh, yes," I replied easily. "We've got plenty of animals—more animals than any other show. What do you think of this?"

On the fresh space covered with paste I hung a thirty-two-sheet showing the whole interior of the menagerie. Then followed another as big showing the trained elephants, a twenty-sheet of cat animals, and another of hay animals, and so on—until the rest of the space was filled with tigers, lions, monkeys, trained seals, the hippopotamus and the giraffe.

"Yes, we've got animals," I repeated.

"Well, why didn't you show 'em?" commented the critic. "Folks up in these parts is powerful fond of animals with a circus, and you want to advertise 'em right out!"

When we got into Texas, about the middle of July, billposters from the rival circus were heard of, and by-and-by we saw a little of its paper. As this was to be the battleground, the two big shows maneuvering to see which would have first chance at the Texans' cotton money, our car was put on a siding and each man sent into one of the principal towns to stay until our show came along. I was stationed in Austin. The circus was not due there for nearly a month. It was my duty to get every window available and fill it with circus lithographs, to put cloth banners and small boards outside of stores along the main streets, and to decorate the town as lavishly as possible. Our show was dated to exhibit there just one day before the other, which made it doubly exciting.

I immediately went to the manager of the trolley company and arranged for cross-wires on his overhead plant. These were hung with red and white cloth banners, and made a wonderful showing.

I Fail to Shrivel

All season the men on our car had been telling me about the manager of Advance Car Number One. This was our big bill car, carrying two dozen of the best billposters; and the manager, known as the Old Man, was in charge of all advance work. They assured me that I could not really count myself part of the organization until the Old Man saw me; and that when he fixed his eye upon me—a greenhorn—I would probably shrivel up. They certainly had me scared, and I was anxiously waiting when Number One pulled in. Contrary to my expectations, the Old Man proved to be one of my best friends, for my banners on the trolley wires made a great impression on him, and he was undoubtedly kind to me.

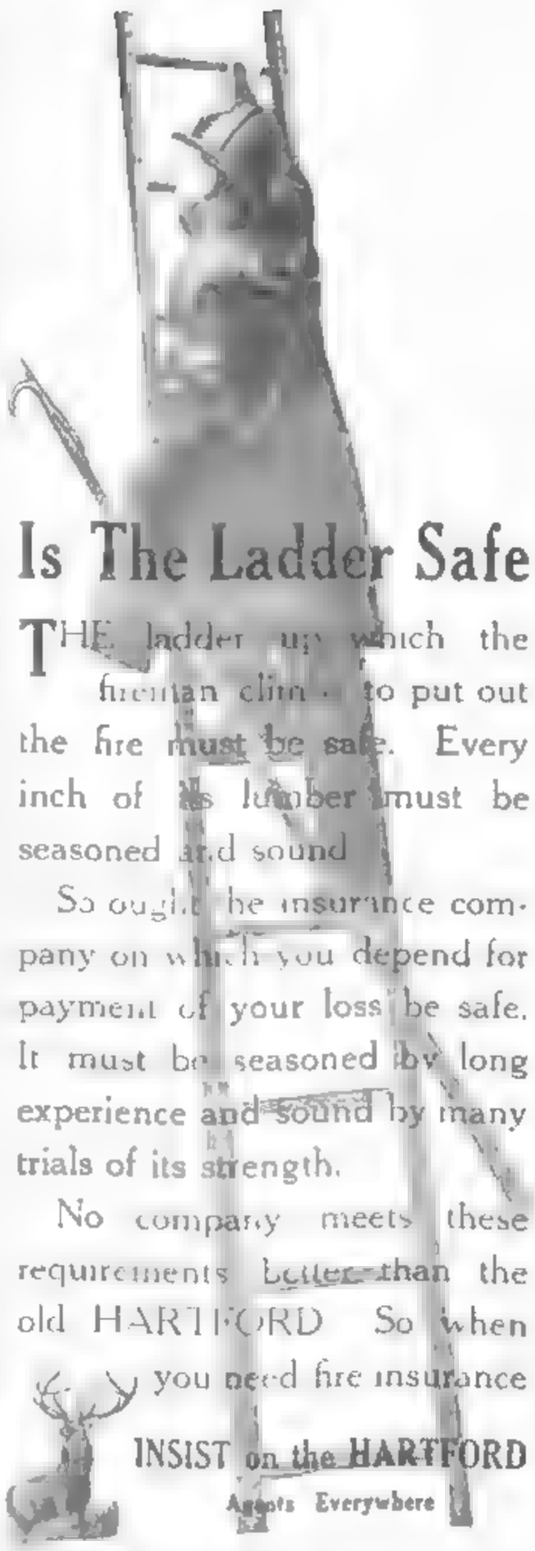
We closed that season in November, 'way over in Georgia; and for the first time since starting out, after heralding the circus for nearly seven months in twenty states, I saw the show itself, pitched and doing business! Our car ran into the town where it was exhibiting, and we were paid off at the ticket wagon and saw the afternoon performance before starting home.

The following year I was with the circus a good deal. We opened in Chicago, and while the advance cars were going on the road the Old Man remembered those banners on the trolley wires in Texas; so he made me lithograph inspector—a coveted place, where I traveled a day or two ahead of the show, checking up advertising in shop windows and issuing tickets for it. From time to time I could drop back and ride with the show itself a few days; and thus I got pretty well acquainted with the mixed company needed to man such an enterprise.

My ambition in joining the circus was to travel and see the country. Well, I saw it! During two summers I covered fully fifty thousand miles by rail and maybe four thousand in wagons. And it was real travel. It left me something. Nowadays I board the fastest train between New York and Chicago, and read, smoke, eat, think and sleep without ever looking out the window—which is no more travel than a street-car ride; but with the circus I was constantly among people. As a billposter I rented daubs from country blacksmiths, and ate dinner one day in a Mormon farmhouse, the following week at a mining camp, and perhaps a month later in some Indiana town. As lithograph man my visit to a city meant that I covered every part of it and dealt with all sorts of people.

Two seasons were enough, however. When the circus went on the road the third spring I was not with it—for I had begun to develop in an entirely new direction.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



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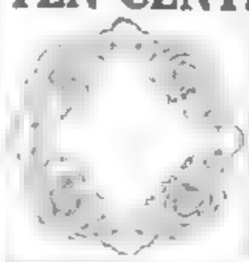

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TIRES, coaster brake rear wheels, lamps, parts for all makes of bicycles at half usual prices.

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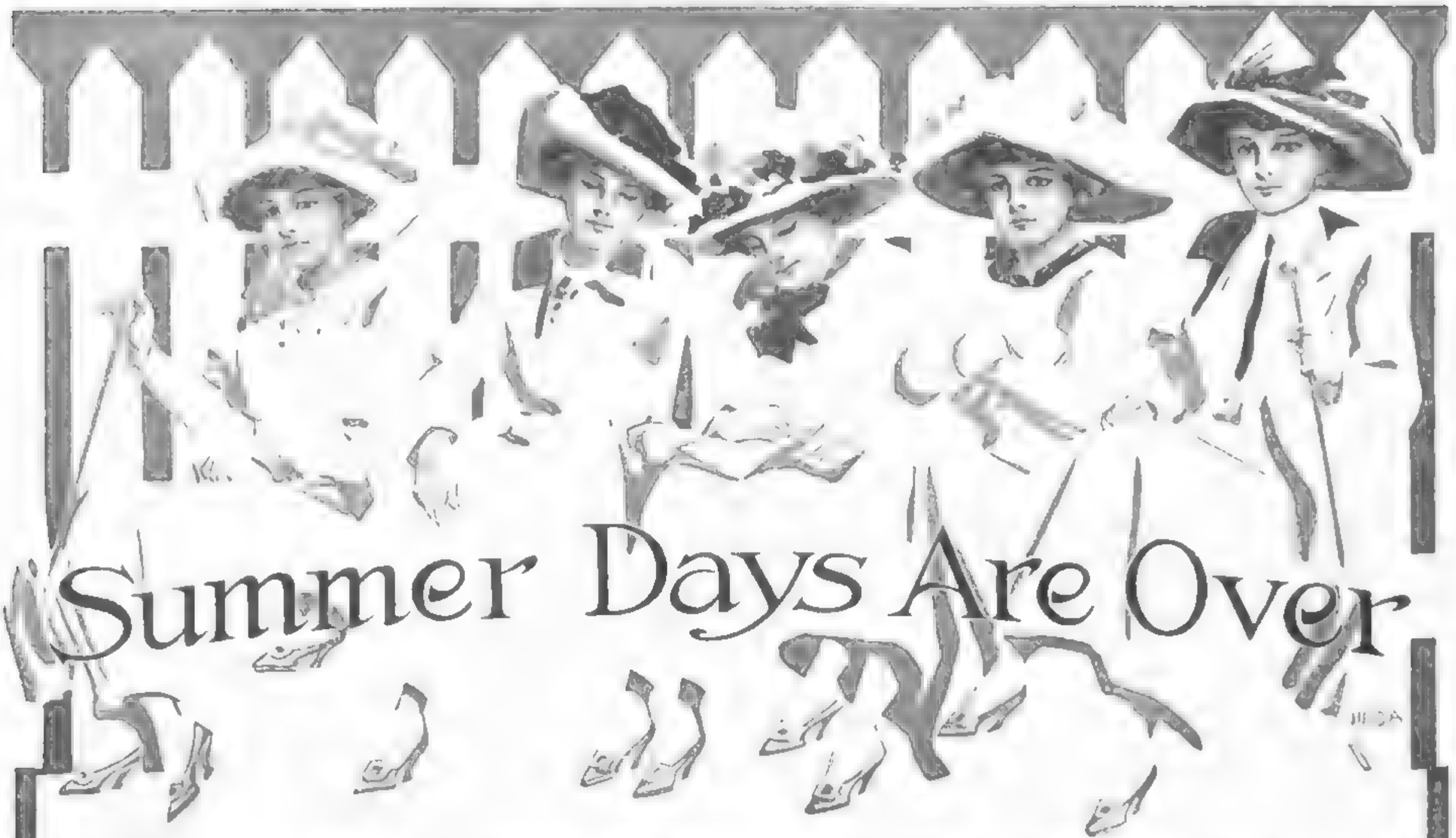

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HE WHO LAUGHS LAST

Continued from Page 25

yellow-and-green paper currency was left. And revenge! To be square with the fat doctor—so sleek and red with beef and burgundy! Paymaster recalled the picture of a new hat bouncing down the street under the wheels of a limousine, and in his ears sounded again the unbearable, irritating, vulgar roars of mirth that had issued from the detestable Fifer. Revenge! Revenge with a fat profit! His eyes shone with the joy of the adventure as they used their powers of practiced observation on the waiting room.

The office hour was nearly at its end only four patients remained. As Paymaster looked, one of the great black-walnut folding doors opened; his enemy appeared for a second; a fat, disconsolate young girl rose in answer to a solemn beckoning, cast her eyes to the ceiling and entered the inner office, wetting her dry lips with the tip of her tongue like a martyr being led into the amphitheater to meet a wild Siberian bear. The next in line, a man with a bald head so shiny that it was conspicuous even in the gloom, sat beside a table covered with last year's magazines and, opening one after another of these threw them back with motions of impatience and muttered exclamations of disgust. Two women sat side by side on a high-backed, funereal sofa. One of them heaved sighs in pairs. There would be an interval of silence; then the double sigh would issue forth as dependably as the eruptions of Old Faithful geyser. The other woman spent her time inspecting the dress of the first by means of covert glances shot sidelong at her neighbor; she was younger, and Paymaster knew that the wisps of perfume which wandered about the room, riding on the stuffy air, came from her. Her hands perspired; she wiped their palms constantly on an embroidered handkerchief. At last she spoke to the other.

"The doctor is a wonderful man!" she said

"Wonderful!" said the other.

Then came silence.

The door opened again at last; there was a great rustling of silks. Both women rose.

"I believe I was first," said the periodical sigher.

"I am a regular patient!" the other replied with dignity.

"Oh!" cried the first, thoroughly awed.

"Well, well!" came the doctor's low, far-away thunder. "How many left?"

He thrust his bearded, bristling head in through the doorway and counted them as he would have counted a pen of sheep come to be sheared. That he did not recognize Paymaster was evident; he merely smiled at him, throwing toward him a gruesome, welcoming leer.

Not two minutes passed before the sound of persons making their exit to the street was repeated. The door opened again.

"Come tomorrow at the same hour," said Fifer to the woman of sighs, in a voice of tremendous authority.

She gave him a swift glance of terror, suggestive of a frightened tabby-cat, and hurried from the room.

"Women!" said the doctor, gargling a laugh in his thick throat. "They're gone! Come, Mr. Bowker. How are we today? Better? That's good! That's very good. Bless my soul! That is excellent! Yes, that's fine! Good! I'm glad! Good! Excellent! Very good!"

He paid no attention to what he was saying; all the time he spoke he was engaged in trying to see whether or not his fountain pen had leaked into his vest pocket. His words were as empty as so many grunts of dissatisfaction. They were phonographic.

"Just a moment," said he to Paymaster through the narrowing crack.

The door closed. Mumbling voices sounded from within. Paymaster put on his hat, took a final survey of the reception chamber and then tried to move the high-backed sofa from the corner. It squeaked. He changed his plan immediately. He paused for a moment to reach for a sharp-pointed paper-cutter which would serve in case of emergency; then, with lithe agility, climbed over the sofa-back and disappeared behind it.

In this place of concealment Paymaster, with composure, awaited the course of events. He knew beforehand that the doctor would express surprise that his last patient had had the temerity to leave. Accordingly there was nothing unexpected when Fifer opened the door, paused a moment and then said: "Bah! I lost him!" just as if some fish had shaken the hook from its mouth.

"Maretta!" he called.

"Sir!" replied the maid, coming from the hall

"Did you see a young man in a gray suit go out?"

"No, sir."

"Bah!" snapped the other. "He went—went without consulting me. Do you hear?"

"Oh!" cried the girl with a thrill of joy in her voice. "Perhaps he wasn't sick at all!"

"Utterly impossible!" said the doctor. "Here! Come out in the hall and help me with my coat."

Paymaster raised his head cautiously. He listened to the sound of the front door; he heard Maretta singing to herself in the back hall. He knew she sang because a new ray of hope had been given her. He sighed. The fever of spring ran in his veins again.

"Well, little fellow," he said at last, addressing the bright new key which he held between his thumb and forefinger, "let's forget it. It's time to crawl out of this You and I have a job to pull off."

With cautious movements he opened the big black-walnut door. Softly treading across the hardwood floor of the inner office, he reached the desk. Only one drawer was locked. He tried the key. It fitted. Paymaster, pausing, smiled again at the reflected image of himself in the front of a glass surgical case.

"All over but the shouting, you fox!" he said softly. "Look at those knives! Ain't the old bear a butcher! Here's where I get square with you, Doctor Fifer, old pillshooter—you and your smell of ether!"

He pulled open the drawer. It was true! There before his hungry, delighted eyes lay a mass of five-dollar and ten-dollar bills, green and yellow, crisp and limp, charming in new, fresh cleanliness—alluring with well-thumbed, well-seasoned antiquity.

"Ten, twenty, forty, forty-five one, two, three, four, five, six tens one hundred and five," he counted. "And nobody'd know that any had been taken away!"

He stuffed the money in his pocket and ran his free hand through the mass.

"Well, here goes again. Ten, twenty, thirty—two fives is forty—tooree-hdidee-dum-tidititee—four hundred! Ha-ha! There's four hundred and fifty-five—and only a half gone! He must have forgot to deposit last week. Oh, it's nice to be young in the springtime! Early to bed, early to rise, makes a man —— Other pocket now. What's that?"

The front door had slammed—footsteps came swiftly along the hall. No time was left for escape. Paymaster, skilled in presence of mind, shut the drawer, locked it, pocketed the key and, twisting his face into lines of woe, stood on one leg and drew the other up as if in great agony.

"Doctor!" he bellowed as the surgeon burst in, "what became of you? You left me here—and I'm a sick man!"

For a second an expression of mortification took possession of Fifer's countenance.

"Too bad!" he said at last. "You must have come in from the waiting room when I was in the hall. Well, well! Who are you, if you please?"

"My name's Whitty—Julius Whitty," said the rascal; "and I'm from ——"

"Where—where?" asked the surgeon, pulling off his coat.

A sudden and lucky thought saved Paymaster from a bad mistake—like a flash came the memory of the gilt letters inside the hat!

"From Brazil—Rio Janeiro, mister—I mean, doctor. Coffee business. Just sold out. Landed yesterday. Don't know a soul, mister—I mean, doctor."

"Well, well; what's the matter?"

"A pain—a terrible, gnawing pain—never stops."

"Where is it?"

Paymaster pointed toward his heart.

"Humph!" grunted the doctor in the manner of his kind. "Take off the upper half of your clothing."

"Well, I feel better now," urged Paymaster.

"Do as I say," insisted Fifer. "I want to find out whether there is anything really the matter. . . . There!"

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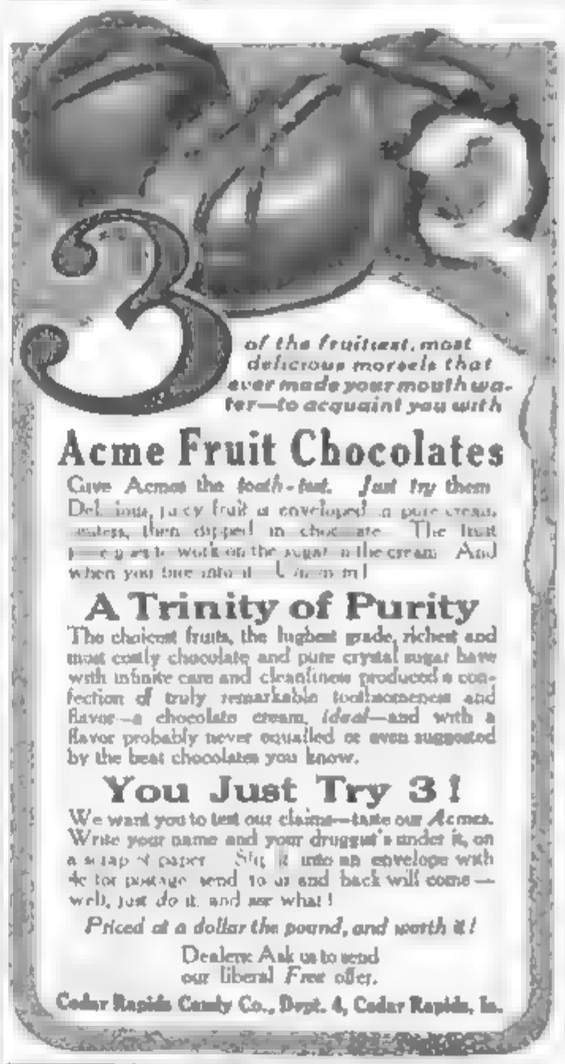

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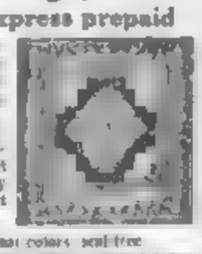

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For a moment the surgeon cast an admiring eye on the lean but powerful torso of the thief.

"My, you look well!" he exclaimed spontaneously. "I never saw a better man."

"Well, I feel a little [illegible] pretty well [illegible] all [illegible] but [illegible] here."

Paymaster would have been pleased to resist these demands; he felt sure, however, that if the doctor, with his knowledge of mysteries, discovered that nothing was the matter he might become suspicious.

He stretched himself on the examining table. The doctor went over his trunk with a stethoscope.

"And now," said Fifer, "relax, so I can feel."

"Feel what?"

"Feel your organs."

"I tell you I am better!" cried Paymaster. "Perhaps it was my imagination."

"Tell me when you feel pain," the other commanded.

"You tickle me; but I don't feel any pain."

"What! No pain!" cried Fifer accusingly.

"Yes! There it is. Look out!" cried the rascal, believing it good policy to respond to demands. "Whew! Yes! There it is. Oh!"

"Spleen!" said Fifer, backing away with dark scowls on his forehead and his heavy lips rounded for a soft whistle of awe.

"Doctor!" cried Paymaster, sitting up, "you must have put it back in place. My! I'm relieved. I'm comfortable now. I'm all well. How much do I owe you, doc—ten dollars?"

Fifer paid no attention whatever.

"Humph!" he grunted. "The spleen—splenitis! That's what. I must have a thorough examination to be sure; but it won't hurt you, my good fellow. No, sir. You're lucky to be here right in this house. You say you just sold your business in Brazil?"

"But, doc—I'm a well man now. I'm glad I saw you. You're a wonder! You've fixed me up!"

"Lie down!" roared the surgeon, pressing a bell-button.

"What's the matter with me?" cried the thief in his woe.

"Splenitis—inflammation of the spleen; the spleen is a vascular abdominal organ—a ductless gland at the cardiac end of the stomach—supposed by the ancients to be the organ of anger, temper and revenge. There's a gastric splenic groove in it. Humph! That's the hilum—do you understand?—the hilum! And your trouble is there—right there at the hilum!"

"Hilum?" groaned the adventurer.

The doctor would have answered had not the door opened and a huge, yellow-haired Swede entered.

"Oric, pick this man up," roared the doctor. "It's an emergency case. We may have to do something at once! Take him to the hospital room and strip him so I can make an examination under ether. Prepare a cone! Quick!"

"Hold on there, doc!" shouted Paymaster. "I'll come again tomorrow. I tell you I'm not sick."

"I say you are!" said the doctor.

"I say I'm not. I'm a well man!"

"I say you aren't. While you're in my hands and I'm responsible I shall take care of you. Oric, pick up Mr. Whitty."

Paymaster's one hundred and forty pounds were swept into the arms of the lumbering Swede, and he was borne up the stairs and into a dismal room painted robin's-egg blue and furnished barely with a hospital cot and an iron table on rollers.

"Say!" cried Paymaster after he had been divested of his clothes. "Look out for those pants there, Olsen. Don't go lookin' in those pockets. I know just how much money is there anyhow. And now you go tell the doctor that I never felt better in my life. I don't want any examination."

"Ha!" said Oric derisively. "Lie har on dis table quiet. Tak' my advice. Har comes der doctor."

The surgeon had evidently prepared himself. He wore a suit of white linen. In his hand he held a cone.

"Ha-ha, my fine fellow!" he said cheerily. "Now for the examination and whatever else is necessary."

Paymaster sang a snatch of song. In spite of all his efforts, however, a note of sadness and uncertainty spoiled the effect he wished to produce.

The surgeon shook his head mournfully.

"Be quiet!" said he. "Save all your [illegible]"

"Yes, but doc," pleaded the miserable patient, "I feel so good!"

"You are a brave man," the other answered admiringly. "I know that! But remember your danger."

"You'll find when you look again that my spleen is all right now, doc," wailed the wretch.

"Then lie down—that's a good fellow. Just a minute! Now you're quiet! Oric, hold his head, please. There—just smell of this."

"Whew! Take it away!" roared Paymaster. "Let me up."

"Poor fellow! Hold him, Oric—he's going to struggle. Take it easy, Mr. Whitty. A long breath—good! Another! Breathe again! Breathe—ah! Breathe—ah! Breathe—ah! Brith-ah!—brith-ah!—brita—brita!—brita!—bickelty—bickelty—bick—bick! . . . Bam!"

Bam!

Paymaster felt as if some one had awakened him with a blow from a sledge-hammer. He turned his eyes toward a window. It was a'most dark outside.

"Doc!" he whispered.

"Yes," came a voice from an indefinite region a thousand miles distant.

"Doc, you're a wonder!" Paymaster said feebly. "I never felt better in my life. How much do I owe you for the examination, doc—twenty dollars?"

"We'll think of that later, my good friend."

The word "friend" irritated Paymaster.

"Let me up. I've got to go. I can't wait another minute!"

For answer there came a roar of laughter—the very same irritating, maddening, derisive explosion of mirth with which Fifer had greeted the antics of the hat.

"Go?" cried the surgeon, walking up and down at the foot of the cot. "Go? Ten minutes after I have saved your life! You go? A man in your condition! A man who has been on the operating table an hour and a half? Oh, that is funny! Haw-haw-haw! Ho-ho! Oh, that's rich! But you're all right now! Ha-ha-ha!"

Paymaster shook his fist at the man, preparing to give forth a torrent of abuse and threats; but a whiff of warm breeze shook the muslin curtain at the open window. It seemed to blow all the determination out of Paymaster's mind and all the strength out of his body. He fell back on to the pillow in a half-stupor.

"Spring," he mumbled, "you are sure a [illegible]"

His eyelids closed.

"Mighty fine operation!" said Fifer to the solemn Oric. "A great success!"

"Somebody stabbed me!" moaned the patient in his sleep. "But honestly, little girl, I never had a sick day in me life."

Two weeks later Paymaster, who had learned to hate the ever-watchful giant, Oric, gave the Swede the first smile he had ever bestowed upon him. This was when, by the doctor's orders, his clothes were brought to him and he was allowed to dress. He thrust his hand into his pocket and felt the roll of money. He counted it. The four hundred and fifty-five dollars was still there—the doctor had never missed it!

"You're all right," he said, paying the powerful, yellow-haired nurse a doubtful compliment. "Listen now! When do I get out?"

"Whenever you like," interrupted Doctor Fifer, pushing open the door. "You are a well man!"

"Well, then, I guess I'll be going now," said Paymaster. "And I want to tell you, doc—you're a wonder! And I want to thank you! Put it there!"

"Humph!" grunted Fifer, rubbing his bristling beard and his beef-and-burgundy cheeks with his fat hand. "That's all right; but there's a bill—a little matter—a [illegible] something to be settled."

"A [illegible]!"

"For the operation."

"I'm a poor man!" roared Paymaster.

The doctor smiled indulgently.

"You just sold a cocoa plantation."

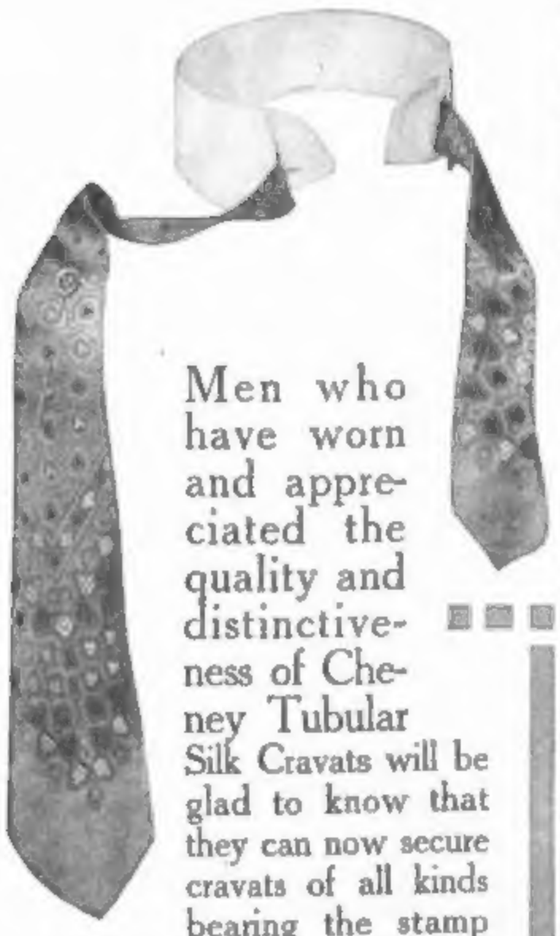
"Doctor, I'll send you a check."

Fifer shook his head.

"No," said he. "We have little enough gratitude for all we do for humanity. You seem to be well supplied with cash."

Paymaster was tempted to make a dash for the steps. He controlled himself.

"Oh, well!" he roared. "What's it worth?"



Men who have worn and appreciated the quality and distinctiveness of Cheney Tubular Silk Cravats will be glad to know that they can now secure cravats of all kinds bearing the stamp "Cheney Silks."

CHENEY SILK CRAVATS

offer a quality and exclusiveness of design unique in neckwear selling at the same price. Your choice of tubulars, four-in-hands with flowing ends and a very superior grade of crocheted and knitted silk ties. *Ask your dealer for them.*

CHENEY BROTHERS
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You don't like metal next your skin; no one does.

PARIS GARTERS

are so made that no metal can touch you; the locking fastener insures your garters staying up; the rubber cushion loop prevents tearing the hose.

Genuine Paris Garters are the best

No metal can touch you

You'll find them wherever men's furnishings are sold. Be sure to get Paris; otherwise you won't get the best.

Look for the name PARIS on the back of every pair.

A. Stein & Company
Makers
Chicago, Illinois

"Just four—hundred—and fifty dollars," snapped Fifer.

"I won't pay it!"

"Oric," said the surgeon sternly, "stand in the doorway. Now, Mr. Whitty, don't let us mince words. I have a bill against you for board if nothing else. I can detain you for that. The ordinary price for operations of this kind, done in an emergency—when it is a case of life or death ——"

Paymaster drew the roll of bills from his pocket, wet his finger and peeled off a five-dollar note from the outside.

"Here, you take the rest," he said. "And let me tell you, doc—you are a wonder! I always thought I was in a good business; but, doc—you make me look like a high-school girl trying to open a dime bank with a broken sidecomb!"

"It's a fine, warm spring day," said Fifer, urbanely holding the door open. "Be careful not to catch cold."

Paymaster walked down the steps. At the bottom he turned round to glance up at the windows. Maretta was watching him from one of them. She had so much natural color! Her hair was like spun gold!

"Say!" cried Paymaster.

Maretta shook her head sadly.

"You've got a bad spleen!" said she.

The sparrows twittered behind the waterspouts; the sunlight danced on the freshly watered streets; white, billowy clouds rolled merrily across the bright blue sky.

"Thank Heaven I've got my health!" said Paymaster.

One Woman's Way

THERE is a certain pleasant-faced woman traveling for a grocery house who gives the following intimate details of her life on the road:

"I made good because I had to. I had the spur most men have—people to depend on me. My cousin belonged to a grocery house; well, the house had a good man in a certain territory and he left. They sent another man out, and he not only failed to make good for himself, but he lost some of the first man's trade. Just then I had to make my living and I begged for the territory and went out, picking up what man number two had lost. One of the first things I learned is that on the road you cannot lean on any one; you cannot even depend on your old friends, for they usually seem to think that your goods must be poor because they've known you all their lives, and whatever orders you get from them are charity gifts.

"Being married, I feel freer to talk to people than a girl would, and that has brushed me up a lot. Before I go into a town I like, if possible, to know its habits. I can even talk fishing and politics, for I've done both. A woman to succeed in this work must know just about everything, and there's no reason why she shouldn't, for the road is a great college. There's a great big bunch of ideas waiting for you every day, if you'll open your head and let them come in. Besides, a woman has to be full of nervous energy. She can't afford to be a cow creature or she doesn't get far. She must have plenty of force. She must have tact and good sense; she must be cheerful and seem well.

"Correspondence schools are probably all right, but the best way to learn is to get out and study the many sides of people, from the successful business man who is irritable because he is overworked, to the new buyer who wants to switch lines just to show his authority. All the time you must remind yourself that you need to improve your methods, that everybody can teach you something, that you are only a number five and have to stretch to a number seven. You've got to use everything that will help you to succeed. I can't go into a store and in ten minutes be calling the head clerk by his Christian name, but I can do other things that count.

"We all have different ways of working, I suppose. My way is to learn all I can about a merchant, and then I go to his store. The tendency of every traveler is to go to the counter where the goods he is selling are on view. I poke a sample at the merchant and let him look at it for thirty seconds before I begin to talk to him, then I talk as briefly and cleverly as I can. I try to put the important facts in a strong way—and I don't always show my cheap goods first either. If I meet the wife of any prospective customer I can always make good with her where sometimes an unmarried woman could not."

von Gal made Hats

"Correct Styles for Men"

These hats are among the most popular of the new Fall and Winter **von Gal made** styles. Worn by men of fashion, bankers, professional and business men everywhere, because of their correct style, superior quality of materials and workmanship, accurate fit, their comfort and wear.

Von Gal made Hats *must* be right—we, as makers, guarantee the quality—your hatter is instructed to guarantee them again.

What's more, there's a **von Gal made Hat** just suited to YOU—try it on at your dealer's. You'll wear it home.

Prices $3, $4 and $5. At your dealer's, or if he cannot supply you, write for Fall and Winter Style Book E, and we will fill your order direct from factory if you indicate style wanted and give hat size, your height, weight and waist measure. Add 25c to cover expressage.

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Celebrated $3 Hat

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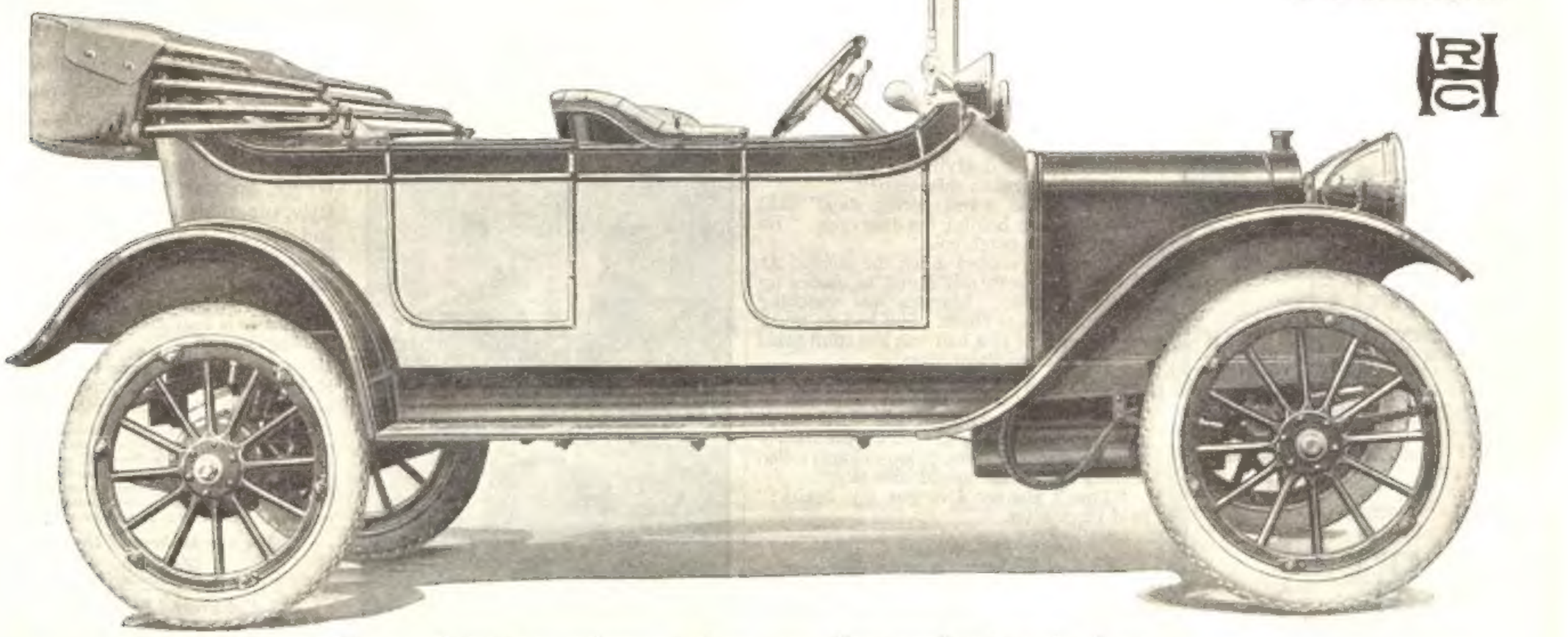
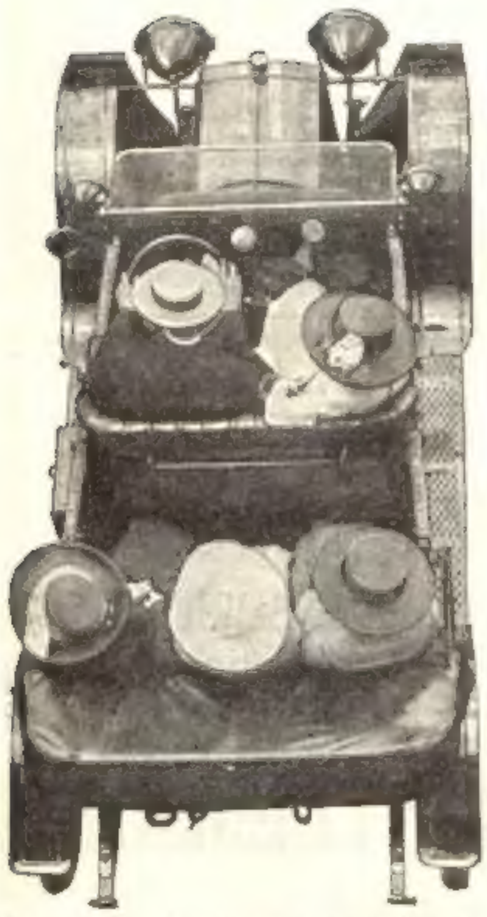


***More* and *better* equipment than *any* other moderate priced car.**



This photograph shows the roomy body that comfortably accommodates five passengers.

Plenty of Room in an R-C-H

"My! What a roomy car"—is the first comment a prospective purchaser makes about the R-C-H.

They usually add that there is as much room in an R-C-H as there is in most 5-passenger cars selling at much higher prices.

And it is *true!*

Many touring cars that sell near the R-C-H price are advertised as 5-passenger cars, but, as a matter of fact, carrying a third person in a tonneau is mighty uncomfortable for all three.

But in the R-C-H there is plenty of room for three average persons to sit comfortably. There is no crowding getting in or out, because of ample leg room and broad doors.

"Plenty of room and wonderfully smooth riding qualities" is the verdict of everyone who has ridden in the R-C-H.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

So far as equipment is concerned—

There is no car at anywhere near the R-C-H price that is so completely equipped.

What other car, selling at the R-C-H price, is electric lighted?

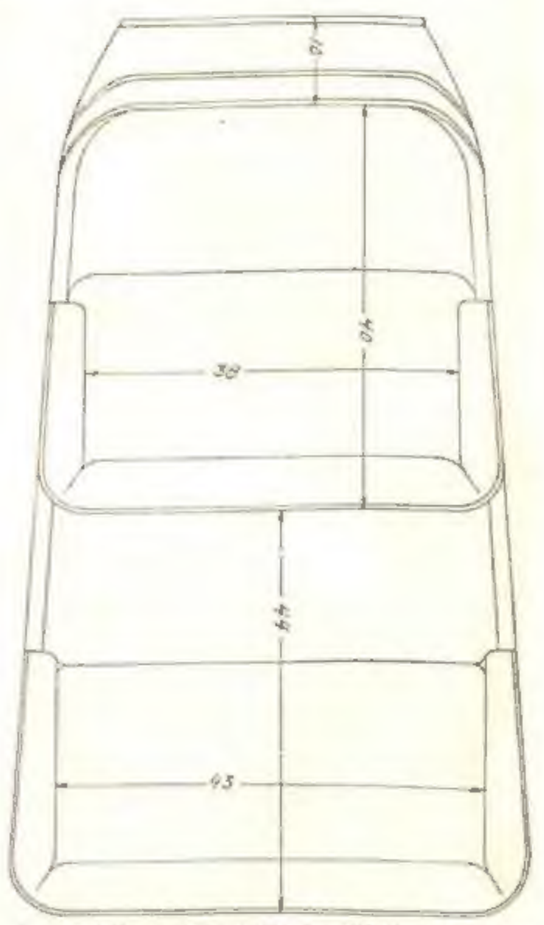
What other car, selling at the R-C-H price, has non-skid tires and demountable rims all round?

What other car, selling at the R-C-H price, has Warner Auto-Meter?

What other car, selling at the R-C-H price, has "Jiffy" Curtains?

The man who wants to purchase a car at anywhere near the R-C-H price, and who buys any other car than the R-C-H, is not getting the most for his money.

To Dealers—There still remains some desirable open territory. We would like to hear from prospective dealers in this open territory.



Compare these measurements with those of other cars that sell at about the R-C-H price.

SPECIFICATIONS

WHEELBASE—110 inches.

MOTOR—Long-stroke; 4 cylinders cast en bloc; 3¼-inch bore, 5-inch stroke. Two-bearing crank shaft. Timing gears and valves enclosed. Three-point suspension.

STEERING—LEFT SIDE. Irreversible worm gear, 16-inch steering wheel. Throttle control on steering column.

CONTROL—CENTER LEVER operated through H-plate integral with universal joint housing just below. Hand-lever emergency brake at driver's right. Foot accelerator in connection with hand throttle.

SPRINGS—Front, semi-elliptic; rear, full elliptic and mounted on swivel seats.

FRAME—Pressed steel channel.

AXLES—Front, I-beam, drop-forged; rear, semi-floating type.

TRANSMISSION—3 speeds forward and reverse; sliding gear, selective type.

CONSTRUCTION—Drop-forgings wherever practicable; chrome nickel steel used throughout all shafts and gears in the transmission and rear axle; high carbon manganese steel in all parts requiring special stiffness.

BODY—Full 5-passenger English type; extra wide seats.

EQUIPMENT

Non-skid tires—32 x 3½.
12-inch Hall "Bullet" electric head lights with double parabolic lens.
6-inch Hall "Bullet" electric side lights with parabolic lens.
Bosch Magneto.
Exide 100 Ampere hour Battery.
Warner Auto-Meter.
Demountable rims.
Extra rim and holders.
Tally-ho horn.
Jiffy curtains—up or down in a few minutes from the inside.
Top and Top cover. Windshield.
Rear view mirror.
Tool-Kit, Jack, Tire Repair Kit.
Pump. Robe Rail.

R-C-H CORPORATION, 111 Lycaste Street, Detroit, Michigan

Branches—ATLANTA, 548 Peachtree St.; BOSTON, 563 Boylston St.; BUFFALO, 1225 Main St., CHICAGO, 2021 Michigan Ave.; CLEVELAND, 2122 Euclid Ave.; DENVER, 1520 Broadway; DETROIT, Jefferson Ave. and Lycaste St.; KANSAS CITY, 3501 Main St.; LOS ANGELES, 1242 South Flower St.; MINNEAPOLIS, 1206 Hennepin Ave.; NEW YORK, 1989 Broadway; PHILADELPHIA, 330 North Broad St.; SAN FRANCISCO, 819-835 Ellis Ave.; WALKERVILLE, ONT., CANADA.

"The Boy is Father to the Man"

Father said he "Didn't care for breakfast food."

"Dad, you don't know what you're missing," said the boy one day. And now—

The picture tells the story.

There is only one secret in the making of Kellogg's and that's the flavor. Imitators would give a good deal to know how that flavor is produced.

That's a secret that even the guide who shows visitors through every nook and cranny of the big factory doesn't know.

But even the flavor wouldn't suffice to make Kellogg's so popular except for the way in which the goods are sold.

Every flake toasted in the Kellogg oven is packed and in the car the same day. And because there is only one price every grocer buys only what he needs to supply the immediate demands of his customers. The result is that the food is always fresh and tasty.

W. K. Kellogg

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